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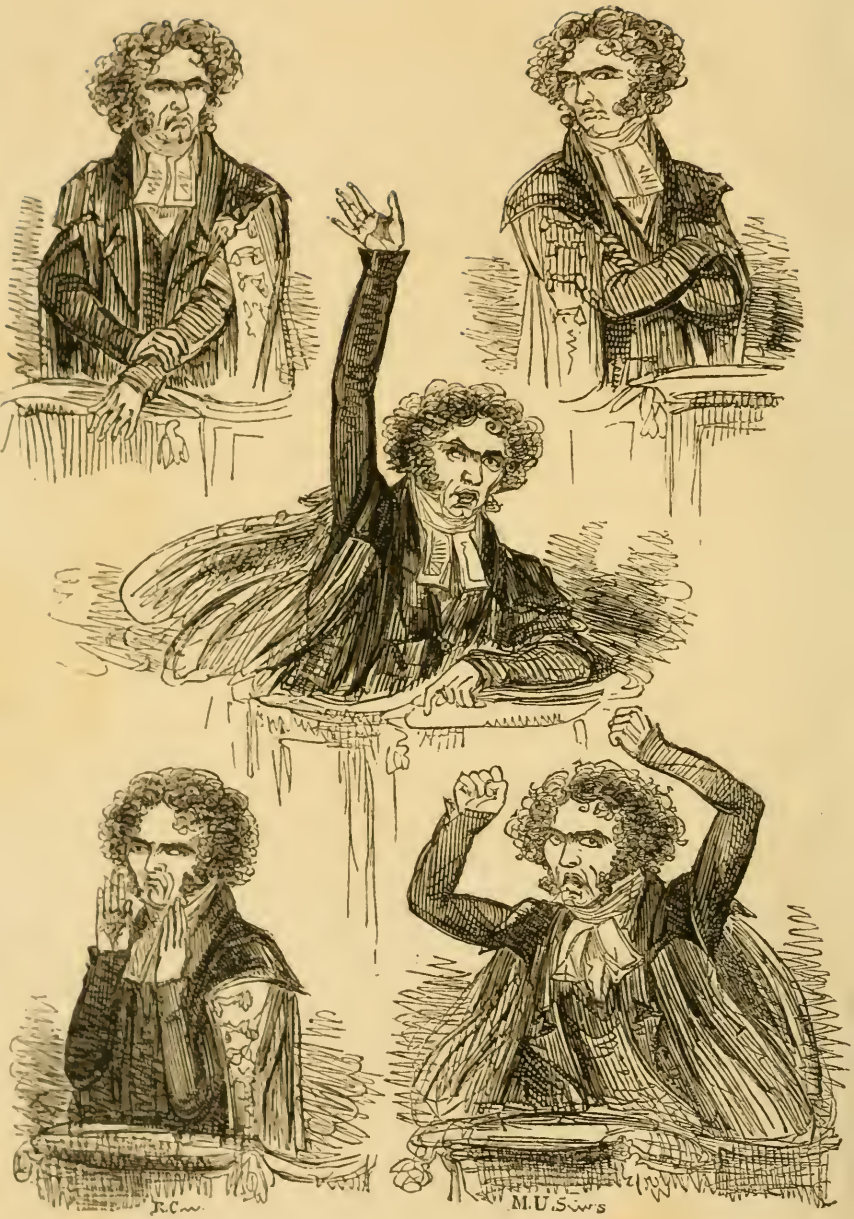
R.Cm.
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TRIAL

OF THE

REV. EDWARD IRVING, M.A.

A

CENTO OF CRITICISM.

"I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings."

As You Like It.

Sixth Edition.

LONDON:

Printed by Shackell and Arrowsmith, Johnson's-Court, Fleet Street

PUBLISHED BY E. BRAIN,

4, BUTCHER-HALL-LANE, NEWGATE-STREET.

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1823

L'ENVOY TO SECOND EDITION.

BOARD OF CENSORS.

Wednesday, 11*th Sept.* 1823.

Mr. Chairman—Heyday! What have we got here? "The Trial of the Rev. Edward Irving."

Examiner—A remarkably pleasant and amusing *jeu d' esprit* indeed, gentlemen.

Times—Very smart and clever I must own.

Courier—And very amusing.

Lit. Chron.—The speeches are much to the point.

Courier.—And the cross examination of the witnesses most ingenious!

Examiner—Yes, particularly happy. (*aside*) Yours especially, Mr. Courier.

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Lit. Chron.—And the defence most eloquent and powerful.

Examiner—And the squibbery in the reporting department light and easy.

John Bull—A bit of foolery methinks, but withal, remarkably smart, and well done.

Times—Let me add too, as not its least praise; so free from all malignity.

John Bull—Liberal egad! (*aside*) Shown up to the life, and yet the first to praise.

Mr. Chairman—Well, gentlemen, you seem all to be pretty much agreed in opinion—I presume Mr. Secretary may enter it as the award of the Board——

Times—That it *deserves general circulation.*

Examiner—And forms a pleasant and useful pasquinade for those *who are anxious to have all sides of the question.*

Star—And is the only thing worth reading that has been written on the subject of Mr. Irving.

Mr. Chairman—Let judgment be entered up accordingly.

HIGH COURT OF COMMON SENSE.

SPECIAL JURY CASE.

TRINITY SESSIONS, 1823.

The KING, *at the Instance of* JACOB OLDSTYLE, *Clerk*, v. *the* REV. EDWARD IRVING, M. A.

FROM the extraordinary interest which this case excited, the doors of the Court were no sooner opened than it was filled in every part to excess, by an assemblage of persons of the first rank and distinction in the country. On the bench beside the Chief Justice, sat the Lord Chancellor and his brother Lord Stowell, Earl Liverpool, Earl Grey, Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Erskine, Right Hon. Sir William Grant, Mr. Justice Bayley, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Canning, Mr. Peel, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Tierney, Mr. Brougham; and at the extremities of the bench, but railed off from the others (for in the Court of Common Sense it is not as in other Courts), the Duke of Somerset, Lord Kenyon, Sir Gerard Noel, Sir Harcourt Lees, Mr. Peter Moore, Mr. Parkins, Romeo

Coates, and Dr. Dinwiddie. Earl Grosvenor was put into a box by himself, and the prayer-book placed out of his reach. The galleries were almost entirely filled with elegantly dressed ladies, admitted by tickets from the Lady Patronesses at Almack's. All its best blood was there. Among a crowd of persons attending below the bench to give evidence, were most of the active literary characters about town connected with the periodical press; and for reasons developed in the course of the proceedings, it is necessary that we here enumerate their names, as far as they were known to us. We observed Dr. Stodart and Mr. Barnes side by side; Mr. Jerdan, Mr. Mudford, Mr. Hazlitt, Mr. Cobbett, Lieut. Col. Torrens, Mr. Soane, Sir Richard Phillips, Pierce Egan, Rev. Ingram Cobbin, Rev. George Redford, Mr. Black, Dr. Dreghorn, Mr. Thomas Campbell, Mr. Byerley, Mr. Gifford, Mr. Haynes, Mr. Wooler, Mr. Coulston, Mr. David Booth, Mr. D. W. Harvey, Rev. Mr. Burder, Rev. Mr. Knox, Mr. Theod. Hook, Paul Potter, Dr. Walsh, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Josiah Conder, Mr. William Jones, Mr. Bell, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Gale Jones, Mr. R. Hunt, and Mr. Moody (not the *Judy*.)

Mr. Serjeant Bishop appeared for the prosecution, along with whom were Mr. Parsons and Mr. Macvicar.

The defendant conducted his own case, assisted by Mr. Counsellor Phillips. Mr. Irving maintained throughout a very firm and collected demeanour.

He seems to be about thirty-five years of age, and nearly six feet high. The general contour of his countenance is intellectual, though somewhat coarse, his complexion very dark, his hair black and bushy, whiskers tremendous. As one of his many critics has observed, "he would undoubtedly be a very handsome man," only he squints abominably.

The list of the special jurors being called over, the following gentlemen answered to their names: —Alderman Sir James Shaw, Bart., Alderman Birch, Alderman Key, James Mill, Esq., Dr. Alexander Crombie, A. Strahan, Esq., A. J. Valpy, Esq., Horace Twiss, Esq. M. P.

The defendant having prayed a tales, the jury was completed by the following names from the common jury list. Mr. Thomas Underwood, Mr. Richard Taylor, Mr. Hurcombe, Mr. T. C. Hansard.

CASE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Mr. Macvicar opened the case to the jury. The present, he said, was a prosecution instituted at the instance of Mr. Jacob Oldstyle, Clerk, against the Rev. Edward Irving, Minister of the Caledonian Church or Chapel, in Cross Street, Hatton Garden. The indictment was laid on seven different counts.

First, For being ugly.

Second, For being a merry-andrew.

Third, For being a common quack.

Fourth, For being a common brawler.

Fifth, For being a common swearer.

Sixth, For being of very common understanding.

And, *Seventh*, For following divisive courses, subversive of the discipline of the order to which he belongs, and contrary to the principles of Christian fellowship and charity.

Mr. Serjeant Bishop, said, that he would not detain the court with any long harangue. He saw so many gentlemen of far higher talents than he could pretend to, so many lights of the age, in waiting, who would be called upon to state to the jury what they knew of the case, that it would be presumption in him to pre-occupy their minds with anything he could offer on the subject. He would state merely in vindication of his client, Mr. Jacob Oldstyle, that he had not instituted this prosecution from any feeling of personal resentment towards Mr. Irving, nor from any vain hope of gaining a name to himself, by measuring his strength with the great boar of the forest.—He appeared here, not on his own account alone, but in the name and the behalf of the whole generation of the Oldstyles. He did not claim to be the best of the family, and therefore of right their Champion, but being the oldest among them, he had been called upon to stand forward and defend their common interests, from the rude assaults which Mr. Irving, in his ugliness and quackery, and divisive-mindedness, had made upon them. He loved his family, and could not refuse, though

bending under a load of years, to make this humble effort, ere he died, to wipe off the stain attempted to be fixed on their name and reputation. The Learned Serjeant, said, that he would now proceed to call the witnesses who would prove the different charges, which his learned friend, Mr. Macvicar, had so clearly and explicitly laid before them. [Here some twenty voices from the body of the court cried out Stop! Stop! and a portly gentleman with spectacles, pushing forward to the Learned Serjeant, whispered something in his ear.]

Mr. Serjeant Bishop. "My Lord, it has been just intimated to me, that it will be an unpleasant circumstance to many gentlemen who are here to give evidence, and may withal be attended with dangerous consequences, if they are called by their individual names into the witness box. I need scarcely remind the court of the melancholy fate of Mr. Scott. The gentlemen are all in one way or another connected with different periodical works, and it is their wish, I understand, that each should be called by the name of the work to which he belongs. They have brought Masks with them, which, with the leave of the court, they will put on during examination."

Mr. Cobbett. "Not I, my Lord, thank God, I want no mask."

Mr. Wooler. "Nor I."

Dr. Dreghorn (aside). "Brazen faces need no masks."

Chief Justice. "It is a novel application, certainly. At common sense, however, we want no precedents to justify us in doing what seems right and proper. Let it be as the gentlemen please; each may mask or not, as he likes. It would be a shocking thing were any person to catch harm from his appearance here to-day, in aid of the ends of justice."

The Editor of the Times was then called, and examined by Mr. Parsons.

You are editor of The Times journal?—Yes.

It is the leading journal of Europe, is it not?—Undoubtedly.

How do you take the lead, Sir?

By guarding the candid and enlightened public against extravagant pretensions, wherever and whenever we meet with them.

All sorts of pretensions?

No, Sir. I would beg leave to say, there is a fashion in every thing—in wigs and bonnets, in poetry and novel writing, and lastly, in actors and preachers. All this is matter of course; and while things go on in the ordinary way—while wigs do not accumulate their curls into periwigs—nor bonnets swell into coal-scuttles—while our popular poets scribble only one poem, and our popular romancers only two novels a year—while our actors are content with one new reading in a play of Shakespeare; and our preachers aim at no praises beyond that of the regular frequenters of fashionable chapels; we, I say *we*,

Sir, are disposed to let things pass, and allow the "candid and enlightened public" to be pleased in their own way.

Do you know any thing of the defendant, Mr. Irving? Have you allowed *him* to pass?

Oh dear, no! The case is quite different with Mr. Irving. His popularity, Sir, absolutely frightened us, Sir, "from our propriety." When we learnt that statesmen and quack doctors, old ladies and judges, young ladies and students at law, all flocked with equal eagerness to hear this Caledonian orator: we became curious to know what could be the attractions to collect together such an heterogeneous mass.

And so you went to hear him preach?

Not only went to hear him preach, Sir, but read all that he had written.

Did you find out, then, what his attractions are?

After a serious consideration, I must profess, that we were utterly unable to discover. We were, in our own minds—(for we hate, Sir, to think with the minds of other people)—fully convinced that Mr. Irving is a man of very ordinary talents; that his understanding is weak in its grasp, and limited in its observation; and that his taste is of the very lowest order of badly-instructed school-boys.

You are aware that Mr. Irving was assistant to the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, of Glasgow: did it strike you, that he is of the same school?

Of the same school, Sir! He is an imitator of the doctor's, indeed; but no more like the proto-

type, than the inflated frog in the fable was like the bull he strove to resemble. For the energy of thought of the original, he gives us nothing but rumbling and distorted common-places; for the impassioned and expressive diction of his master, we have nothing but antitheses without point, and epithets without distinctness; while the poor and insignificant idea, wrapt up in a heap of tinsel and clumsy phraseology, looks like "the lady in the lobster," or a mouse under a canopy of state.

Give us, pray, a specimen of his quality.

"*Obey the Scriptures, or you perish.* You may despise the honour done you by the Majesty above; you may spurn the sovereignty of Almighty God; you may revolt from Creation's universal rule, to bow before its creator, and stand in momentary rebellion against its ordinances;" and so forth. "But come at length it will, when revenge shall array herself to go forth, and anguish shall attend her, and from the wheels of their chariot ruin and dismay shall shoot far and wide among the enemies of the king, whose desolation shall not tarry, and whose destruction, as the wings of the whirlwind, shall be swift, hopeless as the conclusion of eternity, and the reversion of doom. Then around the fiery conclave of the wasteful pit *the clang of grief shall ring*, and the *flinty heart*, which repelled tender mercy, *shall strike its fangs into its proper bosom;*" and so on. All, all shall pass away! And instead shall come the level lake that burneth,

and the solitary dungeon, and the desolate bosom, and the throes and tossings of horror and hopelessness, and the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched. 'Tis written, 'tis written, 'tis sealed of heaven, and a few years shall reveal it all. Be assured, it is even so to happen to the despisers of holy writ: with this in arrear, what boots liberty, pleasure, enjoyment — all within the hour-glass of time, on the round earth's continent, all the sensibilities of life, all the powers of man, all the attractions of woman!"

And this, you think, is the lady in a lobster?

Yes. I would fearlessly ask, Sir, whether a boy at any public school would not have his exercise flung in his face—(a smile from Lord Grosvenor) —if he presented such trash to his master. We absolutely felt ashamed, and began to distrust our own judgment, when we found that we had one idea in common with such a turgid and shallow declaimer. Surely, surely (said we to ourselves), it cannot be long before this bubble bursts.

And all this you stated to the public?—Yes.

Did you find that your exposure of the defendant's pretensions had the effect of putting an end to the public delusion?

Quite the reverse. The crowds which thronged to the Caledonian chapel, instantly doubled. The scene which Cross-street, Hatton-garden, presented on the following Sunday, beggared all description. It was quite a Vanity Fair. Not one half of the assembled multitude could force their way into the *sanctum sanctorum*. Even we, our-

selves, were shut out among the vulgar herd. For the entertainment of the excluded, however, there was Mr. Basil Montague, preaching peace and resignation from a window; and the once celebrated Romeo Coates acting the part of trumpeter from the steps of the church, extolling Mr. Irving as the prodigy of prodigies, and abusing the Times for declaring that Mr. Irving was not "the god of their idolatry." We laughed heartily at the fool.

From what text did Mr. Romeo discourse?

Proverbs vii. 7. "And behold, among the simple ones, I discovered a young man void of understanding"—(much laughter).

Did you on this, make any other attempt to bring back the public to reason?

Yes, we did once more enter our protest in the name of good sense and common sense, against his fustian phraseology, his pigmy ideas, mounted on stilts, and all the other little tricks by which a mean understanding endeavours to acquire the character of depth and dignity of thought.

Cross-examined by Mr. Phillips.

Are you not, Sir, in the practice of inserting articles in your journal as from yourself, when they are, in fact, written by others?—Yes, when *cleverly* written.

Is not Mr. Cobbett in the habit of supplying you with clever articles occasionally?

Mr. Cobbett! never, Sir: we should take shame

to ourselves if we polluted our pages with any thing from the pen of that arch mountebank and impostor.

But on your oath, Sir, did not Mr. Cobbett write those articles on the late Queen, which gained your paper so much of the bubble reputation?

A lie—an odious lie, upon my soul a d——d lie. (Accompanied with great violence of gesticulation.)

Keep your temper, Sir. Was it not so reported at least?

Yes. The old ruffian gave it out himself, that he had written them; but it was all a base and wicked invention of his own.

I must nevertheless ask you whether it was not this very same Mr. Cobbett who wrote the criticisms which you have repeated here to-day on Mr. Irving?

No, Sir; no earthly consideration could ever induce us to insert a syllable from the pen of that rascally grave-stealer, on any subject whatever.

Mr. Phillips. But Mr. Cobbett, your are perhaps aware, has done you the honour of agreeing with you in opinion as to the present case?

Honour, Sir! I know nothing about it; I am no reader of his trash.

And yet you quote him at times?

Yes, the blustering blockhead will start across our path now and then, when we like to stir him up with our long pole a little, for the diversion of the public. But he is so nauseous a dog, that

when we have any thing to quote from him, we never defile our pens with the task, but toss him to the compositors, that they may print from his own detestable pages.

Admirable delicacy, indeed! Now, Sir, let me ask you, who have so freely condemned Mr. Irving as a man of *mean understanding*, whether you have not at the same time condemned Sir Walter Scott as a *writer of no imagination?*—Yes, I have.

And Lord Byron, as *destitute of all poetical talent?*—Yes.

Enough, Sir, you may go down.

I AM *going down*, Sir.

The Editor of the Courier examined by
MR. MACVICAR.

Mr. Macvicar (handing to the witness a copy of the Courier of Thursday, July 17, 1823). Is that a genuine copy of the Courier newspaper for Thursday, the 17th of July?—It is.

It contains, I see, an article on the subject of the controversy about Mr. Irving—is that your writing?—It is.

Had you heard Mr. Irving when you wrote it?

No; as there observed we had *not heard* the gentleman, and until we could do so without fighting our way into his church, we were resolved to remain contented with what we could hear of him.

You were enabled, however, to express an opinion of his merits?

Yes; from specimens which appeared in the Morning Chronicle (the only paper we read ex-

cept our own) of what he had delivered in the pulpit, we were enabled to say, that he was the last preacher to whom we should choose to listen. What he uttered seemed to be a mere mass of gaudy, glittering words, without matter or method. What effect the mode of his delivery could have upon the tinsel of his language, we could not know, but we felt satisfied that if he could not reach the *minds* of his congregation, his influence on their *ears* and *eyes* would soon find its proper level.

Were these all your objections?

No. We were given to understand that he made the pulpit a theatre for coarse attacks upon individuals. Now we hold it to be the business of a clergyman simply to expound the word of God, to enforce the precepts of religion, and to animate his fellow Christians in the pursuit of moral duty. He is not to level his rebukes at persons, for what he may consider as an aberration from strict propriety of conduct; such a practice would convert a sacred place of worship into a hot-bed of angry passions and mutual animosities. Still less ought a preacher to fulminate *ex cathedrâ* petulant censures upon literary effusions.

What do you particularly allude to?

We had seen in the papers of the day some foolish, illiberal, and greatly misplaced remarks of his upon the "Vision of Judgment," by our friend Southey, and its ribald parody, by Lord Byron. Do people, we asked, and again ask, go to church to hear trash like this?

Q. You concluded, I observe, with a prophecy?

Yes. I said then, and now I repeat, that by acts like these, and by a fustian Ossianic phraseology, Mr. Irving may for a time draw crowds, but I venture to predict, that unless he betakes himself to a sounder and purer method of pulpit oratory, the new church which there is a talk of building for him will not be wanted half so much as he will want a congregation.

Cross-examined by Mr. Phillips.

Look at that paper, Sir, and tell the Jury what it is.

It is a copy of the Courier of Monday, July 7.

Older by ten days than the Courier you have just been quoting?—Yes.

You there give an account of Mr. Irving's preaching at Hatton Garden on the day preceding, as if you had been present?—Yes.

You say the chapel was crowded to suffocation—that the heat was so intolerable that some stout-hearted men were absolutely fainting, and were obliged to be carried out of the crowd; all which things you of course saw?—Yes.

You describe Mr. Irving's person—his bushy hair—his large whiskers—his unfortunate squint? Yes.

You say his prayers and his reading are very impressive, and that his sermon was a *masterpiece of oratory*, and *full of sound doctrine?*—Yes.

And yet ten days after, you say you had *not heard* the gentleman, and that his sermons are

a mere mass of glittering, gaudy words, without matter or method?—Yes.

I have nothing more to say to you, Sir. Good God! that by such witnesses as this my noble-minded client should be borne down and reviled!

Re-examined by Mr. Macvicar.

You can perhaps explain how this extraordinary discrepancy arises?

Quite easily, Sir. I have occasion to make frequent visits to Paris, and it was during one of these that the prior article, which Mr. Phillips rests so much upon, was written by an assistant, who, as my friend of *l'Etoile*, says, has got *un tete foible extremement. (Much laughter.)* Why, Sir, it was the same gentleman with the weak head, who sounded the famous retreat of the French behind the Ebro, while at the very moment I was at Paris, receiving instructions from the French ministers to do all I could to make the public believe that the game was all up with the Spaniards. He is constantly committing blunders of this sort.

Re-examined by Mr. Phillips.

On your oath, Sir, did not you find, on your return from Paris, a letter lying from your friend Southey, chiding you for praising to the skies in your journal, a man who had called his Vision of Judgment "a most nauseous and unformed abor-

tion; vile, unprincipled, and unmeaning; a brazen-faced piece of political cant?"

Mr. Macvicar submitted, that Mr. Phillips was not at liberty to prove a written document by parole evidence. Notice should have been given to produce the letter.

Mr. Phillips declined pressing the question.

Mr. William Cobbett examined by Mr. Parsons.

Have you heard the defendant, Mr. Irving, preach?

I never go after fools, Sir.

Perhaps, Mr. Cobbett, you "keep a fool of your own," and then think yourself "wise?" *(A laugh.)*

Perhaps not, Mr. Jackanapes.

Come now, Cobbett, don't be angry; you are all on our side, you know; tell us, then, how you came to know all about this Caledonian prodigy?

Why, I will tell you.—My friend William Hone, since he took to writing about Apocryphas and Mysteries, has become as pious and dreaming a noodle as any lank-haired fanatic in all England. It was only the other day he told me, that in making his famous defence on the three trials, which every body knows was a stammer and a halt all through, he verily thought he had the gift of tongues given unto him! The man is sadly gone. He can speak to you about nothing but the Maccabees, and Habbakuk, and Mahaleel, and Jero-

boam, and Rehoboam, and goes moreover to church as regularly as my Lord Bexley, or that saintly gentleman, Mr. Butterworth. The God of his idolatry at present is Mr. Irving, *on whose ministry*, as the poor man calls it, he attends every Sabbath, with all his pretty little chubby children; and it is from him I have heard more than enough about this "Scotch dealer out of brimstone and fire."

Chief Justice. Mr. Cobbett, this is harsh language to use of a minister of the gospel.

Mr. Cobbett. I like, my Lord, to call things by their right names; a cat, as the old adage goes, is but a cat all the world over.

Mr. Parsons. What, then, is the opinion, Mr. Cobbett, that you have formed of Mr. Irving and his preaching?

Every body, Sir, must know that; for every body reads Cobbett; the very children must have got it by heart.

Well, but a good thing, you know, can't be repeated too often—once more if you please?

Well, then—"The exhibition now going on at Hatton-garden every Sunday, is far more contemptible than any thing ever seen in the Catholic church. I have heard, indeed, of the women following the preaching and laughing Capuchins of Rome! but I never heard of any thing else resembling this Hatton-garden show; at which, it is said, Mr. Canning and other ministers attend. This preacher has been described to me as having

a fine voice, being very eloquent, full of the spirit of grace, six feet two inches high, shoulders of breadth in proportion, long black hair, and a beard like a German scrubbing-brush. The church is advertised in the newspapers, almost in direct terms. Tickets are said to be sold for half-a-guinea. To hear this man bawling about '*the level lake of fire*,' '*the worm that dieth not*,' and '*the flame that is not quenched*;' to hear this stuff bawled out in a harsh Scotch accent, people run, and push, and squeeze, and strive, as if they were endeavouring to get from a house on fire. They run to his *fire* with as much eagerness as they would run from another fire. The *Morning Chronicle* frequently entertains us with stories about the credulity and gullibility of Roman catholics. That which I have just described is now actually going on in London. The audience consists partly of ministers of state, and of members and peers of parliament. This *great brimstone merchant* has the most fashionable part of the metropolis for his auditory. Here we have a specimen of the fruit of that light which the *Chronicle* tells us is in the Protestant mind. Can the *Chronicle* cite any instance in which Roman catholic folly has surpassed this?"

But you are aware, Mr. Cobbett, how much the protestant mind has fallen from its former "*high estate*." Have you not read how "*our soul is smitten with grief and shame*," to remark how in this latter day, in this fag end of the thread of human ex-

istence, Revealed Wisdom hath fallen, fallen, fallen, and along with her fallen the great and noble character of men?

All stuff—stuff—stuff, Sir: the common-place of quacks and impostors.—Mr. Irving tells you that nine-tenths of the people of England *know nothing at all* of the truths of Revelation. There is nothing new, however false, in this. There are *two hundred and eighty preachers* already roaming about the country preaching the same sort of nonsense. They speak of the English people as Heathen; as "*destitute* persons," destitute of all knowledge of the Lord! They call the places neglected villages, and they assert that these people: that is to say, a very large part of the people of England, are without the knowledge of God in this world. This Society has its head-quarters at the "Home Missionary Rooms, 18, Aldermanbury, London;" and it has four Secretaries, whose names are Cobbin, Dunn, Moore, and Millar. The very existence of such a society, in a country paying tithes to the amount of six or seven millions a year, is a scandal without parallel. Here is a Church, collecting its tithes by the aid of soldiers; and here is a society, putting into print and publishing that they have under their care, *two hundred and seventy-four villages*, containing a population of ninety-five thousand, three hundred and forty-four souls, *who enjoy no means of evangelical instruction.* "What then," say they, (and Mr. Irving but imitates their cant,) "must be the *general state of*

the villages in England." The *Christian heart shudders* at the thought!--Sir, either this is true, or these are most impudent vagabonds. If it be true, what a pretty Church we have, after our two hundred years of *reformation!* If it be false, what a pretty state we are in with two hundred and eighty, (for that is the number that they say they have) of bawling * * * * * * * of this one description, going about England to *introduce the people to a knowledge of God!* Augustine, when he landed in Kent with his forty monks, had, I am sure, too much modesty to speak of the English of that day, as these impudent vagabonds speak of them now; and that in print too, and as bold as brass. They have no scruple to declare that the agricultural population of England is in a perfectly *heathenish* state.

But if they did not do this, Mr. Cobbett, what success would they have?

Oh! to be sure, money is collected by these heathen converters. *Money* is always included; for their object is to *live without work;* and to do this, they must have money. Accordingly, they plead most pressingly for money. They, in various publications, in pamphlets, in sheets, in half sheets, in quarter sheets, and in single leaves, set forth in grand array, the works of grace and salvation, that they are performing. But, then, they are in *want of money.* If they had but *money,* they would soon extirpate all the *heathenishness*

of the poor souls who are now perishing. But without money what can they do!

Cross-examined by Mr. Phillips.

You know the Times newspaper, Mr. Cobbett?

The b——y old Times?—Oh yes—none better.

Do you ever write for it?

I have written all its best articles for a long time past; I wrote those famous articles about the queen, which raised its circulation from 3,000 to 20,000 in one week. To do it justice, however, I must say, that I don't think the stupid numsculls who manage it knew they were written by me: if they had, they would rather have been smothered to death (to make use of one of their own favourite similies), under the thousand and one quires they printed daily at that time, than have adopted them. But I have a way of my own, Sir, of managing these things. I can do other people's work for them, and make them say and do what I please, without their knowing or suspecting any thing of the matter.

Another *Brownie o' Brodsbeck*, I suppose?

Something of that, i' faith.

Well, Brownie, will you tell us one thing more? Was it not you who wrote that clever article in The Times, about Mr. Irving, beginning "there is a fashion in every thing—in wigs and bonnets," and so forth?

Yes—every word of it.

You swear that?

Broil me on a gridiron if it was not.

Editor of the LITERARY CHRONICLE, *examined by* MR. PARSONS.

Do you know any thing, Sir, of the Rev. Defendant, what he is, and whence he came?

Mr. Irving, Sir, is a young man, a native of Annan in Scotland, who was for some time an assistant preacher to Dr. Chalmers of Glasgow, until both the Doctor and his colleague having *calls*, left their flocks to seek other shepherds. Dr. Chalmers was *called* to a professorship in a northern university. Mr. Irving was called, (and what Scotsman ever refused such a *call?)* from the bleak mountains of Scotland to the more fertile vineyards of the south, to that land flowing with milk and honey—the British metropolis.

Well, Sir, how has he fared since his arrival in this land of milk and honey?

"Some nine moons wasted," he was seated in the Caledonian chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden—a place of worship formerly known by the name of the *Gaelic* Chapel.

Gaelic! Does Mr. Irving preach in Gaelic?

Oh, no, Sir. It was found out by some *honest* folks, that the Gaelic language, however sonorous and mellifluous it may be in the long deep glens of the Highlands, is, in the polished streets of the metropolis, one of the most barbarous and intolerable jargons ever known to the tongue of man.* It was therefore resolved that there

* Absolutely what was stated at one of the meetings about Mr. Irving's call to the Caledonian chapel.—REPORTER.

should be no more preaching in Gaelic, but that a call should be given to Mr. Irving to come and proclaim the glad tidings of the gospel in Gallovidian English.

Or rather, I fancy, Sir, the resolution to call Mr. Irving was made first, and the reason for it came afterwards?

Not unlikely.

And what has become of the poor Gaelic folks in London who don't understand English? Have they been turned adrift without a pastor, and left to perish for lack of instruction?

Oh, Sir, nobody but porters and the like speak Gaelic only; and who cares for their perishing? Give me, says Mr. Irving, your "imaginative men, and political men, and legal men, and medical men." What indeed would the society of saints be worth, if it were made up only of Scotch caddies, Highland porters, Kentish gipseys, West Country bargemen, Welsh miners, and the like?

Mr. Irving preaches then only to people of high degree, such as your poets and statesmen, and lawyers and physicians?—Yes.

But how has he contrived to make these people run after him so?

Why the art is simple enough. Mr. Irving saw that in London preachers are followed not so much for their talents and attainments, as for their apparent zeal and the violence of their denunciations; that the more lustily a minister preaches damnation to his followers, the more eagerly he is followed, and every word he drops caught, as if

it were manna from heaven. He saw the higher classes heedless of religion, because their preachers preached nothing but peace, peace: he saw the lower cramming conventicles to the very ceiling, because they heard of nothing there but fire, fire. He reasoned, and reasoned correctly, that as the poor crowded to chapels in proportion as their sins were denounced, the rich would do the same, and that he had only to attack the vices and follies of the fashionable world to become popular: he did so, and has succeeded.

Is this then the whole secret of his success?

No; another secret of his popularity is, that he does not confine himself to attacking the higher classes in the abssract: he singles out individual characters—he thus takes advantage of that weakness of human nature, the love of scandal, and is the very "John Bull" of the clergy.

Has not curiosity also some share in the matter?

Undoubtedly. His chapel is every Sunday a gallery of beauty and fashion; and while some of the nobility and gentry are prompted by curiosity to see and hear a preacher become popular by the boldness of his denunciations, no inconsiderable portion of his auditors are collected in the hopes of seeing some Royal Duke or Princess, some Minister of State, the famed Lady A. or the beauteous Miss B.

But do you mean to say that Mr. Irving is a man of no talents?

Certainly not, he is a man of considerable talents, but they have been sadly overrated. He is

read well in books, but has not studied men; his reasoning is superficial; his judgment indiscreet; his taste bad; his conceit overwhelming; his assurance most unblushing; he is, in short, nothing but a sounding brass, a tinkling cymbol; or, to call things by their right names, a mere scold.

You say he is well read in books. Do you mean that it should be inferred, that he shines in borrowed plumes?

Not so exactly; I have met with little in his volume of what we call plagiarism. Indeed, the only instance worth remarking is, after all, very excusable. "I wish," says Mr. Irving, "*that I had a dwelling place in every bosom.*" Sweet ecstatic idea! but borrowed, as you will see, Sir, from the following passage of the Don Juan, of that "woe-begone and self-tormented, wretched man," Lord Byron, as Mr. Irving calls him:—

> I love the sex and sometimes would reverse
> The tyrant's wish "that mankind only had
> One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce."
> My wish is quite as wide, and not so bad,
> And much more tender, on the whole, than fierce;
> It being—(not now, but only while a lad)
> That womankind had but *one rosy mouth*,
> To kiss *them all* from north to south.

(much laughter: fans in requisition in the gallery.)

Cross-examined by Mr. Phillips.

You keep a common establishment, Sir, for giving characters?

I edit a weekly Review, Sir.

Which every body knows is the same thing, Sir. Go down.

The Editor *of the* Album *examined by* Mr. Macvicar.

Were you at the Scottish Church in Hatton Garden, on Sunday, the 6th of July?—I was.

What sort of audience did you find collected?

I was surrounded on every side by faces well known upon town in every way.

For what purpose did they seem assembled?

They were evidently brought there by some strong and peculiar motive; but the general buzz and hum of different conversations, plainly proved that the motive was not to pray to God. There was none of that staid and decorous aspect and manner which, in those who cannot be called devout, supply an appearance fitted to the place. The company were evidently come to see a show, and they conversed with one another till the show began.

When was that?

Just at eleven, a sort of motion and movement through the assemblage, told that Mr. Irving was entering. He had some difficulty in making his way to the pulpit, the stairs of which were covered with gaily dressed ladies. The service commenced by Mr. Irving reading a hymn, which was immediately afterwards sung by the clerk and the children of the Caledonian school.

How were you impressed at first with Mr. Irving's style of officiating?

I was disappointed. His voice seemed to have little modulation or tunefulness. I was still more displeased with the manner in which he read, it being with extreme pompousness of tone and contortion of countenance.

Did he improve as he went on?

Far from it. When he delivered the prayer, his eyes were forcibly closed; his mouth was drawn into an expression so pompous as almost to be farcical; the enunciation was studied and stilted to the last degree; the gesture was ungraceful throughout, and often vehement, and the matter was a succession of scriptural phrases linked together by language, aiming not very happily at the same style. Mr. Irving, I said to myself, means to make his prayer impressive by this manner: it is a pity he does not know that it is impossible to be impressive and unnatural at the same time. The prayer was concluded by the Lord's prayer, and the way in which he gave this was perfectly sufficient, I thought, to decide his taste and manner.

How was that?

It was mouthed, I might almost say, ranted, in the manner in which we are accustomed to hear the mock invocation in the *Critic* spouted upon the stage—the face was more than usually contorted—the voice was more than usually violent and unequal—and the gesture! Oh! heavens! such gesture! During the preceding prayer, Mr. I. had

stood chiefly with the arms slightly protruded from the body, and crossed by the right hand clasping the left arm about half way between the wrist and the elbow: but this curious, and somewhat awkward posture, was changed when he commenced the Lord's Prayer, into one still more curious, and far more awkward. The arms were placed close by the sides, but raised perpendicularly from the elbow, with the hands erect.

Now, Sir, if you please, for the sermon—What did you think of that?

I am no divine, Sir, and can say nothing of the matter of doctrine that it involved.

You can tell us, however, what you think of him as an orator, if not as a theologian?

I had heard, Sir, a good deal of the peculiarity of diction, which Mr. Irving has adopted after the model of Jeremy Taylor, and the other old writers of our Church. It was, as it had been represented to me, and its effect was also what I had anticipated it would be. The diction which he employs is not now in use; and it consequently appears affected, unnatural, and therefore unimpressive. He uses the third person singular of the verb, according to the old form,—for instance, he says, "it hath"—"it doth"—"it cometh"—"it goeth"—&c., and he employs a consonant obsoleteness of diction.

But of what sort was the substance of his sermon?

The discourse, Sir, was one flood of inappropriate and bombastic language;—extravagant without be-

ing in the least degree poetical;—furious, without even for a moment being forcible. I could recognize no deep thought—no fine images—nothing pathetic—nothing impressive: his style was overcharged with metaphor to the utmost degree; but his metaphors are nearly always false and broken. During the whole sermon, which lasted an hour and five-and-twenty minutes, there was scarcely any image which was perfect, and positively, not one which remained impressed upon the mind by its beauty, terseness, and truth.

How did he deliver the sermon?

The manner of delivery, Sir, displeased me as much as the composition. The Lord's Prayer had prepared me for a good deal, but I had no conception that it was possible any thing like the violence of enunciation and gesture which Mr. Irving displayed *could* have been used in the pulpit; or, indeed, anywhere else. Mr. Irving's solemnity, is vehemence; Mr. Irving's passion, is fury; and he is not guided in these bursts of convulsive frenzy by the matter which he is delivering. He throws himself into all the variations of attitude, which are consistent with every one of them being ungraceful—his hands are clenched—the sweat starts from his brow—his whole frame shakes—and his voice comes forth with a quivering sound from the extremity of his agitation; and all this, at a passage where manly earnestness was all that was needed, or indeed, admissible.

Can you give us an example?

When speaking of the Omnipotence of God,

that the whole universe was in His person, as he pronounced the word *universe* he absolutely waved his arm round and round above his head, in a manner which is usual only when the hand contains a hat, and the mouth is uttering huzza! huzza! My friend Cruikshank, who was with me, was constantly whispering into my ear, "What a subject! capital! admirable!" His mischievous pencil was at work the whole time, catching the oddities and contortions of the preacher.

Perhaps you could shew the court some of these sketches.

Here are some.—[Witness produced several of these sketches done on the back of small address cards. They were handed about the Court, and kept it for several minutes in a general roar of laughter. The editor of the Album has been kind enough to permit us to have them engraved for this report. The preacher is exhibited in five different attitudes:—1st. The Glance Penetrating. 2d. The Knock it into them. 3. The Solemn Invocation. 4. Solemn Invocation after another manner. 5. The Crown All.]

Have you any thing farther, Sir, to add to your evidence?

I ought to observe that Mr. Irving's obliquity of vision, of which so much is said, is worse than that which is called a *squint*, and varies according to the direction in which he looks. I came away, upon the whole, lost in wonder, not at the notoriety which Mr. Irving has gained, for his style is very much *ad captandum*, but at the report which

I had heard (but which I must say I now doubt), that some of our most really eloquent men have spoken of him in high praise.

The Printer *of the* Liberal *examined by* Mr. Parsons.

Have you, among the contributors to your "Verse and Prose from the South," any "well-wishers to religion and good order?"

We have *one* queer fellow who calls himself so; but I do not know what to make of him. He is, for all that, constantly in the company of ——— and ——— and ———.

Is he not in the practice of haunting churches and chapels a good deal?

He has been hearing Mr. Irving several times of late: and yet is constantly abusing him. The Caledonian Chapel, he says, resembles a booth at a fair; and the pulpit, a stage, for a tall, raw-boned, hard-featured, impudent Scotch quack, to twang through the nose indecently, blasphemy and sedition.

The things, probably, which take him there so often. Did he give you any instance of Mr. Irving's indecency?—None.

Of his sedition?—None.

Of his blasphemy?

Yes, of something like it, at least. He mentioned that he had heard Mr. Irving, at one time, describe the God of natural religion as like the great desert—dry, disagreeable, comfortless, deadly—where no one wished to dwell! No one,

he insisted, could venture upon this gross insult to the God of nature (whom he apprehended to be also the God of Christians), without that strong obliquity of mental vision, that can keep natural religion in one eye and revealed religion in the other: look grave on the parent, and fulsome on the daughter. Mr. Irving had at another time, he said, asserted, by an impudent figure of speech, that the God of Mercy was like Alsatia, *where the scum of mankind took refuge!!*

But all this does not prove Mr. Irving to be what he called him, "an impudent Scotch quack?"

No; but he mentioned another thing which does. He heard Mr. Irving issue a proclamation in the name of the King of Heaven, appointing himself crier of the court, beginning with a To WIT, TO WIT; and ending with damnation *to all those who do not go to hear him.*

The EDITOR *of the* BRITISH PRESS *examined.*

Are you "*a member of the established church?*"

Yes.

Have you inquired into the merits of Mr. Irving?

Yes, most particularly

What is your opinion of him?

I think him quite over-rated. Every page of his orations bears the stamp of a mind perfectly bewildered: we have a jargon of words with an utter barrenness of ideas; there is no coming at his meaning, for he addresses himself neither to

the head nor to the heart, and contributes nothing either to enlighten the one, or improve the other. He delivers himself in a dialect so studiously quaint and affected, as to be for the most part wholly unintelligible. He rolls his sentences one over another, with an utter disregard to any thing like logical order or consecutive arrangement. If the reader passes over them rapidly, it is so far well; but if he pauses over any one of them, to discover its tendency, or examine its truth, he will find that it is either so indefinite as to lead to nothing, or that when understood it leads to conclusions which no sound mind can admit. He delights not merely in rhetorical exaggeration of matters of fact; his discourses are full of idiotic trash, that any man of decent understanding would be ashamed of. He appears as if he sat down to write (to use a proverbial phrase of his country) with a *bee in his bonnet*. What man, for example, unless the faculties of his mind were disturbed, could run on in such a strain as the following:— "*Masterful men*, or the *masterful current* of opinion, hath *ploughed* with the word of God, and the *fruit* has been to *inveigle the* mind into the exclusive admiration of some few *truths*, which being *planted* in the belief, and *sacrificed* to in all religious expositions and discourses, have become popular *idols*, which *frown heresy and excommunication* upon all who dare stand for the unadulterated, uncurtailed testimony. *Such Shibboleths every age hath been trained to mouth;* and it is as much as one's religious character is worth, to think that

the doctrinal Shibboleths of the present day may not include the whole contents and capacity of the written word. But, truly, there are higher fears than the fear even of the religious world; and greater loss than the loss of religious fame. Therefore, craving indulgence of you to hear us to an end, and asking the credit of good intention upon what you have already heard, we summon *your whole unconstrained man* to the engagement of reading the word; — not to authenticate a meagre outline of opinions elsewhere derived, but to prove and purify all the sentiments *which bind the confederations of life;* to prove and purify all the feelings which instigate the actions of life; *many* to annihilate; many to implant; *all* to regulate and reform:—*to bridle the tongue till its words come forth* in unison with the word of God, and to *people* the whole soul *with the population* of new thoughts, which that word reveals of God and man—of the present and the future."

Voilà un chef-d'œuvre digne de notre siecle!

And this is the orator of Hatton Garden, who can only be heard with admission tickets?

Yes; Mr. Irving professes to address himself to a blind and senseless generation, but he seems to have caught the distemper he came to cure.

Fools that we are, like Israel's sons of yore,
The calf ourselves have fashion'd, we adore;
But let true Reason once resume her reign,
This idol will become a calf again.

Editor of the PULPIT *examined by* MR. MACVICAR.

I understand, Sir, you have lately established a censorship over the pulpits of the metropolis?

Yes.

Your attention must, of course, have been particularly drawn to the exhibitions of Mr. Irving, in Hatton Garden?—It has.

Tell us, pray, how Mr. Irving ranks as a preacher?

Mr. Irving himself, Sir, claims to be like no other living preacher on this side of the Tweed at least; he has come to set "*an example*" to the whole body of the English clergy, of all denominations; for so exceedingly deficient have they all been in the performance of their sacred functions, that, according to him, there are *nine-tenths* of every class who know *nothing at all* about the truths of revelation. Our popular leaders, he tells us, "finding no necessity for strenuous endeavours and high science in the ways of God, but having a gathering host to follow them, deviate from the ways of deep and penetrating thought—refuse the contest with the literary and accomplished enemies of the faith—bring a contempt upon the cause in which mighty men did fomerly gird themselves to the combat—and so cast the stumbling-block of a mistaken paltryness between enlightened men and the cross of Christ!"

Do you deem the pulpit a place for such reflections as these?

By no means, Sir; I take it to be a gross prostitution of the privilege which the pulpit gives to preachers of saying what they please, and having *all the saying to themselves*, to reflect in this manner on one's fellow labourers in the ministry. Mr. Irving is besides but a young labourer, and as yet, almost a stranger in this country; and it ill becomes one of such few years and limited experience, thus to stalk forth, dispensing his censures on all around him, and holding himself up as the only model for universal imitation.

But may not the clergy, Sir, stand really in need of some such example being held up to them?

No, Sir; it is sheer ignorance which makes Mr. Irving vaunt so. Were he at all acquainted with the state of religion in the community where his lot is now cast, with what has been done and is doing in it, to promote the cause of Christ; had he heard one out of ten of all the clergymen whom he calumniates in the mass *without hearing them*, he would never have spoken so falsely as he has done.

It would seem then, that Mr. Irving has erred merely from want of information?

Not so entirely. Mr. Irving is ignorant, not so much for want of opportunities of knowing better, but from a vanity and self-sufficiency which have prevented him from availing himself of those opportunities he has had. He thinks he has nothing to learn, and that nobody knows more; he goes on expatiating, when his first step should be to inquire. The attitude which he assumes is that

of the Pharisee, " Stand by thyself—touch me not —I am more holy than thou."

You can tell us, perhaps, what the scriptures say of this sort of professors?

When our Redeemer commanded one of his disciples to follow him, the latter asked what his *fellow disciple* should do? Most just and striking was the reproof contained in our Lord's answer— " If I will that *he* tarry till I come, *what is that to thee?* FOLLOW THOU ME." So I would say to Mr. Irving:—Even admitting all you say to be true of your fellow disciples, " *what is that to thee?*" What is it to the great truths you have undertaken to enforce, that others do not enforce them after your fashion, or to your taste? Do *you* expound them as you think they ought to be expounded; do *you* take care to do justice to the " gathering host" that follows you? be contented to lay up for yourself a crown of glory that fadeth not; and snatch not with a rude and invidious hand the wreath from the brow of your fellow disciple. " If I will that he tarry till I come, *what is that to thee?* FOLLOW THOU ME."

But has not Mr. Irving actually "*set the example of two new methods* of handling religious truth?" I allude to his Orations and Argument.

The *titles* are new, Sir, and that is all. The orations and arguments themselves are like any other discourses from the pulpit, except only that they are not so formally divided and subdivided as sermons commonly, though by no means invariably, are. All that Mr. Irving says about the one me-

thod being "after the manner of the ancient oration," and the other, "after the manner of the ancient apologies," I look upon to be exceedingly after the manner of the Fudge Family. Mr. Irving has a *modest* aversion to be thought in the least like any body else of his order; he won't be called a writer of *sermons*, because all other clergymen are writers of sermons; and this, Sir, is the real secret of the matter.

You have said, that were Mr. Irving acquainted with the state of society in this country, he would not talk so falsely as he has done. Do you mean then to deny that the oracles of divine wisdom "have fallen into a household commonness, and her visits into a cheap familiarity," that, there is an "abeyance of intellect, a dwarfish reduction of the natural powers of men;" that, in short, nearly all the Christian world have "drifted away from that noble, manly, and independent course which, under steerage of the word of God, they might have safely pursued?"

All a rhapsody of abuse, Sir. I would merely oppose to it *the truth*—the known and undeniable truth. I assert with perfect confidence (and I am no offended gownsman, but an unpretending layman, who would wish the very worst to have their due) that in no period in the history of this country, was revealed wisdom studied and expounded in a purer spirit, and with a happier effect on the lives of men, than it is at the present moment. With Mr. Irving there is nothing

like the "olden time;" but I know of no olden time when the great body of the people ranked higher in the scale of morals and intelligence than they do now. I have read of times when they ate more bacon and pudding, and drank more ale, and were better clothed than they have lately been; but at no time that I ever read or heard of, was the bulk of our community more orderly and well-behaved, more morally and religiously inclined, more given to rational pursuits, more beings of mind than they are now.

But Mr. Irving gives you facts. He tells you "their holidays are days of dissipation, their cups crowned with licentious and blasphemous talk, their raptures intoxication and brutal excess, our fairs scenes of iniquity scandalous to be looked upon, our intemperance proverbial over the world, our prize fights a cruel game elsewhere never played at, our forgeries, our thefts, our murders, not surpassed if equalled in the most barbarous lands." "The innocent sports of our villages for which weary labour was wont to relax himself, the cheer and contentment which blessed the interior of our cottages, and the plenty and beauty which beamed around their walls, the home-bred comfort and cleanliness, with all the Arcadian features of old English life, live," he assures us, "no longer, save in the tales of ancestry;" and much he bewaileth that "hard and well-earnt labour, broken with fierce gleams of jollity and debauch, poor-house dependence and poor-house discontent, nocturnal

adventures of the poacher and the smuggler, and the depredator; Sabbath-breakings, Sabbath sports, and Sabbath dissipations, are now become the characteristics of our city and our rustic people."

But specks at best, Sir, on the face of society. It is absurd and fallacious to convert them into a general picture. Mr. Irving talks of *facts* Sir! I too would appeal to facts, and to some of the most recent which have come under public observation, with respect to the character and conduct of the lower orders. Will Mr. Irving shew us in all his "olden time," any example of such temperate behaviour on the part of thousands of men in the humblest walks of life, assembled to oppose a measure which they conceived was about to deprive them and their wives and children of bread, as has just been exhibited by the weavers of Spitalfields? Or will he show us, in all his "olden time," the whole workmen of a town, turning out for a rise of wages, as is now the case at Knaresborough, assembling daily in immense multitudes, yet committing no violence nor outrage, and closing their meetings at night-fall, with the singing of psalms to that God who delivereth the poor and needy, and riddeth them out of the hand of the wicked?

Does not Mr. Irving elsewhere in his "argument," admit the constantly increasing improvement which the Christian spirit is producing in society?

Yes, explicitly enough. For example:—"In

this land, saith he, Christians "have disarmed the thigh of its weapon, and procured revenge to be taken out of the hands of the injured into the hands of the upright judge;—they have made reformation to be acknowledged as the only object of punishment; they have abolished the divine right of kings to have their will out of subjects;—they have almost got adultery to be acknowledged as the only righteous cause of divorce;—they have made the accommodation of others to be sanctioned as the basis of politeness;—the spirit of government they have forced, by sundry desperate efforts, to become equitable, open, and disclosed, instead of being, as in the Italian and other continental states, crooked and intriguing. From all which it is manifest, that in the force of heaven-directed will, there is a staunchness, an intrepidity, and a long-suffering, which brings out equity triumphant against injustice, and liberty against wilfulness, forming a wall of shields around whatever is good in human laws,—*smiting, as with a constant battering ram against every thing which is evil.*"

How is it that Mr. Irving is betrayed into such gross contradictions and inconsistencies?

It all arises, Sir, from his egregious vanity. The truth seems to have escaped from him in spite of himself; for recollecting very shortly after, that were it to pass as an admitted fact, that the doctrines of Christianity, as they have been hitherto preached in this country, have been "*smiting us with a constant battering ram, against every*

thing that is evil," there must of course be less call than he imagines for the aid of the minister of the Caledonian church, and his new methods;—anxious to guard against any such dangerous admission in the way of business, he falls again into the lamenting strain. "Oh," says he, "that the spirit of the ancients would rise again and shame these modern men who go dreaming," &c. All this affected lamentation, Sir, is made for no other purpose than to furnish one opportunity more of telling the world what a different sort of example Mr. Irving means to exhibit. "Moved by their lethargy and indifference, I do challenge them", &c. I shall "try another method," I "shall strike a note to thrill the drowsy chambers of the soul, and awaken it from its fatal slumbers." Alas, proud boaster! he thinks he has got the world on his shoulders! The men he talks of shaming, the men he charges with lethargy and indifference, are the men of the battering ram, who, as he hath himself before confessed, have in their might brought out "equity triumphant against injustice, and liberty against wilfulness, forming a wall of shields around whatever is good in human laws."

Mr. Irving's censures are not, I believe, confined to the clergy. Does he not blame alike our poets, our men of science, our politicians?

Yes, his shafts fly thick. In poetry he tells us there is none who "inditeth a song unto his God." In philosophy, the palace of the soul, men see in the rough and flinty faces of the cloud-

capt rocks, more delectable images to adore, than in the revealed countenance of God;" and in politics, there are men to whom the Liberal, or John Bull, (afar from me be such indecorous associations) "are more moving than the secrets of the Eternal." All these assertions, Sir, are the offspring either of downright ignorance, or of wilful misrepresentation. Mr. Irving talks as if he knew nothing of the people he was arraigning. We have, thank God, many pious poets, many pious philosophers, many pious politicians. There is nobody who sees and feels as Mr. Irving describes. His mode here as elsewhere, is to blow the bubble first, and then, at the slightest puncture of his lance, it falls to nothing.

After all, Sir, is there any thing strange or new in this chapter of lamentations?

Nothing, I confess. It savours all of the rankest common place—such common place as a man of Mr. Irving's pretensions to originality should have disdained. The goodness of the good old times, is the common cant of your self-righteous people, your ranters, and your jumpers. There is a lady of the name of Priscilla Hunt, who journeys about talking the same sort of extravagance. The chief difference between her and Mr. Irving, in this respect, is, that she does not ascribe, the "*fallen*" state of men to precisely the same cause. In a report of one of this pious damsel's recent exhibitions which I have lately seen, her first complaint is, "of the lamentable state into which things had fallen, in consequence of

the hissing of the serpent, the whispering of the back-biter, and the lashing of the lying tongue." I would say with this same Priscilla:—" But it is of verity, my friends, that if people were *truly concerned* for the well-being of the human family and the good of their own souls; all these customs (namely of hissing and whispering, and backbiting and lashing with the lying tongue,) would necessarily vanish, and instead thereof *boundless love would prevail, universal harmony would predominate.*"

Your chief objection, Sir, to Mr. Irving, seems to be to his vain boasting. Have you told us the worst you know of it?—I fear not, Sir.

The egotism of Mr. Irving is unhappily not limited to a supreme disdain of other men's powers and attainments; it dares even to ascend beyond this mortal sphere. He thinks so much of himself as to be to all appearance habitually divested of every thing like true Christian humility. When he speaks of the Almighty, the familiarity and levity of the language he employs is at times shudderingly revolting. In one place we are told that "God might be a *pattern* to all lawgivers;" in another, that the laws of God, of Him who is the source of all things, differ from all others in *the originality* of their principles; further on, that God is all perfect "like the Apollo Belvidere!!!" (a thrill of horror through the court). In short, such is Mr. Irving's high opinion of his Maker, that he does "not doubt of the ALMIGHTY's *force of character* to carry any thing

into effect." Then we have every now and then such expressions as "Oh, Heavens!" "Oh, my God!" "In the holy name of Christ, and the three times holy name of God!" "God send repentance, or else *blast* the powers they have abused so terribly."

You do not mean, surely, to impute to Mr. Irving intentional impiety in the use of these expressions?

Certainly not. Few men have described more forcibly than Mr. Irving has done elsewhere, the majesty of heaven, and the immeasurable distance between man and his Creator; but it is to be gathered from the fact of his frequent forgetfulness of the reverence which is due to the Most High, that his descriptions have not been the result of a sufficiently heartfelt or abiding sense of man's insignificance, but have been produced very much like any other task or exercise which might be proposed to the imagination. Were Mr. Irving called upon to describe the Paradise of Mahomet, he would do it, I dare say, in language nearly as vivid as any in this book concerning the mansions of God. To exemplify to you that play of the imagination to which I allude, I may refer you to Mr. Irving's offer to create a new hell for men. You shudder, I perceive, at the impiety of the proposition, nor do I wonder at it. No man, who felt a becoming awe for the Omnipotent Creator, could even in imagination, thus dare to place himself on a level with God, in the creation of des-

tinies for mankind. The words of the proposal Sir, are these:—

"Bring me all the classes of men upon the earth, and LET ME have the sorting and the placing of them upon this earth, and I *shall make hells for each one of them without further ado.* I would send the poets to bear burthens, and the porters to indite tuneful songs. The musicians I would appoint over the kennels, and the roving libertines I would station over the watch and ward of streets. I would banish the sentimentalists to the fens, and send the labourers of the fens to seek their food among the mountains; each wily politician I would transplant into a colony of honest men, and your stupid clown I would set at the helm of state. But lest it may be thought I sport with a subject which I strive to make plain, I shall stop short, and give no further proof of this *wicked ingenuity; for sure I am, I could set society into such a hot warfare and confusion, as should, in one day, make half the world slay themselves, or slay each other, and the other half run up and down in wild distraction.*"

And this is what Mr. Irving calls preaching the Gospel?—Yes.

The opinion you entertain of him on the whole, is not, I presume, very favourable?

It is not. No man who hears him, or who reads his works, can remain without a conviction that he is a man of more than ordinary talents; but for my own part, I am not disposed to rate those talents half so highly as the author does himself. The self-sufficiency which Mr. Irving displays, is, of itself, an evidence of a mind not wonderfully elevated above the common level. He overrates himself as much from narrowness of intellect as

from ignorance. He is not at all deeply read either in men or books; yet, for a person of his years, and with the opportunities he has had, he ought to know more than he does. His novelties are, for the most part, common places; his projects, revivals of things which have never ceased. He has imagination, but little judgment—Jacob's dream, without the ladder. He is all sail, without ballast. His views want depth, steadiness, uniformity, consistency. He is an imaginer of premises, and jumper to conclusions. He is one of those who flatter themselves that they have such an intuitive knowledge of things, that they may spare themselves all the vulgar fatigue of inquiry; a single glance serves their purpose, and it is on single facts accordingly that all their reasoning turns. He would be a meteor in literature; for there is nothing, he tells you, like books, but places his chief dependence for attracting the gaze of the multitude, not on writing better in the style of the age in which he lives, but on strutting in the antiquated robes of his great grandfather. We have read of a Bishop in the olden time, who played at shuttlecock in the pulpit in order to fix all eyes upon him: Mr. Irving would do the same if there were no other way of bringing a "gathering host" around him.

Do you think that it is for Christ's sake alone that he affects so much?

I am afraid not. His censoriousness, his ostentation, his boastings, his denunciations, breathe all of something very different from the pure

Christian spirit. It is not strong writing occasionally in favour of the tenets of the Gospel, that will mark the sincere believer; the greatest infidel that lives may do the same. The faith of a man must be evidenced by all his habitual modes of expression, and habitual modes of acting; and more especially by meekness, by charity, by loving-kindness, before I, for one, can believe for one moment, that its home is seated in the heart.

Cross-examined by Mr. Phillips.

You have imputed to Mr. Irving *narrowness of intellect?* You have said that he is *not at all deeply read either in men or books;* and that his views *want depth, steadiness, uniformity, consistency.* Now, Sir, will you have the goodness to look at this—[handing to the witness No. I. of the publication called the 'Pulpit']—and read to the Jury the passage which I have marked there on page 5.

Witness (reading)—"Mr. Irving is an *expounder of the first order*—(expressions of surprise throughout the Court)—whose knowledge of human nature, and imaginative insight into the ways of Providence, are such as enable him, with singular success, to vindicate the reasonableness and justice of these opposite destinies which the book of God unfolds to his erring creatures."

Mr. P. Well, Sir, out of thine own mouth I have refuted thee.

Witness. Allow me, Sir, to explain. When we

ventured on the opinion I have last read, we had only occasionally heard Mr. Irving *preach;* we had not read his sermons, for they were not then published: we had heard him too in one of his wiser and happier moods. He was expounding the principles on which the distinction is to be drawn between the righteous and the wicked, as laid down in Matt. ch. xxv. v. 31. It was a vigourous, straight-forward, and uncompromising exposition of the divine law on the subject, and distinguished by comparatively but few ebullitions of conceit or spleen. It won him that esteem and admiration which we expressed so warmly at the time, and which it has given us pain to be obliged to retract. We little anticipated that it would make its appearance in print, in such exceptionable company as it does. We did not expect to see the sincere Christian pastor affiliating with the braggarts and mountebanks of this selfish world; affecting exclusive gifts and inspirations; seeking to build a name to himself, by casting down every high and venerated name around him. We fondly hoped that he would have adhered to the straight line of pastoral duty, and made it his great and single ambition to gather the flock entrusted to his care, unto the bosom of their Redeemer. He has not done so: and therefore alone have we condemned him.

Editor of the New Evangelical Magazine examined by Mr. Parsons.

Have you heard Mr. Irving preach? Yes.

Will you favour the Court with your opinion of his style of oratory?

It is one of the most finished specimens of burlesque on the art of oratory that ever fell under my notice. When Demosthenes was asked what was the first point in oratory—

Oh! we know all about that. Have you reviewed his book?—No.

Do you mean to review it?—No.

Why not?

Because I could say nothing good of it.

Editor of the John Bull examined by Mr. Serjeant Bishop.

[The call for this witness produced a general buzz and movement throughout the assembly. Every one was on tiptoe to get a sight of him. "How provoking!" whispered Lady ——, so loud as to be heard by all the Court. "Here we have him now —but that confounded mask—there is still no telling who he is. I declare if I were down there I could tear it from his face." "He does not look old, Sir." "Nor so very young, Ma'am." "Nor so very frightful, my dear." "He is not tall," "not little," "not fat," "not lean," "no giant," "no pigmy," "no Hercules," "no Jack-a-dandy." What he was *not* every body could tell; what he *is* Miss Letitia B——— alone ventured to surmise. "As I shall declare," simpered the amiable creature, "he is——— just the height of dear Mr. D——."]

I understand, Sir, that your *forte* as a journalist consists in the successful exposure of what is vulgarly called *humbug*. Have you met with anything of that description lately in the neighbourhood of Hatton Garden?

Yes, Sir, with one of the most flagrant and disgusting pieces of humbug ever foisted upon the people of this metropolis.

To what do you allude, Sir?

To the absurd fashion which has obtained of following a Scotch Presbyterian parson of the name of Irving. I was inclined to laugh at the folly at first as one which could not last, and which during a temporary prevalence would not be seriously mischievous, but soon felt called upon to look at the affair in a very different point of view.

You took it up then seriously?

Yes. Bull pointed out how degrading, how theatrical, how laughable, how contemptible a thing it was to see such bustling and crowding, such scrambling, pushing and squeezing for admission—all to hear a great brawny Scotchman, with an accent as vulgar and abominable as Hume's, talk the most detestable nonsense that ever came from human lips. Bull shewed up the quack—described his Jewish appearance and black matted hair, and ludicrous obliquity of vision. Bull dissected the sort of stuff which men, orators, wits, senators, and statesmen, were said to countenance by their presence; which crowds, following the example of those to whom the nation looks up, leaving their pews untenanted, and their own churches all but locked, were huddling helter-skelter, pell-mell to Hatton Garden, to hear, and to come away *delighted with*, as they were said to be.

What effect had your exposure?

It opened the eyes of the public to the Presbyterian quackery with which, at first, they were so surprisingly taken. The most zealous of Mr. Irving's adherents and followers began to repent of the rashness with which they had committed themselves by an avowal of their admiration. My Lord Erskine, indeed, went after this to hear him; but you may imagine what he took by his motion, when I tell you the words of the text—"He speaketh to the Jews words of comfort, but to *the Greeks*, foolishness." (A laugh, in which his Lordship joined.)

Was any attempt made to bolster up the defendant when thus assailed by your satire?

Yes. When he began to fall off from that tipsy popularity which for a week or two he had acquired, it became necessary for his brother quacks to lend their aid to keep up the humbug, by which, defection from the Established Church was to be promoted, and rant and cant exalted above reason and religion. The Rev. John Clayton, junior, of the Poultry Chapel, it appeared, had said that which follows, from the pulpit:—

"There has recently appeared in our metropolis, an extraordinary man, of whom I have endeavoured to suspend my opinion till I had seen and compared his promised production. And now, to what shall I compare him? I will liken him to a fine young eagle from the bleak regions of the north, which has lately escaped from the nest. His eye is piercing, and he can look at the solar orb: his pinions are strong, and capable of a lofty flight. At present he chiefly dwells among rocks and caverns, amidst wild and romantic scenes. Though he floats with some irregu-

larity of movement over the ocean and plain above which he soars—though he pounces with indiscriminate eagerness upon his prey; and though, when he alights, he may sometimes strike his broad wings against the projecting points of the craggy cliffs—yet give him the fair opportunity to plume his feathers and renew his flight, and (if God still sustain him,) the evident tendency of his course is to direct the eyes and minds of the spectators to the 'sun of Righteousness,' and to those glorious skies in which that everlasting luminary shines.

"For my own part, I have been grieved to see a number of lesser birds, of meaner nest, of feebler wing, and harsher note, flocking around him, and attempting to impede his ascent by their flutterings, screams, and cries. I hope that you, my beloved people, will prove yourselves to be of a better brood. Refuse not to honour the man God has been pleased to honour. Pray that the church and the world may receive the benefit of his ministrations, and God have all the glory. At least, shake off from the wings of your spirits, the earthly dust of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.

"Pale envy, withering at another's joy,
Which hates the excellence it cannot reach!"

Did you make any reply to this fine effusion?

Yes; Bull proved that it was all noise and nonsense.—Ex. gr. "At present," says Mr. John Clayton, junior, "he dwells chiefly among rocks and caverns, amidst wild and romantic scenes." How could Mr. John Clayton tell such an abominable bouncer? The orator, as we all know, dwells chiefly in Cross-street, Hatton-garden, among houses and chimneys, between Saffron-hill and High Holborn. The nonsense these mountebank ranters prate is below any serious criticism.

Did your tilt at the Caledonian orator end there?

No; Bull indited a ballad, to the tune of Nancy Dawson, which finished him.

You can perhaps favour the Court by singing the ballad?

Mr. Phillips objected to such an exhibition, as contrary to the decorum of the Court.

Mr. Serjeant Bishop knew of no difference, in common sense, between saying and singing. Certain he was, that he had heard many a speech *which was all sing-song*, and no objection made to it; some too which, though full of sound and pretension, were not worth the tenth part of *an old song*.

Mr. Parsons remembered a case in the Court of King's Bench, Ireland, where a defendant, accused of singing a seditious song, was permitted to sing it over again in Court, in order to convince the Jury that the meaning of it had been misapprehended.

The Chief Justice overruled the objection.

Bull then sung, with a very clear and melodious voice, the following ballad:—

DOCTOR SQUINTUM.

Come, Beaux and Belles, attend my song,
Come, join with me the motley throng,
The time is apt, the tide runs strong,
Your hearts no longer harden.

The world at once is pious grown,
And vice a thing no longer known;
For *Doctor Squintum's* come to town
To preach in Hatton Garden.

The Doctor is a charming man,
A good deal on the WHITFIELD plan,
Men's vices he doth plainly scan,
Not delicately hint 'em.
A fire upon his flock he'll keep,
And treats them more like wolves than sheep,
Till some go mad—but more to sleep:
Oh, charming Doctor Squintum!

Such crowds of fashion throng the door
With tickets numbered, to secure
"*Exclusion*" to the *Pious* POOR
Who never pass the entry.
HUMILITY the Scot doth teach
In tones the hardest heart to reach;
But when he *condescends* to preach,
'Tis only to the GENTRY.

The Chapel's like a playhouse quite,
When thronged on Mr. *Liston*'s night;
The boxes, gall'ries, bursting tight,
Besides a very full pit.
And there they crowd to hear their DOOM
From one who talks like DOCTOR HUME,
And works and jerks like LAWYER BROUGHAM,
Exalted in a pulpit.

When wandering quacks expose their stuff—
Themselves not quite absurd enough—
They hire *Jack Pudding* fools to puff
Their trash to ev'ry noodle.
So *Squintum*, zanies gets in pairs,
As other *Humbugs* do at fairs,
And *Montague* upon the stairs,
Harangues with *Cock-a-Doodle!*

Small *Taylor* leaves his teeming board,
Saxe Cobourg quits his shining hoard,
And *Poodle Byng* gives up a Lord,
To join the pious jostle.
With lightning speed *Lord Sefton* flies,
And *Coke* contrives betimes to rise,
While little *Bennet* sits and cries,
At *Holborn's* high Apostle.

My Lord, the Duchess, and his Grace,
All join the scrambling melting race,
And Ministers in pow'r and place,
Whose names—we scorn to print 'em:
These leave their pastors in the lurch,
And much it grieves us in the search,
To find the *State* desert the *Church*
For such a thing as *Squintum.*

But vanity doth never know,
At what to stop, nor where to go,
His sermons are attractive, so
He undertakes to print 'em.
This last manœuvre spoils the whole,
For partisans, like *Mistress Cole,*
Peruse and cry—" God bless my soul!
" Are these by Doctor Squintum?"

Like that Hibernian blazing star,
Great *Mr. Phillips* at the bar,
His metaphors his matter mar,
Nor does he care to stint 'em;
In holding forth he tops his school,
But *readers* find—(then being cool)
The sermon trash, the man a FOOL,
A very DOCTOR SQUINTUM.

Mr. Sergeant Bishop said, that he would here close his case. He had many other witnesses in attendance, of equal talent and respectability with those he had examined, who could bear similar testimony; but he conceived that he had already proved more than enough to entitle him to a verdict from the Jury on all the Counts of the Indictment.

THE DEFENCE.

Mr. Irving. "My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury. While, in a humble dependance on Divine aid, I undertake my defence against the various charges now brought against me, much it dispiriteth me to think how this world's scorn constantly triumphs over every manly endeavour to speak to men of their eternal interests, in terms befitting the awful importance of the theme. No sooner doth a preacher or writer with any nerve appear, who might make invasion on Satan's reign, than that prince of darkness covers him with the disparagement of some hated name—calling him enthusiast, fanatic, or gospel quack, and so prevents his words from reaching to those places where the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life have their strongest holds,—or Satan raiseth up some strong-minded, light-witted scoffer to argue or laugh him down. Nay, of such he hath establishments—scholars, wits, and critics, who hate the very visage of a

genuine disciple of Christ, and are aye ready to asperse any book which is marked with the sign of the Cross, and send it into the arcana of oblivion. And oh! the natural man loveth any thing better than to hear of his new birth and regeneration, and will take up with a pleasant song or idle tale sooner than he will with the institutes of his own salvation. And, alas! there are multitudes who cannot read what is written, and come not to hear what may be spoken; so that Gentlemen, it dispiriteth me while I address you, to think of the difficulties which stand before my way, and how abler men have endeavoured in vain, to beat these difficulties down.

" Gentlemen of the Jury, it hath been my wish to deal wisely between the reason of man and the Revelation of God, steering wide of the coarseness and cruelty with which dogmatical theologians ride over the head of every natural feeling and reasonable thought of doubting men. To occupy this ground of mediating the matter in dispute between the reasoning power of man and the Revelation of Almighty God, I may have given offence to both—to the one for not having done its difficulties justice, to the other for having too daringly intermeddled with the secrecy and sacredness of its counsels.

" Gentlemen, I am but weak and feeble-minded like other men; begirt also with manifold engagements, and invaded with the noise of this unresting place, and therefore I hope, from the sympathy of my fellow-mortals, forgiveness for any

injustice I may have shewn *them*. From the secret ear of God I shall seek for that forgiveness for which He is to be feared, and that redemption for which He is to be sought after.

"In casting my thoughts back on what I have said and written, I confess that I see many passages in which I have spoken with liberty of men who still live under their Maker's good providence and within the reach of his tender mercy. These I might easily have expunged, or now soften down or make atonement for; but I would not, I cannot. For our zeal towards God and the common good, hath been stung almost unto madness by the writings of reproachable men, who give the tone to the sentimental and the political world. Their poems, their criticisms, their blasphemous pamphlets have been like gall and wormwood to my spirit, and I have longed to summon into the field some arm of strength which might evaporate their vile and filthy speculation into the limbo of vanity from whence it came.

"For which office, being satisfied that nothing less than omnipotent truth under leading of Almighty God will suffice, I am weary of the vain infliction of pains and penalties by the ruling powers, which doth but aggravate the evil by awakening sympathy in the bosom of all who dread that power should ever intermeddle with the free circulation of thought. Seeing that Truth which I revere, thus wounded both by friends and foes, I could not rest, but have spoken out my feelings wherever occasions offered, at the risk of

offending the workers of evil, and those who by brute power endeavour to counterwork them.

"I have done so I say; not, Gentlemen, that I am equal to the task, or have executed the task, but in the hope of summoning from the host of the Lord of Hosts some one (surely I cannot be mistaken that there are some such!) able and willing to take the field in the fair conflict of truth, and cast back into these blaspheming throats their vain bravadoes against the armies of the living God. One such spirit would do us more good than all the prosecutions and suppressions which all the law authorities of the realm can carry into effect.

"But, Gentlemen, I fear the worst; that the intrigues of policy and the weight of power will in this age totally expel from the two established churches all the virtue and vigour of mind from which such deeds can alone proceed.

"Sometimes again I hope the best; that through the spirit of God working better understanding upon those powerful men who at present outwit religion with their policies, and strangle her with their power, the noble spirit which now lieth depressed in both, and especially in this establishment of England, will be extricated, and the Newtons and Scotts who still watch in her corners will yet have wide seas to administer, and provinces to watch over.

"But, alas! this renovation long lingereth, and the enemy taketh advantage of its tardiness. If it linger however much longer, if our churchmen

will not bestir themselves, I do hope that ere this realm, which is faint at both extremes, sick at the heart, and threatening to lay down its heavenly spirit of religion, some of those men who in our senates do both know and seek the Lord, will lift up their voice and make the calamity of England's and Scotland's wasted parishes and faded provinces to be heard in the ears of those whom God hath appointed to rule them in righteousness and holiness. Surely they mean not to await till we fall into the condition of prostrate Ireland. No! that can never be; for long ere then, the generous spirit of the south and the indignant spirit of the north will have eased them of those who trouble their prosperity.

"Oh! it afflicts me to see this generation merging apace into a state of sensuality, the lowest to which human nature can be addicted. It hath its head-quarters in your splendid feasts and your park parades, in your Vauxhall, your operas, and your theatres. It is very hateful as it is exhibited in cities where it is stewed up in hot quarters, and revels away the hours of quiet night, and wastes upon feverish couches the hours of cheerful day. In the country it shews itself under fairer forms, wandering from stream to stream, climbing the brow of lofty mountains, seeking love in cottages, and doting over the face and charms of external nature. Ah! in this shape it is a dangerous enchantment, for it taketh the forms of taste and poetry, and even affects the feeling of devotion; but unless conjoined with

that spiritual life whereof I have discovered the sources, it is vanity and vexation of spirit, and hurries one through an exhausting variety to the lethargy and tedium of overwrought excitement. This, Gentlemen, is the form of sensual life, which is prevailing at this day among our lettered and reading people. It hath been promoted and brought into maturity by the writings of Byron and of Moore, who are high priests of the senses and ministers of the Cyprian goddess, whose temples they have decorated with emblems of genius, and disguised with forms of virtue, and surrounded with scenes of balmy freshness; but with all its forms and decorations, it is the temple of immoral pleasure, and the source of its inward shame is disgusting sensuality. It is very pitiful to behold the hopes of a nation, the young men and young women who are to bear up the ancient honours of this godly and virtuous island, hearkening to the deceptions of such enchanters, who, being themselves beguiled, would fain bewitch the intellectual, and moral, and spiritual being of others.

"Am I to blame that I have endeavoured to reach those sensualists with the tidings of spiritual and everlasting life? Am I to blame that I have directed their thoughts beyond the grave? Am I to blame for carrying them beyond the yawning gulf of dark immateriality, where they have vainly sought to bury all fear and apprehensions of the future; for exhibiting to them matter again invested with spirit, eyeing the spiry flames and

the dun smoke of hell; bathing on the liquid element of fire, snuffing up the fumes of her sulphureous bed, and at her heart a worm gnawing that dieth not?

"Much too doth it afflict me to behold some men, who, in contrast to the true animal I have just represented, claim for themselves the character of *intellectual* and *rational* men. I speak not, Gentlemen, against intellect—I cannot find in my heart to speak against it; and, thanks be to God, I am not called by my Christian calling to do so. It is a handmaiden of religion, and religion loveth to be adorned at its hands. The intellectual or rational life is an exalted kind of existence, to which true men in all ages have betaken themselves. They stand like towers of strength athwart the desolation of ages that hath swept over the reputation of the rest; their names are like the ruins of ancient temples and palaces in a desert city, where a level bed of sand hath hidden in darkness all meaner places. A Homer, a Socrates, a Plato, an Archimedes, a Newton—these are the giants of the soul, the plenipotentiaries of intellect, who redeem the reputation of the human race. These men cared not for their body; but, like St. Paul, they groaned under it, and made their moan in the ear of God, who listening to their prayer, gave them victory. The intellect which is weighed down with a fleshly load achieved its redemption; it wandered abroad into the regions of the handy works of God; it dived into the mysteries of the soul, and dis-

coursed over the fields of wisdom, inditing matchless sayings, and dressing feasts of fancy and of reason for all ages of mankind. They are the royal priesthood of mind, sphered above the sphere of Kings, great and glorious beyond all heroes and conquerors of the earth. After their example, the true men amongst mankind have strove, setting them up for the Apostles of their high calling; and in this island we have had, in all ages, a succession of such men, who have collected libraries which are the armouries of intellect, and founded colleges which are its nurseries, and created honours which are its laurels.

"But must I speak the truth? Intellect is now often a handmaiden of other mistresses, with whom religion hath no fellowship;—of vanity, of carnal pleasure, and of filthy lucre.—Go to the seats of learning, which intellect decked for herself with chaste and simple ornaments, where she dwells in retirement from noise and folly, wooing meditation under the cool shade, or forcing her to yield her hidden secrets to midnight research and mortification,—what find you generally but pomp parading it under vain apparel; sense rejoicing it over feast and frolic; youth doting upon outward distinctions; and age doting on idle and luxurious ease. Such are a sort of sacrilegious ministers in the temple of intellect. They profane its shewbread to pamper the palate; its everlasting lamp, they use to light unholy fires within their breast, and to shew them the way to the sensual chambers of sense and worldliness.

"Am I to blame, Gentlemen, that against this sort of intellectual life I have proclaimed war? That I have shewn unto them that such abuse of God's gift, cannot abide his judgment? Nay, that for men so gifted, to set God at nought, and so to lust after worldly vanities, is to deserve to be twice condemned?

"Let religious people blame me, or not, I will declare, for I speak my thoughts freely and fearlessly, that if intellect, foregoing such worldly prizes, will for itself cultivate itself, and guard against self-idolatry, it will come by a *natural course* to speculate upon the invisible God, like Plato and Socrates, in the days of old, and the Bible will come to its hungering and thirsting after divine knowledge like a stream of water to the thirsty hart in a parched land; and it will rear its house by the clear margent of the waters of life, and therein dwell till God do separate it into his nearer neighbourhood and closer fellowship. Such intellectual examinations, brought Locke and Newton, after they had exhausted the faculties of the mind in research, to lay them down at length and drink refreshment from the river of the Lord's revelations, and there to devote the whole enjoyment of their souls.

"But such intellectual creatures as find their beloved field a mere physical research, contented with any new thing in nature or in art, that is, your mere naturalists, often the weakest and idlest of men; such others as are satisfied with the speculations of politics, and have their feast in the

triumphs of a party, or in being themselves the leaders of a party; or such others, who gape with open mouth for whatever the daily press may serve them withal, devouring with equal relish, novels, poems, news, and criticism, and so they can hold discourse about such wrecks, which ever float upon the edge of oblivion's gulf, think they have purchased to themselves a good degree in intellect. Oh! what shall I say to such men? Why should it have fallen to my lot to rebuke such a generation? What right has such a reading and talking generation of beings to claim any place or degree in the world of intellect? Not that I undervalue such an employment as perusing what the mind of man is continually producing, but that I would estimate the value and duration of that sentimental life, in which so many pride themselves, and estimate it as a mere game or pastime of the faculties, a dissipation of the eye of the mind; a sort of life, which must pass away at death, for its food will then be at an end, and its excitement at an end; and in the spiritual and eternal world, with which it held no communion, it can expect to find no enjoyment, unless God, as hath been said,* for the sake of those that never could have mercy, or obeyed any word, should make himself 'an egregious liar.'

"Then, Gentlemen, there are your *moral men*, whose excellence consists in living after the rules and measures of truth, sacrificing the heart in

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* Argument for Judgment to Come, p. 418.

obedience to the understanding, conforming the will to the deliberations of reason—am I to blame, that I have declared of these, that they are not excusable for refusing to enter into communion with God, and enrolling themselves under the banner of Christ, who is the great teacher of pure morals, the great martyr in their behalf, and their great rewarder? For though to them I have spoken in soft and gracious language, yet to them, no less than the others, the truth must be spoken, that this life of theirs, hath its limitation in the grave.

"Alas! alas! the common heart of man hath forsaken the revealed supremacy of God, and refused to be charmed withal. I testify, that there ascendeth not from earth a hosannah of her children, to bear witness in the ear of the upper regions to the wonderful manifestations of her God! From a few scattered hamlets in a small portion of her wide territory, a small voice ascendeth like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. But to the service of our General Preserver there is no concourse from Dan to Beersheba of our people; the greater part of whom, after two thousand years of apostolic commission, know not the testimonies of our God, and the multitude of those who do reject or despise them.

"Return we now to inquire whence this lamentable state of things arises. There is an *establishment* of physicians to make known the remedy unto the people, and there are houses open where

the remedy is made known. But, alas! the people know not of the soul-consuming malady, and having none to tell them, they come not to be cured, while in their darkness Satan revelleth,—wasting them with lust, and pride, and quarrels. The men of God hardly speak above their breath, who were wont to ring doom and woe into every impeding minister of evil. They creep about under the colossal limbs of power, and cry mercy, instead of denouncing vengeance. It is an age in which the ancient spirit is well nigh extinct. It is not that the powers of man are weakened, for I thus far agree with one of the witnesses you have heard this day, that there never was an age more patient of research, or more restless after improvement. Neither is it that the spirit of God hath become backward to his help, or the Word divested of its truth. The great reason of the decadence I lament, is our treating the Word not as the all-accomplished wisdom of God. Faith should brood with expanded wings over the whole heavenly legend, imbibing its entire spirit. What hath it become? A name to conjure up theories and hypotheses upon. Duty likewise hath fallen into a few formalities of abstaining from amusements and keeping up severities, instead of denoting a soul girt with all its powers for its Maker's will. Religion, also a set of opinions and party distinctions separated from high endowments, and herding with cheap popular accomplishments, a mere serving-maid of every-day life, instead of being

the mistress of all earthly, and the preceptress of all heavenly sentiments, and the very queen of all high gifts, and graces, and perfections, and every walk of life!

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I felt that the miserable people had no chance of being delivered, unless the Lord would awaken his congregation and send them forth on errands of salvation. I prayed for the spirit of a Paul to lead the congregation forth upon this errand of good. I prayed for the spirit of a Loyola, to bind them in a harmony of exertion. I prayed for the spirit of a Luther to make them fearless of infringing established things, that a reformation might come about, which would need not to be reformed. I resolved to make a humble endeavour to revive again in this land the junction of manhood with religion, to add to the piety and humility of the church her ancient fearlessness and heroism.

"I do not hesitate, Gentlemen, to confess, that in this essay in the cause of Christ, I felt like the knight that breaks his first lance in the cause of honour. For the sake of Him whom I heartily serve, I have encountered all risks, albeit in an unwonted costume, and very ungainly style.

"And now, Gentlemen, let me claim your willing ear while I detail to you a little more particularly my humble services in this great cause. It appeared to me that questions touching the truths of revelation had been too long treated in a logical or scholastic method, which doth address itself to I know not what fraction of the mind; and not

finding this used in Scripture, or successful in practice, I was resolved to try another method, and appeal our cause to every sympathy of the soul which it doth naturally bear upon. We resolved to speak according as it suited the topics in hand, to the parts of human nature which the poet addresseth, to the parts of human nature which the economist addresseth, no less than to those to which the logician addresseth. Nevertheless, after a logical method, I have done so: that is, I have presented the question before these affections of the mind, in a fair and undisguised form, without fear and without partiality. In order to have a chance of a hearing, I have refrained from systematic forms of speech, and endeavoured to speak of each subject in terms proper to it, and to address each feeling in language that seemed most likely to move. I wished to argue like a man, not a theologian—like a christian, not a churchman. It is these peculiarities, Gentlemen, which constituted my two new methods of handling religious truth—*the oration*, and *the argument*.

" You have been told indeed by one of the witnesses to-day, whose emptiness and self-sufficiency you must have daily appreciated, that my orations and arguments differ only from sermons in the name. My orations, Gentlemen, are as purely orations or addresses to move and persuade men upon a particular point, as any of the ancient or modern models. It would have been absurd, totally absurd, to have given them any other name.

In the like manner, if the argument be not a regularly constructed argument, let its irregularities and defective parts be pointed out; but merely to object that it shall not be so named, is nothing but another evidence of the poverty-struck invention of this age in things religious, and its resolution to remain for ever in its miserable state. The world, the thirsty spirit of the world, will never be refreshed, until more various vessels for containing and serving out the waters of life be discovered and made use of.

"The subject which I have had to agitate is the whole matter of human responsibility and future judgment, as they are set forth in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. My instruction, or brief, to speak technically, was taken from the revelation of God. We held no question upon the authenticity of the revelation, which we took altogether for granted. We had to do with its matter only, so that our business was not with the believer or unbeliever, but with *the man.*

"I seem to myself, allowing for occasional digression, to have kept with sufficient constancy to my subject, and generally within the sight and experience of common minds. All abstract discourse upon the responsibility in general, and the freedom and necessity of the human will, I have avoided; not out of terror of that *marlstroom* in the ocean of thought, but because it was too nice a question to be handled by the way. Instead of such metaphysical discourse, I inquired how the nature of man accorded practically with a state of

responsibility; and discovered, that in no one of its relationships was it devoid thereof, but acceded to it with a constant choice, as the very buckler of its social existence. I next passed on to peruse and consider the constitution of law and government which God hath in his mercy granted to us to live under. Here there opened upon us a wide field of ethical and political discourse. The largeness of divine law, compassing every province of purity, came under our review; the immeasurable requirements of Christ's discipline, the unanswerable demands of his judgment, the inquisition of conscience with the purer inquisition of God—these, considering well, our mind was staggered not a little, and we applied ourselves to discover the profitableness and the fitness of an institution so incommensurate with the limited powers of man—which application it pleased the Lord to reward to the satisfaction of ourselves, and we hope the profiting of others.

"Being satisfied upon the great purchase (as with a lever) which such a spiritual institution takes upon the spirit of man, to raise it to dignity and honour, we then gave ourselves to canvass the provision which it makes for our deficiencies, and to sound this question to the very bottom. Thereto we made trial of various suggestions which nature presenteth from her own stores, and which men are wont to uphold as a sufficient account of the matter. These having tried upon principles of law, and exhibited their total inadequacy to any end, except to the end of making

law and responsibility altogether void, we came to the great disclosure of Christ sacrificed for the sins of men. And here we wandered, well pleased, in a glorious field. We shewed how this revelation of the gospel of peace took a pleasant powerful hold upon all our affections and all our interests, sustaining and promoting all the enthusiasm which the pure law had awakened, how it fed the lamp of knowledge with oil from heaven, and enlightened the whole house, and set all useful works on foot; how it awakened! how it cheered! how it pressed us forward!

"Ah! Gentlemen, it is sweet to speculate upon themes glorious like these. Gladly would I renew all that hath been done for the mere pleasure sake, but that the occupations of life are so many.

"Feeling within our souls an enthusiasm arise for God, we did invoke, as Elijah did of old, all the priests of Baal to the contest, and call upon them to kindle such a flame in the cold bosom of man, such an enthusiasm after holiness as this which glowed beneath the feeding hand of God, which invocation of the Anti-Christian people I again repeat, praying them right early to lay down within compass their scheme for raising fallen man, and making him great and good, and I pledge myself to give it the same impartial trial of reason and understanding which I have given unto the gospel scheme.

"We deemed it expedient to indulge our humour another turn, and for the purpose of be-

stirring the God-forgetting spirit of this age's policy, we adventured into the thorny path of man's political well-being, and endeavoured to study how this constitution of the gospel tended to the remedy of its ills; and here as before we reaped the fruit of our labours, finding it to be the *long sought* remedy of personal and political disorders, regenerating the sluggish and taming the fiery, and setting every subject of the realm into the position which is most easy to a good governor, and most terrible to a bad one; all which we proved by the induction of many cases, and by the ineffectual struggles which have been made and are making at social improvement, without this necessary implement of religion.

"Oh! in this crisis of the world, when thrones are shaken, and nations are arising to the work of terrible revenge, and all things are unsettled. Oh! thou Almighty Ruler of the destinies of men, make the voice of truth to be heard by the raging people, and guide them into those measures which will ensure their success, and make thy name glorious over the slavery and idolatry in which the nations are held.

"Having thus, Gentlemen, justified the constitution to which God hath made man responsible both as to its necessity, its wisdom, and its good effects, we then felt ourselves at liberty to launch upon the great question of the Future Judgment, yet cautiously and thoughtfully as one who had the conviction of wakeful reason to win; therefore we held a parley upon preliminaries, and

gave her a fair field of objections, and fair liberty to complain.—We took her doubts, her rights, her very prejudices into account, to allay which, we had to entertain large discussion upon many profound questions, over which, some may think a shadow of indistinctness was notwithstanding left.

" I will own to you, Gentlemen, that here I did begin to feel the limitation of my powers. I had to forsake the realms of light, and carry the vision of my mind into the obscure of the middle state; I felt a light and a shadow upon my thoughts; they stood not constantly, but they came by glimpses, and often when I sought to write them down, they were gone.—Some apology for the cloudy indistinctness of these preliminary thoughts of judgment may be found in the active bustling spirit of this age, and especially of this, my profession, of which every individual is in some measure the slave, and of which slavery, I feel too much the influence.—This life of ours, Gentlemen, I feel to be neither an apostolic, nor a philosophic life.—It hath in it no quietness, no retirement, no contemplation. It is driven on by duty. —The spear of engagement ever galleth it.—There is no free bounding of the mind along the high courses of thought, and a narrow style of opinions hath set in upon free thought, like a stream confined within bounds, which teareth up and delugeth all the open plain. And a hot zeal for orthodoxy, consumeth speculation up, or fretteth it into madness; and the canker hath eaten so

deep into the judgments of men, that I question whether any one will regard these lamentations in any better light than the murmurs of a discontented, or the reveries of an unintelligible mind.

"Whether, if thinking men should ever again be conditioned as the ancient sages were, meditating and musing like Pythagoras in the deep groves of Crotona, or like Plato, sending from the sacred promontory of Sunium his speculations abroad into boundless regions, they might not by the new aids of revelation, bring forth out of these unseen dwellings of the disembodied spirit, some light of certain understanding I do not know. But of this, I am certain, that while they live, and act, under ten thousand invasions, or their attention buried in sensual gratifications, or floating amongst ambitious vanities, and courting earthly distinctions, seeking chariots and horses, and costly abodes, and delicious entertainments, it is vain to think that either poet, or philosopher, or divine, will make any invasion upon these unredeemed provinces of thought, or even follow the flights which the more pure and self-denied spirits of former ages have taken.

"One man there is in these realms, who hath addressed himself to such a godlike life, and dwells alone amidst the grand and lovely scenes of nature and the deep unfathomable secrecies of human thought. Would to Heaven it were allowed to others to do likewise! And he hath been rewarded with many new cogitations of nature and of nature's God, and he hath heard in

the stillness of his retreat, many new voices of his conscious spirit, all which he hath sung in harmonious numbers. But mark, Gentlemen, the Epicurean soul of this degraded age! They have frowned on him; they have spit on him; they have grossly abused him. The masters of this critical generation, (like generation! like masters!) have raised the hue and cry against him, as they have now done against me: the literary and sentimental world, which is their sounding board, hath reverberated it; and every reptile, who can retail an opinion in print, hath spread it, and given his reputation a shock, from which it is slowly recovering. All for what? For making nature and his own bosom his home, and daring to sing of the simple but sublime truths, which were revealed to him; for daring to be free in his manner of uttering genuine feeling and depicting natural beauty, and grafting thereon, devout and solemn contemplations of God. Had he sent his Cottage Wanderer forth upon an excursion amongst courts and palaces, battle fields and scenes of faithless gallantry, his musings would have been more welcome, being far deeper and tenderer, than those of the 'Heartless Child,' but because the man hath valued virtue, and retiring modesty, and common household truth, (as I do) over these the ephemeral decorations or excessive depravities of our condition, therefore is he hated and abused.

"But, to return, Gentlemen, from this digression —I proceeded to treat of the final adjudication to

men; of their proper allotments of praise and blame, reward and punishment. The principle of judgment being developed, we then passed on to apply it to various conditions of men, that we might shew how simple and efficient it is for the intended purpose. Here our subject properly concluded; but I thought it good to advert to two prejudices, one existing within, the other existing without the church. The former presumes that orthodox faith, the latter that our worldly accomplishments, will carry a certain weight. We demonstrated that the one view was narrow, the other erroneous.

"Having thus, Gentlemen, opened up, applied, and justified the tests of acquittal and condemnation, we were in a state to pass on to the decrees of judgment. In treating which, I endeavoured to keep from a coarse, vulgar sensuality on the one hand, and a weak, refined sentiment on the other; giving to heaven and hell some intelligible form, and some identity with the present good and bad of human conditions. For almost all Christians, in their eagerness to keep the spirit of our faith free from heathen and Mahomedan superstitions, have set forth nothing tangible upon the subject of future conditions. Their heaven is the heaven of a metaphysician or a devotee,—not of a man; their hell a bugbear only to children. In my endeavour to give breadth of exposition to this subject, I kept as close as possible to the revelation, and sought merely to become its interpreter. Having drawn our sketches to the best of our abi-

lity, we then went at length into the question of their duration, resting it upon positive revelation, —upon the advantages of the Christian system, — upon the nature of God, and the nature of sin, as known from experience; and with this ended our argument of judgment to come, of which we came then to exhibit the conclusion.

"But whereas it might fare to some of my hearers and readers to be excited by these terrible pictures which I was fain to draw, and to cry out, 'What shall I do to be saved?' I thought it would not be amiss to interpose an inquiry upon the way of escape from the wrath to come. Here I felt it needful to shake nature again out of her insecure refuges, before opening up the only city of refuge that holds good against the terrible day of the Lord,—which is a life devoted to holiness, a new birth, and a spiritual life. Here I felt trammelled and confined by crude and insufficient notions popular in the churches; but I flinched not from the utterance of the truth, as I believe it for the salvation of souls. Not, Gentlemen, that I desired to provoke controversy, but that I love truth, and wish to see the confused mind of the people set to rights, upon the true source and origin of the spiritual life.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, having thus joined in harmony the word and the Spirit of God, I felt at liberty to wind up and conclude the whole. I cast myself as it were, sword in hand, on the strengths in which nature shuts herself up against all access of the thoughts of death, judgment, and

eternity. The first strong hold I encountered, was called Procrastination—but I thought it best to hold a parley with the garrison before I offered to storm the place; I laid before them the folly of a protracted resistance; shewed them how their commander, Postponement, was but a kidnapper of souls, and recruiting officer of Hell. I explained to them how they were living upon time as the sloth does upon the tree, till every particle of the food is consumed, then droppeth she knoweth not whither. Overcome by my arguments the garrison abandoned the place, but cast themselves into another strong hold called Bravery. I followed close upon their heels, and when I reached the fort, I meditated no parley, no tedious operation of argument, but a main attack, a storm, where the battle should be fought hand to hand, without any reserve or any mercy upon either side. They must be desperadoes, I concluded, with whom I have to deal, since our former mild and reasoning method of discourse has failed to move them. And so I set myself in the strength of God, to fight his battle with the ungodly generation. Oh! these topers, these gamesters, these idle revellers, these hardened death despisers, these swaggering braggadocios—how they quaked for very fear in the hour of assault; how their chivalry was made to skip, how they turned their backs, and bowed their necks, and supplicated for mercy! After capturing Fort Bravery, there but remained the Hospital of Incurables in the hands of the enemy. You are aware, Gentlemen, that

in many cases a man withereth like a tree, and in his old age is desolate of thought; he is not pregnant with feeling, words kindle no fire in him, thoughts awake no kindred thoughts. He is of the order of incurables, whose case is perhaps the most pitiable of all. You cannot raise a spark of conviction, or kindle towards the Deity one flash of love. The whole faculties are occupied, and the old possessors will not give place; old habits will not be disturbed; the conscience is seared as with a red-hot iron. You would speak to him, but you know not how to begin. You do speak, and you find him intrenched in his decencies, his moralities, his charities. You cannot blast his hopes, though you know them to be hopeless, for there remaineth no chance of conviction. It would only be vexing him in vain—adding inward tribulation to outward trouble. Every thing was against interference, and the Hospital of Incurables I have therefore left in the possession of its miserable inmates, till the dread sentence is passed, when the bottomless pit shall open its mouth to receive them.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I am now about drawing to a close what I proposed to myself to address to you. After the melancholy yet faithful picture which I have presented to your minds of the condition into which mankind are sunk; after the simple recapitulation you have heard of the steps I have taken to rouse them from their slumbers, and of the indisputable success which has attended my endeavours, feeble though they have

been, I look with confidence to obtaining at your hands a full and honourable acquittal from the various charges, some serious enough, and some contemptible enough, which have been now brought against me. For such as refer to matters with which the freedom of the will has nothing to do, I nothing care, nor, as it seemeth to me, are they matters for human judgment; yet I do confess that it hath grieved me much that I should be so pertinaciously charged with speaking calumniously and uncharitably of my fellow men, and of being thereto urged by the most paltry of motives, vanity, ambition, conceit, self-interest. God doth know I would not misrepresent my fellow-creatures whom his hand hath formed in a common mould, or rudely discover the nakedness of their condition; but it does irk the heart to contemplate the deep beds of degradation into which the masses and multitudes of mankind are forced for want of the discipline which might be wrought on the heart by the Divine constitution, which alone availeth to produce virtue, magnanimity, peace, and all the finer fruits and conditions of the soul. I know not what fearful misgivings upon the vanity of human nature come over my mind, when I behold the condition of unregenerate men, while I feel assured that there is in the religion of Christ a power and facility to raise them to the highest attainments of reflective and hopeful creatures. I feel as if the better part of man were writhing like the camp of Israel, when bitten with fiery spirits under a deforming deadly

disease, for which the specific a thousand times approved was brought before them to their very hand, but through obstinacy, through a very love of misery and death, the infatuated people perished from present happiness and future hope. In this my sincere, honest, and zealous effort to prevent my beloved countrymen from sharing the same fate, I have besought the guidance of the Almighty and his blessing very often. 'And do thou, great source of all intelligence, forgive the errors and imperfections which thine omniscient eye beholdeth in my humble endeavours, to promote thy glory and the eternal welfare of men, remembering the limited faculties of every creature, and the clouds which sin hath induced upon the mind of man. If aught hath been uttered injurious to thy Majesty, of which thou art very jealous, do thou forgive that greatest of transgressions. If aught hath been said opposed to thy revealed word, hinder it from its evil influence upon the mind of men. As for men themselves—for my accusers—for the witnesses against me—for you, Gentlemen of the Jury, who are my judges—for you, noble, honourable, and venerable men, who preside over this tribunal—for all who hear me, of you I have nothing to beseech, but that you will look to yourselves, and have mercy on your own souls.'"

The effect which the reverend Defendant's address left on the audience, was marked by a deep silence for several minutes; some of the fair listeners in the gallery seemed much affected.

Mr. Phillips then rose.—He observed, that after the eloquent, convincing, triumphant, defence which the Court had just heard from his Rev. Friend, it might be deemed a matter of supererogation to bring any thing forward in the way of evidence to rebut the case for the prosecution. Just to show, however, how partially the witnesses in support of it had been selected; and how diametrically opposite their opinions were to those of men, in every respect as capable of forming a correct judgment of the merits of the Defendant, he would very briefly examine a few of the cloud of witnesses who were in waiting to give evidence in his behalf.

Editor *of the* London Christian Instructor *and* Congregational Magazine, *called and examined.*

Differs from Mr. Irving in matters of taste, and cannot always assent to his modes of statement, but admires his abilities, and is convinced of his ardent anxiety to do good. Conceives that Mr. Irving leaves no room for hesitation respecting either his intentions or his powers; and that he assails the conscience and the understanding in a strain of eloquent and urgent expostulation, that cannot but have, with the divine blessing, a beneficial influence. His compositions are possessed neither of the depth nor elaboration of Burke, but more intense, and more effective in producing conviction. Some of his passages remind one of the march and rhythm of Milton's English prose. No imitator, he stands on his own merits—might, if he chose, take his stand, if not among the highest, at least not far below the highest of contemporary orators.

Cross-examined by Mr. Parsons.

Do you think that any advantage is gained in pulpit oratory by the adoption of antiquated forms of expression, or by the introduction of words and phrases commonly used in a low or ludicrous sense?

None. But I have no relish for the work of carping at minor defects amid substantial excellence.

Do you think that Mr. Irving's *Orations* for the Oracles of God deserve that name?

No. I will not say that they do. I perceive in them no dissimilarity from the sermon, except in a less decided use of subdivi-

sion, division, or arrangement, which is in reality the same thing and must exist in every intelligible address; but if it be meant merely to exclude the formality of "heads," principal and subordinate, there is no novelty in the practice: it has been done by Bossuet, Chalmers, Robert Hall; it has been expressly recommended by Cheminais, and is frequently acted upon by preachers both in and out of the establishment.

Editor *of the* Christian's Pocket Magazine *and* Anti-Sceptic, *examined.*

Considers Mr. Irving as no inferior man. Has heard him charged as deficient in Evangelical sentiment, but denies it. Thinks that he has many admirable qualities. His language often obsolete and uncouth, with a strange mixture of that which is inflated: but it has a strength and an originality which call forth admiration. His thoughts, too, are novel, and his arguments have power. Believes that Providence has raised up Mr. I. for much good. Has read his book, and blushes for the boldness of those who have levelled such ungrounded charges against an estimable minister. Admires him as a man endowed with the spirit of Elijah. Has read passages of his more pointed than ever were delivered by the undaunted Knox, and not less bold. No mimic of Dr. Chalmers. Resembles him about as much as a lily resembles a rose—the resemblance consisting in both shedding an agreeable fragrance around, and both being flowers.

Editor *of the* New Times, *examined.*

Can you tell us any thing of the Editor of the Old Times?

A great deal. The stupid editor of that stupid paper is, as all the world well knows, a disappointed and neglected author, and equally disappointed and neglected aspirant after several other professions. His volumes are ticketted on every stall "6d. each." He is now driven to write in the Old Times for the pot-houses.

Then you would not, perhaps, be surprised at his casting an eye of malicious envy at any successful literary character whose works might penetrate into the drawing-rooms from which his own are excluded?

Just what I should expect, as a matter of course.

Have you read what this distempered censor has said of the Rev. Defendant in this case?

I have; and could not help smiling at the excessive conceit which could embolden such a scribbler to assume so exalted a tone of contempt towards a man honoured by the attention of My Lords Liverpool and Stowell, Mr. Canning, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Peel, Mr. Brougham, and a long list of other gentlemen, the most distinguished in every department of the state.

Has himself read Mr. Irving's Orations and Arguments. Found him to be a writer of very extraordinary endowments, who has drawn largely from the stores of the Church of England, and is glad to own his obligations, as a Christian teacher, to such men as Hooker and Taylor. His reason for not teaching to the poor exclusively, explained satisfactorily. [Witness read in support of this a long extract from Burke.] Thinks the Orations highly wrought. Mr. Irving employs the same weapons of animated diction and vivid imagination as his antagonists, not declining the edge of sarcasm, but turning it aside with weapons equally sharp, and opposing to the popular sophisms and errors of the day, the testimonies of conscience. Knows that he has been called a declamatory, turgid, bombastic writer, but has not been able to observe any of these characteristics. Considers his thoughts as clear and cogent—his expressions plain, happy, and appropriate. Eloquence, often truly striking and majestic—conception, super-human—thoughts, overpowering—sentiments, such "as make the sealed heart knock at the ribs." Likes him the better for the roughness of antiquity which there is about him. Regards him altogether with unfeigned admiration.

EDITOR *of the* SUNDAY MONITOR, *examined.*

(By the powers!) Considers Mr. Irving's popularity richly deserved. His discourses are soul-awakening Heard him often; and not, he trusts, without benefit. Witnessed also with pleasure the effect they appeared to have on the congregations assembled. Popular through the mere force of his genius, and unaided by patronage. Has created a sensation in the political, literary, and fashionable world, unequalled in this country. Princes and nobles, orators and statesmen, poets and wits, beauty and fashion, have

been attracted by his eloquence, as by a magnet; and what Curran said of the celebrated Dean Kirwan, that "he came to interrupt the repose of one world with the thunder of another," may be applied to Mr. Irving.

Cross-examined by Mr. Parsons.

You have of course observed what Mr. Irving says in his Preface, of the want of books fit for the instruction, amusement, and guide of Christians. What think you of that?

I confess that it is a proof either of ignorance or vanity.

Do you approve of his forming his style on that of the age of the Reformers?

Not entirely. The expressions he uses are sometimes quaint and obsolete, and the sense of many passages is obscured by the "rich wardrobe of words." It is, however, the style of holy writ; it is the phraseology of the book of Common Prayer; it is the language of Taylor, of Bacon, of Hooker, and the venerable fathers of the church; and as such, endeared by a thousand recollections.

Editor *of the* Examiner *examined.*

In point of doctrine, considers Mr. Irving a Calvinist; but his claims to distinction are those of an orator and an expositionist rather than of a theologian. The theory under which Mr. Irving is seeking to appal the guilty and amaze the free, is that of bold and fearless preaching, in the style and manner of the most purely intellectual age of England. What tamed this spirit? A political re-action, which tamed every thing English; and this in its turn produced another, which, occurring under very different times and circumstances, has gradually made bishops just what we see them, and the church that which it is, not to mention the Kirk of Scotland, which appears, to witness, to have undergone the same happy process; that is to say, to have been rendered very accurate in calculation, and very moderate in zeal. Holds Mr. Irving to be a sincere friend to political liberty, and that he abounds more in Christian meekness than Dr. Johnson, and less in crabstick criticism

than the Times. Speaks spiritedly and manly, in comparison with the slaver of certain lick-spittles of the Establishment, who are eternally prating of passive obedience, and of the piety of exclaiming, in the event of the existence of such a *legitimate* ruler, *Nero quand meme!* Heard Mr. Irving quote with approbation the noble truth of the old covenanters, that "when persecution begins, allegiance ends;"—forcibly and honestly opposed to the non-resisting cant of the clergy of the day. Until Mr. Irving is warmed by his subject, the hearer is only struck with a full and scriptural phraseology, in which much modern elision is rejected, some additional conjunctions introduced, and the auxiliary verbs kept in most active service. As he goes on, his countenance, which is surrounded by a dark, apostolical head of hair, waving towards his shoulders, becomes strongly expressive and lighted up, and his gesture marked and vehement. With respect to action, has no doubt that St. Paul at Athens has been Mr. Irving's study, a practice which is frequently diversified by an almost perpendicular extension (*see the plate, fig.* 5.) of the arm. The fabric of his orations argumentatively assertive, and his hearers not violently assailed with the peculiar dogma of Calvinism, with the exception that Mr. Irving would by no means soften matters with respect to hell. The grand argumentative forte of Mr. Irving consists in his able manner of working out his great theological position,—that revelation is necessary to men,—displays a degree of acumen and penetration which is certainly very rare. Is a tolerable disputant, and grants more to his sceptical disputants than most theologians. There is a fine solemnity in his manner, but it borders on the theatrical; the government of his vehemence, and consequently of his voice, is sometimes out of his own management.

Cross-examined by Mr. Macvicar.

You have told us that Mr. Irving's style is formed on that of the most purely intellectual age of England. Do you mean to say that you approve of his assuming this antiquated garb?

Oh, certainly not. The style is effected, the beauty indisputably artificial. Whatever be his taste or intention in it, it is a mas-

querade habit. You have heard Mr. Irving's lamentation over poor Wordsworth? Do you think there is any foundation for it?

No. It is quite new to us that Mr. Wordsworth has been thus outrageously treated;—that some people made him a stamp distributor, we know, (similar sort of persons made Burns an exciseman)—if this be the insult alluded to, be it so; but in every other respect he has only met the common fate of all authorship. In fact, I know of no writer, in proportion to circumstances, who has received more ample homage than Wordsworth.

Do you not think that Mr. Irving at times takes a rather high ground?

Yes, frequently,—ground as visionary as Fairy land.

And is rather liberal of his attacks?

Yes, too liberal, especially against every sort of excursive and imaginative genius but his own. I could pass over what he says about his clerical brethren, but I know not on what reasonable ground the whole province of imagination is to be accommodated to the square and rule of Mr. Irving's taste and opinions. For theology has little to do in this matter. Providence, by pointing intellect to such different issues, laughs this petty assumption to scorn. Lord Byron, I suppose, is fair game, although the cant is miserable from a man of talent; but Moore receives similar condemnation, and every one who has not Mr. Irving's taste for solitude and lofty musings, which leaves nobody *living* to be praised, except himself and Mr. Wordsworth. This is puerile.

Resident Director of the Liberal examined.

[Holding, like most of the other witnesses, a mask to his face, but in so careless and shifting a manner, that any one could tell the "New Pygmalion" was behind it.]

Thinks, that the Scotch bear at present the belle, and have "got the start of the majestic world." They boast of the greatest novelists, the greatest preachers, the greatest philanthropists, and the greatest blackguards in the world. Sir Walter Scott stands at the head of them for Scotch humour, Dr. Chalmers for Scotch logic, Mr. Owen for Scotch utopianism, and Mr. Blackwood for Scotch impudence: Unrivalled four! And here is Mr. Irving, who threatens to make a fifth, and *stultify* all our London orators

from "kingly Kensington to Blackwall!" Mr. Irving is the *most accomplished barbarian*, and the least offensive and most dashing clerical holder forth, the witness remembers to have seen. Puts him in mind of the first man, Adam, if Adam had but been a Scotchman, and had had coal-black hair. He seems to stand upon the integrity of his composition, to begin a new race of practising believers, to give a new impulse to the Christian religion, to regenerate the fallen and degenerate race of men. One would say, at the first glance at him, without knowing his calling or his ghostly parts, "That is the man for a fair saint." You'd swear it by

> "His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,
> The brawns of Hercules, but his jovial face!"

Aye, there you'd stop, like Imogene—there is a want of expression in it—"The iron has not entered his soul." He has not dared to feel, but in trammels and in dread; pleasure, fancy, and humanity, are syrens that he repels and keeps at arm's length; and hence his features are hardened and have a barbaric crust upon them. They are not steeped in the expression of Titian or Raphael, but they would do for Spagnoletti to paint; and his dark profile and matted locks have something of the grave commanding appearance of Leonardo da Vinci's massive portraits. Thinks Mr. Irving's voice flowery and silvery; that he is a more amiable moralist, and more practical reasoner, than Dr. Chalmers. He throws a glancing, pleasing light, over the gloomy ground of Calvinism. There is something humane in his appeals, striking in his apostrophes, graceful in his action, soothing in the tones of his voice; not at all affected or theatrical; above common-place both in fancy and argument, yet hardly to be ranked as a poet or a philosopher. He is a modernized covenanter, a sceptical fanatic. His pulpit style has a resemblance to the florid gothic. It is, on the whole, polished and ambitious. Can conceive of a deeper strain of argument, of a more powerful and overwhelming flood of eloquence; but altogether, deems him an able and attractive expounder of holy writ, and farther believes him to be an honest man.

Cross-examined by Mr. Macvicar.

Is the account you have given to-day of Mr. Irving the same which you gave to the readers of the Liberal, some weeks ago?

I have said nothing to-day, Sir, but what I have said before in that publication.

Perhaps less, Sir. You have told us to-day, that there is something very "*humane*" and *soothing* in Mr. Irving's appeals.—Did you not say, at the same time, in the Liberal, that there was something very *exclusive* and *intolerant* in his plan of exalting Religion as the *thaumaturgos*, or wonder-worker in the reform of mankind, reconcileable neither to sound reason, nor to history.

Yes; I do remember saying something of that sort.

You have told us also to-day, that you believe Mr. I. "to be *an honest man?*" Did you not add in the Liberal, that "you did *not feel exactly on sure grounds with him,*—that *you scarcely knew whether he preaches Christ crucified, or himself?*"

Yes.

And in illustration of that, you took notice of certain liberties with the divine character, in which Mr. I. is apt to indulge?

I did: for example, his talking of *Jesus Christ destroying melody;*" and the "*Mouth of God being muzzled by man.*" Nor did I hesitate to censure these expressions as contrary to every allowed licence of speech.

Could these expressions have been slips of the tongue?

Not likely; for Mr. Irving preaches from written notes, and his printed volume contains, I am told, expressions which are a great deal worse.

The Chief Justice, observing that Mr. Phillips was about to call another witness, recommended to him to consider whether he was exercising a sound discretion, in the line of examination he was pursuing.

Mr. Phillips.—Some of my witnesses, it is true, have broken down rather unexpectedly. I will venture, however, one more.

Editor of the Museum examined.

Considers Mr. Irving's volume of Pulpit Eloquence, a work of a most unusual and interesting character; the production of no ordinary mind; the fruit of no common soil or every day culture. Occasionally we have all the tenderness of Massilon, now and then the fire and impetuosity of Bourdaloue; at other times the picturesque vigour and raciness of Crabbe. Could point to passages, which in felicity of imagery and harmony of style, are not exceeded by any thing in the whole compass of the English language. Conceives the most prominent feature of Mr. Irving's style to be a certain tone of soothing tenderness, a love of mankind in the humbler departments of life. Exhorting, encouraging, entreating them to know their stake in the great interests of this world, and in the contemplation of their heavenly Redeemer. Yet is free to confess, that Mr. Irving's metaphors are so frequent, so bold, and sometimes so lengthened and spun out, that we become weary of comprehending them.—His pages are not "milk for babes," but strong meat for strong men.—Hardly knows any volume, which is, upon the whole, likely to reflect more substantial credit upon its author, or to produce more salutary effects to the body politic. Wishes it to be attentively perused by *all* classes of society, under the conviction that it will do much to promote the best interests of social order and vital religion.

Cross-examined by Mr. Parsons.

Of what creed of faith do you hold Mr. Irving to be?

I am delighted, Sir, to perceive that he is *no Calvinist.*

Of what creed is the Scottish Church?

Calvinistic.

Does Mr. Irving belong to that Church?

He does.

And must have signed its articles?

Of course.

Admirable witness! to be delighted that the object of his praise does not believe the faith which he has subscribed and sworn to maintain.

Mr. Phillips declined calling any more witnesses.

Mr. Sergeant Bishop waived his right of reply; and in doing so, could not omit tendering his grateful thanks to his learned friend, Mr. P. for the great pains he had taken, during the preceding hour, to render all reply unnecessary.

The Chief Justice charged the Jury in his usual plain, and perspicuous manner. He described the case to the jury as one of unprecedented importance. Well might the Reverend Defendant tell them all to look to their own souls; for the question at issue was, neither more nor less, than whether they were not one and all in the broad road to perdition, notwithstanding the many thousand guides whom they employed and paid well to prevent them from straying from the right path. The jury were in fact sitting in judgment on the whole clergy of the united empire; for if the Rev. Defendant were really no mere pretender, as he is charged to be—if one half of all he says be true, then are all the rest of his clerical brethren (with such exceptions only as Mr. I. may be pleased to point out) a set of the most unfaithful stewards that ever lived. In proportion to the magnitude of these pretensions was, however, the difficulty of coming to the consideration of them, with minds as free and unbiassed as they ought to be. We were apt to start back from the claim of any man to be so much better and more enlightened than his fellows, and without admitting for a moment

the possibility of the thing, were very likely to set him down at once, as that quack and brawler which Mr. I. was here alleged to be. When he looked, however, to the high respectability, intelligence and discrimination of the gentlemen he addressed, he felt confident, that from their minds every prejudice of this kind must have been dismissed, and that they had come to this enquiry, as open to a conviction that the clergy deserve all the opprobrium heaped upon them, as that Mr. Irving is entitled to the extraordinary precedence which he demands. The indictment, he was sorry to observe, was very carelessly and loosely drawn. The first count touching the defendant's personal appearance, could not go to the jury at all. It was not laid on any rule of common sense; no punishment could possibly follow a conviction upon it. If a charge lay anywhere on this score, it was against nature, for casting so intellectually-gifted a gentleman as Mr. I. in so coarse a corporeal mould. Neither could the sixth count, which imputed to Mr. I. a commonness of understanding, as a fault, be at all entertained; he liked men of common understanding, and only wished we had more of them; it was by pretending to a more than common share that there were so many knaves and dupes in the world. The remaining five counts certainly contained fair enough matters for human judgment, and these he would send to the jury. At the same time it was easy to perceive from the loose manner in which

they were worded, from the width of the meshes of which the net was constructed, that they might, after all, catch nothing. The Rev Edward Irving might be a Mr. Merryman, but he would at all events be no merry-*Andrew*; he might be a quack, but no "*common*" one; a brawler, but no "*common*" one; a swearer, but no "*common*" one. Now, if the jury thought that in any one of these respects the defendant was *something more than common*, they could not, though thus superlatively guilty, convict him on this indictment, but must give him the benefit of their verdict. The seventh and last count seemed to be the only one drawn up with any distinctness and comprehensiveness; and perhaps the jury would direct their chief attention to the bearing of the evidence upon it. Much he wished to have been able to assist them by a digest of that evidence; but the task was one from which he shrunk in dismay. It was obviously a matter of no ordinary nicety and difficulty to balance such a mass of conflicting authorities, to say how much one was entitled to respect, and how little another. It might be a perilous thing too, to say all one thought of such and such—their corrupt leanings, their base subserviency, their low abuse, their habitual lying, their matter-of-business, praise, and censure. He preferred, on all these accounts, leaving the Jury to judge for themselves on which side the evidence preponderated, not doubting that they would bring in such a verdict as would fully meet the justice of the case.

The Jury then retired, and after the lapse of about an hour, returned into court.

Foreman. "We find the defendant guilty on the seventh count of the indictment—not guilty on all the others. I am desired, however, by my brother Jurymen, to state, that but for the manner in which several of the counts are laid, as remarked on by your Lordship, our verdict would have been very different.

The defendant was ordered to be brought up for judgment next term; but it is understood that he intends to move for a new trial.

THE END.

LONDON:

SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

TRIAL

OF THE

REV. ALEXANDER FLETCHER, A.M

BEFORE THE

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

OF THE

COURT OF COMMON SENSE,

AND

A SPECIAL JURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

"TRIAL OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING, A.M."

You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't. Could you not?

HAMLET.

LONDON:

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MDCCCXXV.

B. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt-court, Fleet-street.

HIGH COURT OF COMMON SENSE,

Saint Alexander's Day.

RETRIBUTION TERM, 1824.

Dick *v.* Fletcher.

Every day since the commencement of the present Sessions, the Court has been thronged by persons anxious to be present at the hearing of this important case. It was expected to be one of the first that would come on for trial; but has been put off from time to time, on various dilatory pleas put in by the defendant.* It being, at length, generally understood that the hearing would take place this day, the Court was crowded to excess, by persons of both sexes, of all ranks and classes, and from all parts of the kingdom. One primitive-looking old man, in a plaid dress, who was very strenuous and noisy in his efforts to secure a good seat for himself, said

* The Defence or "Appeal" was not published till very late in the year.

he had "cum a' the way frae the brig o' Teeth, to hear what they had to say to his auld frien' Sandy;" and two very tall and gaunt ladies, in yellow bonnets, who sat in the front of the gallery, were said to be the Miss M———s, of Glasgow, who had come up on purpose to buy snuff and witness the putting of the gay and Reverend deceiver to shame.

Mr. Phillips, Mr. Chitty, and Mr. Law, appeared as counsel for the prosecution; Mr. Scarlett and Mr. Campbell for the defendant.

The Lord Chief Justice took his seat on the bench precisely (reporters cannot be too precise in these particulars) at eleven minutes and a half past nine o'clock.

At this moment a great confusion was occasioned, in the body of the Court, by a tall, raw-boned, yellow haired, vulgar-looking man, in the dress, apparently, of a horse-jockey, insisting that he had a right to a seat within the bar, which nobody, however, seemed disposed to admit.

Chief Justice.—Who's that man?

Mr. Common Sergeant. — Mr. Joseph Wilfred Parkins, my Lord, who was, two or three years ago, one of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and who claims a privilege, usually conceded to all Ex-Sheriffs, of sitting within the bar.

Mr. Scarlett.—I know not, my Lord, what Mr. Joseph Wilfred Parkins' privileges may be in other Courts; but it is a matter of doubt, with me, whether he has any right to be here at all.

Chief Justice.—Oh! certainly none; this is a Court of Common Sense. Officers, turn him out.

Mr. Counsellor French rose, as if to interpose a few words in behalf of the XXXX Sheriff; but on a friend whispering in his ear, that he had better be quiet, least his own title to be present might be called in question, he sat down again.

Mr. Parkins was then removed, *vi et armis*, out of Court, and order restored.

The names of the Special Jurymen, summoned for the trial of this case, were then called over; and after an unusual number of peremptory exceptions had been taken, chiefly by the counsel for the prosecution, (to Colonel Berkely, Lord William Lennox, Mr. Calcraft, M. P., and Joseph Hayne, Esq., among others) the following Gentlemen were sworn in:—

Sir Walter Scott, Bart.	Thos. Campbell, Esq.
Sir Wm. Curtis, Bart. M. P.	Thos. Moore, Esq.
Sir Jas. Mackintosh, Kt. M.P.	Samuel Rogers, Esq.
Sir Jas. Abercromby, M. P.	John Galt, Esq.
J. W. Croker, Esq. M. P.	Wm. Blackwood, Esq.
Kirkman Finlay, Esq.	James Blythe, Esq.

The Jury being asked who they made choice of for their foreman, answered, with one voice, "Sir Walter Scott."

Case for the Prosecution.

Mr. Law stated that this was an indictment at the instance of Miss Eliza Dick,

daughter of the Rev. Dr. Dick, of Glasgow, against the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, some time Minister of Albion Chapel, London. It consisted of three counts. The *first* related, That whereas the defendant, not having the fear of public opinion before him, and being moved and instigated by the devil, did, some time or other in the years 1822 and 1823, and again, some time or other in the years 1822 or 1823, by looks, words, sighs, groans, letters, vows, protestations, genuflections, sweetmeats, &c. &c. &c., or by some or other of all those means, make love to, and captivate, the heart of the said Eliza Dick, and that he did thereupon, at each of the times aforesaid, promise and engage, bind and oblige himself, to take the said Eliza Dick, to be his wedded wife, for better and for worse, &c.; but that the defendant had, in both of the said instances, broken his promise and engagement to the said Eliza Dick, whereby she had suffered serious loss, damage, &c. &c. The *second* count, after relating as above, charged the defendant, furthermore, with having moved and instigated as aforesaid, falsely, wrongfully, and maliciously said, to

sundry persons in and about the city of London, and elsewhere, that it was the said Eliza Dick who, in the years 1822 or 1823, did, by looks, words, sighs, &c., or by some or other of all these means, make love to the said Alexander Fletcher, &c. &c., and that, in both the instances aforesaid, it was the fault of the said Eliza Dick, and not of the said Alexander Fletcher, that the marriage agreed to be solemnized between the parties, did not take place; by all which, the said Eliza Dick had been much scandalized in her reputation, and had suffered serious loss, damage, &c. The *third* and last count, after relating as in the first count, stated that the defendant, moved and instigated as aforesaid, had made use of sundry shifts, shufflings, artifices, subterfuges, fictions, fabrications, &c. &c., to excuse, palliate, extenuate, justify, &c. his said breaches of promise; by all which, the said Eliza Dick had been deceived, deluded, befooled, &c., to her great hurt, prejudice, damage, &c. &c.

Mr. Phillips then rose to address the Jury.

I am your
sincere and
fully live in
warmest
forbear
my soul
and dear
With longing
unbeginning
I look for
ward to the
Day when I
shall see

My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,

The case which, by the kind concession of my much more efficient colleagues, I am instructed now to lay before you, is one of so extraordinary a nature, that I wonder not at the great interest which it seems to have excited. It is one of those cases which is not limited to the individuals immediately concerned; it speaks to the feelings of every circle of society from the highest to the lowest; it alarms the very heart of the community, and commands the whole social family to the spot where insulted beauty, prostrate at your bar, calls aloud for pity and protection. Nominally, Gentlemen, you are empannelled to repair a private wrong, and a wrong which is of as deadly a nature as human wickedness can inflict; a wrong which annihilates the hope of the parent, and the happiness of the child; which in one moment blights the fondest anticipations of the heart, and casts a death-like coldness on "the hearth within our bowers." But, in reality, Gentlemen, you have to do much more; you are to say by your verdict, whether an example of such transcendant turpitude as that which I shall unfold to you is to stalk forth for public imitation; or to be branded with the scorn and reprobation which it merits. It is not only individual and family happiness most wantonly wounded, but,

religion profaned, morality insulted, the sacred order degraded, which make to you their melancholy appeal. You will hear the facts, Gentlemen, with as much patience as indignation will allow; I will only ask of you to adjudge them with as much mercy as justice will admit.

The individual whom I have now to arraign before you, was born and educated in Scotland. Do I reproach him with his nativity? God forbid that I should, except in as far as it aggravates the wrongs of which he is accused—that he should have been brought up in a country, remarkable beyond all others for instilling into her children a fidelity to social obligations. He cannot, like too many of the hapless sons of my own poor, neglected, natal, soil, plead the defects and prejudices of early education, in extenuation of the errors and vices of mature life. The defendant was nurtured among a people of less crime, because of better education, than any in the world. Wherever the name of Scotland is mentioned, knowledge hails her as her darling child; wherever her sons sojourn, temperance, industry, and integrity have been in use to attest their presence; a primeval piety consecrates her church; a noble sense of equity her laws; peace and plenty meet in her vales, and the laurel which her genius and heroism have won, is entwined with the palm-leaf of a matchless morality.

I would, more particularly, Gentlemen, point out

to your admiration—to universal admiration, and imitation, if I could—the singular honour and good faith which, in the exemplary country to which this defendant belongs, distinguish the intercourse of her sons and daughters. In no land on the face of the earth, is the lover's vow of more weight and trust than in Scotland; in none are the essential circumstances of that most delightful of all human relations, marriage, more regarded, and the empty ceremonials with which it is so generally encumbered, less; it is there purely a sacrament of the heart; the simple agreement of the enamoured swain and yielding fair one, to be husband and wife, suffices to accomplish all that for which, in other countries, the aid both of church and state has to be invoked; not even the witnessing of third parties is required to give validity to the solemn compact; the smallest scrap of writing serves to testify to men, the engagement which the fond pair have, unseen, unheard by all but Him who is omniscient and omnipresent, come under to each other.

It may surprise your sticklers for forms and ordinances, to hear that so simple a state of matters as this, exists in a land, which is yet far—very far—from having arrived at that desolating licentiousness of which other countries more favoured by statutory interference with the private concerns of individuals, can boast. But I may

fearlessly invite them to contemplate that state of matters in all its consequences. I would ask them, to shew me a people among whom breaches of promise of marriage are less frequent, or the seduction of female innocence a crime of such rare occurrence. I would boldly challenge them to point me out the land where beauty enjoys more of that reverential homage, which is her birthright; where loveliness is more habitually allied to virtue, without which, all else is fleeting and perfidious; where constancy to the obligations of lover, husband, and wife, is more firmly domesticated; where passion is kept more sternly under the guidance of honour and morality; where woman, in short, is more invulnerable in her chaste and charmed helplessness.

Nor is the reason for all this, Gentlemen, so difficult of comprehension as those may imagine, with whom modes and ceremonies are every thing, and truth and honour but empty names. The superior consequence which our northern neighbours so wisely attach to all promises of marriage, however secret, and the simplicity of the means by which an indissoluble connexion may be founded upon them, teach their young men to be circumspect in their advances to the fair sex; to proffer no declarations of attachment but what spring from the heart, and are rooted there beyond the power of change; to sport no vows

in the sight of God, which they are not prepared to fulfil in the sight of men. They teach the Caledonian fair too, how they may, at all times, and under all possible circumstances, appreciate and test the sincerity of the professions which are addressed to them; they take away from seduction its pretence, from lovers' perjuries their impunity; by removing all obstacles to the lawful consummation of a virtuous attachment, they interpose such an obstacle to the triumphs of lawless desire, as can only be surmounted where corrupt inclination plays the pander to voluntary degradation.

Such, Gentlemen, is the country where this defendant drew his first breath; such the estimable habits and customs of the people among whom he grew up to manhood, and which must necessarily have had a principal share in forming his views, of what is right and wrong, in the various relations of life. He comes from a land, not merely unrivalled in intelligence and morals, but where a promise of marriage is invested with an importance and sacredness, far beyond what are attached to it in this, or perhaps, any other country in the world. And yet, Gentlemen, it is for the very violation of such a promise—nay, one breach of promise after another—attended, too, with circumstances of the most cruel aggravation; with hope protracted, as long as Ilion's woes; with deception and duplicity, as to the causes of the rupture;

with slander and defamation of the unfortunate victim of his perfidy, and of that victim's friends,—that this defendant stands now accused. In any man, be his nativity or his education what it may, such conduct would be base; but in a Scotsman—I need not say an educated Scotsman, for they are all educated—I hold it to be doubly criminal. 'Tis not only truth, honour, morality and justice, but all these, as they exist in Scotland, in a state more akin to perfection than any where else, which cry out for vengeance on the offender.

But, Gentlemen, there is yet a more aggravating circumstance which distinguishes the case of the present defendant. To other characteristics, but too little in unison with the very serious offence of which he stands accused, he adds, that of being —a minister of the gospel—of that gospel, which, before all other good works, inculcates the necessity of discharging our duty towards our neighbour. Not simply a disciple, Gentlemen, but a leader of disciples; one whose own practice should be a brilliant exemplification of the doctrines which he teaches, who should be as a shining light—a pillar of fire—to direct the steps of other men in their pilgrimage through this world of darkness and sin. Nay, more, Gentlemen, the defendant is a minister of what in Scotland is called the Secession Church—a church, the members of which pride themselves on being of a far

purer faith and practice than those of the established or any other church, and whose very secession, as I am informed, arose out of certain conscientious and highly honourable scruples about professing what they did not believe, and promising what they could not perform. Heaven forbid! Gentlemen, that I should in this, or any case, endeavour to excite an intolerant or illiberal feeling. For my own part, I care not for any shadowy and unsubstantial differences either as to tenets of faith or forms of worship; I respect a minister of the gospel equally whether he be clothed in plaid or in purple, whether he wears a mitre in the van of the ascendancy, or journeys like the Apostles without either "scrip or staff." But I do say, that where a minister of any church appears as a defendant in a case like this, in proportion as that church claims to be purer and better, and more exemplary than all others, so much greater must the guilt (if established) of the defendant be. The essence of crime consists but in a knowledge of what is evil, and exactly in proportion as a man is enlightened, must in all cases be the measure of his transgressions.

It is now, Gentlemen, some eleven years and more since this Reverend Gentleman, this ultra pious, pure and professing Scotsman, first paid his addresses to Miss Eliza Dick, daughter of the Rev. Professor Dick of Glasgow, a lady, as I am informed, of very considerable personal attractions, in the

highest degree accomplished, of an unimpeachable moral character, and whose family, as many of you, Gentlemen, must know, yields to none in the Secession Church in point of eminence and respectability. When Mr. Fletcher first owned his love, he was but an humble licentiate of that church, of which Dr. Dick, the lady's father, was, as he still is, one of the brighest ornaments; he had scarce yet reached the age of manhood, and had nothing in the way of fortune to expect from his father, who was a respectable but poor minister in the same connection. Mr. Fletcher was, however, a young man of promising talents, and though not of what is ordinarily called a pleasing address, yet of that ardent and enthusiastic temperament, which is perhaps more calculated to make an impression on the female heart. He succeeded, it is confessed, in winning the affections of Miss Dick, and nothing but his want of means to support a family establishment, stood in the way of their union. At length, in 1812, Mr. F. received a call to be pastor to a numerous and wealthy congregation in London, connected with the Scottish Secession Church; and it was then agreed between him and Miss D., that the marriage should take place in the course of the ensuing year.

Mr. F., however, had scarcely settled in London, before Miss Dick received a letter from him, in which he expressed strong apprehensions that

were he to launch immediately into the expenses of housekeeping, he would be obliged to involve himself in difficulties of a pecuniary nature, the thought of which seemed to weigh heavily on his mind. Influenced by feelings both of affection and prudence—feelings of which I am sure every honourable and ingenuous mind must approve—Miss Dick replied, that she could not think of his running himself into debt on her account, and that notwithstanding their previous agreement, she was willing to wait for a year or two longer, rather than that he should so involve himself.

I have to crave, Gentlemen, your particular attention to the manner in which this proposition on the part of Miss Dick was drawn from her, and to the nature of the proposition itself; for the conclusions deduced from it by the defendant, are such as, I think, you will scarcely anticipate. It is Mr. Fletcher, you perceive, who first starts the objection to the celebration of the marriage, at the time originally fixed upon; and the reason which he suggests for delay is grave and weighty—nothing less than that he will be plunged in debt by so early an union. Who can doubt for an instant that this was thrown out to give Miss Dick an opportunity of saying,—"No, you shall not plunge yourself in debt on my account; I will wait with pleasure till your circumstances are so improved that I shall bring no additional burdens upon you, but what you are prepared and

able to bear?" What other answer could a woman make, who had the interest of the man she loved sincerely at heart? What other answer, if she had the slightest regard to maidenly decency and propriety? What other answer, if not bereft of all prudence, discretion, and good feeling? Would the defendant have had Miss Dick to reply, "No, my beloved Alexander, I am so passionately fond of you, I long so much to change my virgin state, I am so set upon being married next year, and at no other time, that plunge yourself into debt as you may, let the consequences be what they may, *marry me you must*, at the time agreed upon?"

You will be startled, Gentlemen, when I tell you that, selfish, immodest, unreasonable, wild, as such an answer would have been, it is exactly the sort of answer which Mr. Fletcher chose to say it would have been becoming in Miss D. to make. In replying to the letter which did so much honour to her head and heart, he pretended to be sorely hurt by her not pressing for the marriage in the teeth of his objections, accused her of want of affection in proposing a delay, and protested that he had made a vow that the marriage should take place at the appointed time or never!!!

Oh false pretence! Oh cruel accusation! Oh perfidious protestation! Disappointment never felt! Want of affection never suspected! Vow never made! Who is of eyes so dim as not to perceive behind these deceptive outworks a breach

of engagement already meditated, already resolved on at all hazards? Who so simple as to imagine that if Miss Dick had done as her recreant lover affects to think she ought to have done; if she had scouted his objections to the celebration of the marriage at the appointed time,—had laughed to scorn his apprehensions of being plunged in debt,—had insisted on leaping into his arms over all the fences which good sense and good feeling could interpose,—he would not have been just as ready to turn round upon and upbraid her for that line of conduct, as for the better course which she adopted? Had she done so, we should then have been told (and with good reason too), of the selfishness, the unfeelingness, the wantonness, the levity of the woman who could thus set at nought all prudential considerations, in order to gratify her longing for a husband; nor would our ears have ever ceased to ring of the utter unfitness of such a handmaid for so grave, so godly, so gospel-going a personage as the Rev. Alex. Fletcher. The truth, Gentlemen, is palpable—the defendant, from causes which may, perhaps, be hereafter developed, was resolved to break off the match in any event, and it mattered not, as far as his resolves were concerned, what Miss Dick wrote. He was in the situation of the Spanish husband who wished to quarrel with his wife, but was at a loss for a cause; he bade her bring him a glass of water in the sunshine, and then swore it was dirty, because of the motes, which will

appear in the clearest water, when held up to the sun. So it was with Mr. F. : Miss Dick could not have written that letter, in which he would not have found the motes he wanted. I say, unhesitatingly, that the defendant designedly, artfully, and perfidiously led the way to that very proposition from Miss Dick, which he afterwards generously made the pretext for breaking his most solemn engagement to her. I affirm, that by *his* representations, by *his* apprehensions, by *his* fears, he placed, intentionally, this injured lady in a situation, in which—loving as she did—virtuous and discreet as she was—she could not possibly do else than that with which he has the consistency, the gallantry, the humanity, the most christian-like charity, now to upbraid her.

In farther evidence, Gentlemen, of this treacherous design—as if farther evidence were wanting—the defendant caused Jean Fletcher, one of his sisters, who had come with him to London under the pretext of assisting in the preparations for the reception of his intended bride, but, in reality, it would seem, as a delegate from a whole batch of sisters to spoil the match if she could, to follow up his own complaining letter with one still more abusive from herself, although she was personally wholly a stranger to Miss Dick. In the course of my professional practice, I have seen many specimens of epistolary rudeness and impertinence, but any thing more rude and im-

pertinent—any thing more vulgarly impudent than this letter of the sister's, I never read.* Fastening with equal cruelty and injustice on the same ground of quarrel as her brother, she has the effrontery to style Miss Dick's generous and prudent consent to the delay, *suggested*, if not literally *proposed*, by Mr. Fletcher, an assumption of airs "which a countess would not show to a clown," sneers at the idea of a lady of "*her* person, *her* purse, *her* accomplishments," being able to retain the affections of any equal whatever for three years to come, and concludes with chastely declaring, that in the writer's opinion, Miss Dick is as ignorant of the means of doing so, "as Delila was with respect to Sampson, and that she would make the same use of them were they in her power!!"

Gentlemen, after two such letters as these—after so manifest a conspiracy between the brother and sister, to alarm and disgust Miss Dick—to drive matters to such an issue, that the necessity of receding from the connexion might be thrown upon her, can you wonder that such was indeed the result? With the approbation of all her friends, Miss Dick immediately wrote to Mr. Fletcher, that after treatment so ungenerous and cruel, as that which she had just received from his sister and himself, the intended marriage could never take place.

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* See Appendix, B. No. 2.

The defendant, Gentlemen, has been heard to say, affecting the whine of sorrow the while, that it was all Miss Dick's fault that this rupture took place; that it was he who was the rejected, insulted, and injured party; and that his "dear," his "valued" sister, was wholly free from blame in the matter. Could aught else, Gentlemen, be expected from the planner and perpetrator of so base a scheme of domestic treason? Conceived in duplicity and cunning, there only wanted, in order to leave that scheme without a parallel, that it should be consummated by hypocrisy, falsehood, and the most unblushing assurance. But just Heaven be thanked, which has by almost miraculous chance, placed in our hands the means of tearing, to very tatters, the veil by which the defendant would fain screen his infamy from public indignation. I will show him to you, Gentlemen, *exulting* in the success of his vile manœuvre; acknowledging in the most grateful terms the service which his sister had rendered him, in promoting the rupture; slandering and reviling the lady whom he had so cruelly used; and with lips polluted by all this abomination—yes, professingly pure and pious though he be - with lips yet moist with the venom of almost every wickedness—daring to "thank God for his deliverance!" In a letter which he addressed immediately after to his brother, the Rev. Robert Fletcher,* then resi-

* See Appendix, No. 1.

dent in Scotland, and which, through no agency of ours, has recently found its way into general circulation, he says, "The Glasgow business is all over. I am *happy at it, very happy.* I wonder at my past stupidity. JEAN *has done me much good in the matter*—She sent down to her ladyship two bulletins of a very curious nature,"—alluding, Gentlemen, to the letter which I have already mentioned, and to another, equally insolent, which followed it. "This week I have sent back all the cold, barren, icy letters I ever received from that lumpish, selfish woman, with whom I have been so long enthralled, Thanks to God for the deliverance." * * * * "I think Mr. Dick the most impudent fellow I ever met with. His philosophy has done him little good. I have done with him. I like Alexander and George. The mother is Mrs. Hypocrisy, and Miss D. what you called her on the road to Paisley."

Alas! Gentlemen, when the heart once admits guilt as its associate, how does every honourable and humane emotion fly before it! Surely, surely, it was enough that the defendant had wounded the peace, and, as far as in his power, ruined the prospects of this young lady—that he had lacerated the feelings of her respectable parents,—that he had sent sorrowing and indignation into the bosoms of every one of her family—that he had violated every principle of good faith, honour, and generosity: Surely, it was enough to

have done all this, without adding abuse to injustice, detraction to treachery, contumely to crime—

> Were honour, virtue, conscience, *all* exil'd,
> Was there no pity, no relenting ruth ?

No! no! In the very hour of his heartless triumph, when it might have been thought that some lurking spark of affection for a once beloved object, would have quickened into a sentiment of pity for her sufferings,—when a secret sense of the unfair line of conduct he had pursued towards the lady and her family, should have induced him either to soften the blow levelled at their peace and happiness, by every mark of honour and respect in his power,—when a regard to the decencies of life and to his own consistency, should have dictated silence at least respecting the newly discovered failings of those whom he had so lately pretended to love and esteem—you behold him without one commiserating emotion, without one throb of compunction, without one feeling on the subject worthy of a man and a christian. You see, how with more than savage ferocity he mangles the characters of his innocent victims; how the fair form he once professed to admire before all others is transformed in the mirror of his hate, into a selfish lump of womankind; how her highly gifted and venerated father, the author of one of the most able vindications of our Common Faith ever written, is treated as a *fellow* beneath the

notice of this unprincipled violator of engagements—how her aged and pious mother, whom not even the helplessness of female age could save from the malice of this defamer, is decked for derision in his own filthy mantle of "hypocrisy!" 'Tis true these slanders were set forth in an apparently confidential letter to a brother; nay, 'tis possible that it is solely through the indiscretion of that brother, and with no connivance on the part of the defendant, that they have been published to the world. But it is at least equally true, Gentlemen, that whether meant for publicity or not, they present a faithful portraiture of the writer's feelings on the occasion. They lay open to you the whole heart and mind of the man as they really are, and not as he would probably wish them to appear; and in doing so, they vindicate remarkably the consistency of Nature in all her works; for they show you, that when she makes a person vicious enough to commit such enormities as I have depicted, she purposely withholds from him the faculty of being ashamed of them. The *wisdom* of nature, too, for the effect is better, the example less pernicious where guilt stands out, as it does here, in unrelieved originality.

But, Gentlemen, you have as yet heard only one chapter of the volume of perfidy which it is my painful task to lay before you. Would, for the honour of human nature, that that which I have next to unfold were of a description less calculated

to astonish and appal you! But it is, to my mind, of even a blacker complexion than the first. I know of no principle on which I shall be able to account for the extraordinary facts of which it is made up, but one so truly demoniacal, that I shudder at the necessity which I foresee will compel me to consider that principle as the only one by which the defendant could be actuated.

When the rupture, of which I have just detailed to you the history, had begun to fade on the memory; when time and the consolations of religion had nearly healed those wounds which it had occasioned; when almost ten years had passed away, during all which period Miss Dick and Mr. Fletcher had no communication with each other, and never met but once or twice accidentally, the lady, to her great surprise, and the astonishment of all her family, received on the 13th of February, 1823, a letter from Mr. Fletcher, proposing a renewal of their correspondence.* In this letter he requested her to meet him in Edinburgh, where he intended to be in the month of July following; entreated her to write to him "without restraint," assured her that he would "never *(again,* I suppose he meant) betray or abuse" her "confidence and affection," should Providence favour him by making him the object of them; protested that he held her "parents and family in the highest respect

* Appendix, No.

and esteem," and ended with a "God bless you, and bless them!" as fervent, apparently, as if heaved from the inmost soul of hers "*most affectionately*, Alexander Fletcher."

I perceive, Gentlemen, that you are struck with amazement and incredulity at the extraordinary change of tone and sentiment which this epistle displays. "Can it be," you ask, "that the man who broke off his former engagement to this lady in a manner so cruel and contemptuous, could, after ten years of the coldest estrangement, be all at once animated with so ardent a renewal of affection for her as is here professed? Is it possible, that the man who once thanked God so fervently for his deliverance from Miss Dick as from the greatest evil that could possibly befal him, could now, in sincerity of heart, pray to the same God to make him the object of her confidence and affection? Is it for a moment to be believed, that he could now have the "highest respect and esteem" for those parents whom he before so deliberately and grossly reviled? We have no faith, Sir, in such sudden and long-removed revolutions of sentiment as these; they are at utter variance with every thing we know of human nature and her operations; we cannot believe in them." Should I hint to you that it might be from repentance they sprung, you will tell me that "he confesses none." Or, that he was actuated by a desire of repairing the injuries he had inflicted, you will

ask me to show you "where he pleads guilty of having committed any?" His letter, you will insist, is evidently that of a man who thinks there is nothing of which he has to solicit forgiveness. "But could even repentance," you may demand of me, "revive love and esteem after so long a slumber? Could it have the magic power, all at once, to reconvert the "lumpish, selfish woman" —little improved, it is to be supposed, by ten years of withering singleness,—into an object of passionate admiration? Could it, all at once, and without the least renewal of intercourse having taken place, transform "the most impudent fellow" alive, and his worthy lady, "Mrs. Hypocrisy," into objects of the writer's "highest regard and esteem?" Oh! it is from first to last a most incredible story. You cannot expect us—the defendant could not for an instant expect any rational person—to believe one syllable of all that he now asserts."

Gentlemen, I confess that my own impressions coincide very much with what I have ventured to suppose yours to be on the first statement of this truly miraculous conversion. I think with you, that it *is* incredible, that any such conversion ever took place; I do not, for my own part, believe it; I regard this new overture of Mr. Fletcher's as nothing else than sheer mockery. Talk of Catholic miracles! Talk of Prince Hohenlohe, and his conjuring the bed-ridden to walk, the

blind to see! Here is a simple Presbyterian parson who pretends, that by a mere flourish of a goose-quill, he can change aversion into love, deformity into elegance, contempt into esteem! That he has but to wave that goose-quill over embers which have been deadened by the rain and snow and frost of many winters, and they will instantly burst forth into an unquenchable flame; that he has but, quill in hand, to look back and be transformed from a false and recreant lover, into a pillar of constancy and truth! Oh! most puissant of miracle mongers! Go, Catholicism, and hide thy diminished head! Arise, Presbytery—no, I will not do so much injustice to the respectable denomination of Christians, who congregate under its banners, as to suppose that there can be any community of character between it and the impostures of this unworthy brother—let me rather call on MODERN PURITANISM, that puritanism which consists in cant, and pretension, and hypocrisy—in gifts, and inspirations, and inscrutabilities—whose strongholds are ignorance and gullability—whose triumphs are well-filled conventicles, and well filled pockets—to arise and exult in the unequalled achievements of this her favourite son!

But, Gentlemen, agreed as we seem to be as to the insincerity of this second overture, you feel, I dare say, as I do, some hesitation as to

the motives to which such conduct ought to be ascribed. Were you to ask the defendant himself to explain it on any rational principle, he would confess to you that he could account for it in no other way, than on the supposition that he had entirely forgotten every thing about the first courtship and rupture, and all that he had ever said about the lady and her relations. Should you express your astonishment at such an unheard of failure of memory, he would, with the characteristic humility and piety of the class of religionists of which he is an ornament, further tell you, " that Divine Providence had permitted *this unaccountable suspension of the remembrance of former feelings,* for ends which yet remain to be developed*." But, Gentlemen, you and I, who are but ordinary men, who, in *our experiences,* know nothing of such unaccountable suspensions, cannot help looking for causes more in accordance with the usual course of human actions, even though they should have a little of the leaven of human infirmity in their nature. You will deny with me the possibility (except on a plea of insanity, which is not pleaded) of such an utter oblivion of feelings, touching so serious a transaction in a man's life, as that of courting and jilting a young female, and then heaping the foulest abuse on the unfortunate victim and her family; you

* Vide " Appeal" of the Defendant " to Public Opinion."

will think with me, that if there is justice at all in the ways of Providence (and that there is who can doubt?), an offence of so heinous a description must remain fixed in the memory, beyond the power of time or accident to erase it, till the hour of remorse and retribution arrive; you will, with me, hold it to be a degree of impiety quite monstrous, to suppose that the Deity would suspend, for an instant, the laws of human nature, in order that a minister of His Word might, a second time, trample on those feelings of which these laws are the appointed guardians. No, no, Gentlemen, we may rest well assured that there was no such suspension; that the defendant remembered well the whole history of his first connexion, and wanted, as I have said before, only the faculty of being ashamed of the part he had acted. With that history then in his recollection, thinking as he did of the lady and her friends, what are we to suppose were the motives by which he was actuated in this extraordinary renewal of his addresses? The defendant will call it a libel on human nature, to say that he could have no other view than a second time to sport with the feelings and character of Miss Dick and her family; so should I too, had I heard as much asserted of any individual, before the present case was put into my hands. That there are men, aye, and ministers too, who, for the gratification of a silly vanity, or for the mere pleasure of the chace, go about disturbing the peace of families, by attentions

which mean nothing—male coquettes, in short, the most contemptible, and, at the same time, among the most mischievous of characters—we all witness every day in our lives. But it was reserved, I believe, to the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, to exhibit to the world the spectacle of a man, and that man a minister of the gospel—once wooing and betraying, and then returning, after a long lapse of years, to woo and betray, a second time, the unfortunate object of his heartless pursuit.

Yes! to him was reserved the infamous distinction of having inflicted a blot on human nature, which makes it no longer a libel upon it to say, that it is indeed capable of all the malignity which I have ascribed to the Rev. Alex. Fletcher.

But what, you may ask, could be the subordinate circumstances that cherished and fed this malignity—and which immediately called it into action? Here, Gentlemen, my brief is silent—for it could not speak of what the defendant has carefully concealed within his own bosom; I can but assist you with such conjectures as have occurred to myself, and as may occur to any one on a review of the circumstances of this extraordinary case. It may have been, that after the first quarrel with Miss Dick, her friends, in the honest warmth of their indignation, spread far and wide a knowledge of the defendant's base conduct; it may possibly have happened, that they mixed indis-

creetly with their reproaches, some insidious comparisons between the respectability of the defendant's family, and that which he had so insultingly slighted; and it is not to be denied, that if such things were said and done, they were calculated to be of injury to the defendant, and to excite in no ordinary degree his anger. It may, for instance, have occurred, that when "done with" Dr. Dick, and when "done with" his daughter, Mr. Fletcher went a wooing to others of his virtuous countrywomen—to maids of every complexion and every degree—and that, with the sense of propriety which so honourably distinguishes the Caledonian fair, they may one and all have spurned his suit, with a whisper in his ear, to "remember poor Miss Dick!" It may have come thus to pass, that repulsed in every family, rejected of women, unpitied by the men, a fell spirit of revenge may have been excited in his breast against the individual and family, for whose sake he was become so much an object of general proscription; and that of this spirit we have now the bitter fruits before us.

All these things, however, are but matters of conjecture. I find them not in my instructions; and of my own knowledge, I can of course assert nothing of the real circumstances which influenced the defendant's conduct. I have merely, Gentlemen, stated to you one possible course of events which may have led to it—one of many that might be

imagined—and this solely to satisfy your minds, that though to woo a second time, in order to betray and laugh to scorn an unsuspecting female, be happily a case without precedent, it is one which is by no means without a conceivable motive.

Would to God, the injured object of this inquiry—that her family, had only known half as much of the real state of the defendant's feelings, at the time his second proposition was made, as I have this day, Gentlemen, developed to you! His hypocritical advances to reconciliation would then, I am convinced, have been spurned with all the contempt and abhorrence which they merited. Miss Dick and her family would then have been spared many an additional pang of vexation and sorrow; and this honourable Court would not now be assembled to pass judgment on the double crime which the defendant committed. But, Gentlemen, neither Miss Dick nor any of her family had ever seen or heard any thing of that letter to his brother, which I have read to you today, and which throws such a flood of light on the real state of his sentiments respecting them; they never suspected for a moment that he entertained such sentiments; they only knew that he had once gained, and harshly though he had acted, had never entirely lost a place in the lady's affections; they were willing to believe, that in formerly breaking off the connexion, he had been

swayed by external influences to which he had now risen superior; they were disposed to forget all that was past, in the hope that the future would be rich in atonement. Miss Dick was, accordingly, induced to return a favourable answer to his letter, and thereupon a correspondence ensued, which wanted only sincerity on the part of Mr. Fletcher, to eclipse every thing else of the kind yet divulged to the world for amorous enthusiasm. Were it not that those who are really and fondly in love are proverbially blind, I should have expected that the unmeasured extravagance of his declarations would, of itself, have led Miss Dick to suspect strongly the sincerity of the man who made them. Although her letter, consenting to receive him again into favour, contained the first words of tenderness which she had addressed to him for nearly ten long years; although one bow or two of distant recognition, was all that had passed between them during that period; although for many a day, neither had his eye feasted on her charms, nor his ear been delighted with the music of her voice; yet is it in strains of young and boundless affection like these that he addresses her—" My *dearest* Eliza*, you are closely *entwined round my heart;* you deservedly occupy *the highest place in my admiring estimation.*—I am *your own, my heart is yours;* you *constantly live in my thoughts,* in my *warmest affections,* in my

* Appendix, A. No. 3.

fondest desires, and in my *most animating hopes. I claim you as mine own.* I THANK GOD that ever my thoughts were directed towards you, and that Providence ever directed your thoughts towards *your own Alexander.* * * * * The expectation of living with you *fills me with delight;* and may my God and your God grant, that before many months pass over our heads, that expectation may be fulfilled! It is *my wish, my prayer,* that if Providence spare me to revisit my native land, I may not return alone. My *dearest, dearest* Eliza, *make me happy* by saying in your next, that you *will not* suffer me to return alone, and that you will enter with me on a career which will add to our mutual prosperity and bliss." * * * * * Again,* "You are dear to my heart; *you have devoted yourself to me,* who am infinitely unworthy of such a blessing"—one true saying, by-the-way—"With *longing anticipations* I look forward to that day, when, in the kind providence of God, I shall see my *dearest* Eliza. May I be prepared for meeting my *loving* Eliza, and for enjoying the society of her, whose fellowship *I prize above every other earthly enjoyment beside,* and to render whom happy I shall ever consider as *my greatest earthly bliss.*" I say that even Miss Dick—but that she loved "not wisely, but too well"—might have guessed that there was something overstrained and incredible in all this. But to you and I, Gentlemen, who

* Appendix, A. No. 4.

know besides how the defendant had previously expressed himself—the more confidentially the more sincerely—of the lady, whom he addresses in such rapturous terms,—how he had ridiculed the fair form which he now protests is the object of his "admiring estimation,"—how he had reproached with selfishness the individual to whom he now pours out his song of gratitude for having "devoted herself to him,"—how he had thanked God for delivering him from the very person whom he now thanks the same Almighty Power for having inclined to his addresses;—to you and I, Gentlemen, who know all these things besides, such professions as I have read to you, must needs appear nothing else than an outrage on every sanction both human and divine.

To such lengths did the defendant push his mock suit—for nothing else can I call it—that it was at length fixed, as far as words can fix, that the marriage should take place in September 1823. Miss Dick and the whole of her family regarded it as a matter so absolutely settled, that they announced the event to their different friends and connexions, and commenced the necessary preparations on their side for its accomplishment.

Now it was that the defendant began to bring into play those shuffling expedients, to which, I am convinced, he looked forward from the beginning for his extrication from this second engagement, and the gratification of his revenge

against Miss Dick and her family. Whatever doubts may still exist in some of your minds, as to the possibility of the defendant's being actuated by such desperate *malice aforethought,* I think they must vanish rapidly before the corroborative proofs which now come thick upon us. If what took place before the rapturous protestations which I have quoted, has not convinced every one of their utter heartlessness, what took place immediately after them must surely carry conviction to the most incredulous. No sooner had the time for the marriage been fixed—no sooner had the Dick family committed themselves, as it were, beyond the power of escape from the infliction of the defendant's malice, and the derision or pity of the world—than the defendant, who just the moment before was one of the most longing, straightforward, and resolute of lovers, commences retreating at all points. First, he remembers* that he has never made any intimation of the proposed union to two sisters, Euphemia and Catherine, who had succeeded their elder sister, Jean, in the management of his household, and also, it would appear, in the comptrollership of his affections; he feels that he is bound in equity and gratitude to consult them on the subject; he discovers for the first time, that his duty and affection have come "*in contact;*" but "*trusts*"—mark, Gentlemen, how artfully *uncertainty* begins to be insinuated—

* Appendix, A. No. 4.

he trusts "God will enable him"—see how impiously he drags in Providence to be responsible for his own predetermined breach of engagement—"to pursue effectually that wise course, by which he shall find, by the month of September, his sisters happy in the career of honour and of usefulness, and himself blessed in the enjoyment of his own Eliza." Before, however, there is time for any such "wise course" to neutralise the dreaded opposition of the sisters—exactly ten days after—he finds out quite a new obstacle,* a "melancholy history," which has "*all*" come to pass within that short interval. His brother Robert, the same to whom he addressed the extraordinary letter, which has been of so much service to a right understanding of this case,—who had subsequently followed his brother to this metropolis, and with whom he had almost ever since been at deadly enmity—had, after a few months cessation of hostilities, come anew upon him, "like a roaring lion from Tophet"—assailed him in his house—assailed him in his pulpit—put him in dread of being actually murdered—so that altogether, he felt "completely unfitted" for "carrying on his correspondence" with "his own" "loving," "dear," "dearest," Eliza, any longer. The suspicions of Miss Dick and her family were now, as they might well be, awakened. From this moment, they confess that they

* See letter Appendix, A. No. 9.

did begin to entertain apprehensions of the candour and honesty of Mr. Fletcher's intentions, and were fearful that he was only endeavouring to raise up obstacles to the union, which might induce Miss Dick, as on a former occasion, to put a stop on her part to the courtship. But notwithstanding the strong grounds they had for these suspicions, they prudently determined that they should have more decisive proofs of his intention to break off from his engagement, before they took any step on that idea. Within a day, therefore, after the receipt of the news about the "lion from Tophet," Miss Dick wrote a letter * to the "afflicted Alexander," in which she candidly confessed, that she did not understand (who could?) what he meant by saying that the conduct of his brother completely unfitted him for his correspondence with her; that she sympathised, and the whole of her family sympathised, with him deeply, on account of the afflictions he experienced from that quarter; but that these afflictions only strengthened her the more in the resolution of becoming the companion of his sorrows. Gentlemen, you may know something, andmus have read more, of dead halts, in military operations—of an army, for instance, when in full flight, being intercepted by the blowing up of a bridge over a broad and unfordable stream; but nothing of the kind that you have ever either known or

* Appendix A. No. 10.

read of, can have exceeded, in effect, this judicious countercheck on the part of Miss Dick. She presumes not to doubt that her "loving Alexander" is sorely troubled, but claims that dearest of a wife's privileges—the privilege of sharing his griefs, and, by way of recompense for the moiety left to him, of doubling at the same time his joys. The defendant, who had evidently never anticipated that his "melancholy history" would end in an issue so contrary to his wishes, was like one struck dumb; so completely had Miss Dick met the pretended difficulty in the case, that he knew not what reply to make to her, and therefore replied not at all. As matters, however, could not for his own sake be prudently left in the state to which they were thus brought, he bethought him of a mode of extricating himself from the dilemma in every way worthy of the ingenuity and veracity which have distinguished the whole of his proceedings. "I cannot, to be sure," thought he, "reply to this letter, but I can affect never to have received it; and, if necessary, can deny that I ever did." He writes, accordingly, a third letter * to Miss Dick, in which he takes not the least notice of her last epistle—nay, says not a word about the "melancholy history" which led to it, and which, according to his shewing, had completely unfitted him for any further correspondence—but starts quite a new obstacle to the

* Appendix, A., No. 12.

fulfilment of his engagement. It is no longer the "roaring lion from Tophet" that stands in the path, nor solely his amiable sisters, Euphemia and Catherine, but nearly the whole band of female Fletchers—some ten or a dozen, I believe—that have put their negative on the match. "The aversion" he says, "of my sisters to the intended relation, was what I never dreamed of, particularly after a lapse of ten years. Were this aversion confined to one or two, it might be endured; but when I find it has extended to nearly the whole, I am inexpressibly distressed.—(Perfidious dissembler!)—Could I persuade myself to be willing to be separated from them for life, and that you and I could be happy together with such a separation before our eyes—could my regard to *you* destroy my fraternal affection to *them*, or could I bring myself the length of disregarding both their friendship and their feelings, I would at once, even now, enter into the connexion—BUT I CANNOT."

The receipt of this letter put an end to all doubt in the minds of Miss Dick and her friends as to the real designs of Mr. Fletcher. The effect which the discovery had on the mind of the unfortunate lady, it were vain to attempt to describe. Such was the state of agitation and distress into which it threw her, that she had to leave wholly to others the steps to be adopted in this delicate crisis. Her father immediately wrote

to Mr. Fletcher,* in terms, such as it became a father, alive to the happiness of his daughter, and to his own honour, to write; the letter expressed Dr. Dick's astonishment that any person, claiming the character of a man of sense, spirit, and integrity, could consider the opposition of his sisters as a sufficient reason for breaking off so sacred an engagement as that of marriage; reminded the defendant of the preparations which had been made for his union to his daughter, and of the confident expectations entertained by the lady and all her friends, that it would take place at the time fixed by himself; and warned him respectfully, but firmly, that he must not expect that Miss Dick would, for any reason he had yet stated, be a second time induced to give up her claims upon him.

Such, Gentlemen, was the general tenor of the letter; but it is fit you should hear the case stated in the venerable gentleman's own words; there is an eloquence in this pleading of a father for the rights of his child, to which no abstract can possibly do justice.—"You say that in the present state of your feelings, you cannot enter into the connexion. Your feelings seem to incline too much to one side. Has my daughter *no feelings*? Are you under no obligation to respect them? Is she to be cruelly harassed, and your sisters to be soothed and gratified? * * * * * * * You

* Appendix A., No. 13.

are called to perform your promise, by your honour as a man, and by your character as a minister of religion. What would you think of a man who had twice abandoned the woman whose affections he had solicited and gained, because his sisters did not approve of the connexion, while they could say nothing against her character? If you are at a loss, put the question, I would not say to a christian friend, but to a man of the world. It would be easy to give his answer; but I shall leave it to your own meditations * * * * Hitherto, I have not interfered in the business, but now I am called upon to come forward, and to tell you plainly, that I will not allow the honour of my daughter, and my family, to be trifled with again. With your sisters I have nothing to do; but I have to do with your solemn engagement, and I insist that it shall be fulfilled. You will yourself be convinced, I trust, that every thing honourable and sacred require you to do so. If I am disappointed in this expectation, the affair will not end as it did formerly—for I am determined to take every measure to vindicate the honour of my daughter, and to expose to the public a train of conduct of which there will be few examples upon record."

What think you, Gentlemen, was the defendant's manner of noticing this most reasonable and necessary communication? You have had already but too many proofs of the slight regard he pays

to decency and truth, and yet I am sure you can never picture to yourselves the shameful violation of both, by which he proceeded to bring this eventful history to a close. Will it be believed, that, in a reply * which he sent—not directly and manfully to Dr. Dick himself, but with cowardly circuitousness to the suffering object of his perfidy herself—he had the assurance to feign astonishment at being so addressed, and to be utterly confounded that Dr. Dick should have stept forward at all in this stage of the business! "Astonishment"! Gentlemen, that he should have been called upon to fulfil an obligation of the most sacred description, after he had declared in the most unequivocal terms, that he could not, would not, fulfil it. "Confounded"! that a father should step forward at any stage to protect a beloved daughter from insult and shame—to preserve her perchance from what has been but too often the consequence of such damned perjuries—a broken heart, and an early grave. Oh! it is monstrous, that such unblushing effrontery should, in so moral and enlightened an age as this, be able to find a single hole or corner, where to hide its head from execration and scorn.

But even this, Gentlemen, is but the prelude to much that is a great deal worse. Surely, if there ever be a case where one may presume to suppose that the Deity speaks with the voice of man, it is when a pious and aged father is heard assert-

* Appendix A., No. 14.

ing the rights of an injured and unoffending daughter; and yet—Oh, matchless impiety!—this defendant, this *reverend* defendant, has the daring to assert, that "the language of Providence to him in that letter," is *not* to fulfil his most sacred engagement, but to "*pause*," "*pause!*" I confess, Gentlemen, that when I came to this part of my instructions—shocked as I had been by the frequent liberties taken by the defendant in the course of the preceding details, with the name and attributes of the Divinity,—I felt the very life's blood freeze within my veins. 'What,' said I, 'must I not only expose the perfidy of this man to his fellow-creature, but must I exhibit him in the accursed act of attempting to make an all-just Providence a partner in his iniquity? Of mere breaches of faith and honour, and of some that were bad enough, I had heard before; but what was I to call this, which insulted both God and man; which tore up th every foundations of human nature, and hurled its fragments at the sacred altar, as if to bury religion beneath the ruins of society? Oh! it is guilt that might put a demon to the blush. The very devils, we are assured, believe and tremble—believe in the justice and goodness of the Most High—and tremble whilst they believe.'

The conclusion to which the defendant comes, is such as you might expect—the only one, in truth, that you could reasonably expect from premises

so flagitious. You have seen, Gentlemen, how determinedly, and in what various ways the defendant had declared that he could not fulfil his engagement to Miss Dick; but you have yet to learn what this last letter informs the lady,—that there had never, after all, been any change in his views! (in *one sense*, I am convinced, there never had,) and that it was neither his angry sisterhood, nor the "roaring lion from Tophet," that led him to break off the connexion, but "the *last* epistolary intelligence from Glasgow," which had "produced *a change—a total revolution in his views*, which solely dates its origin to *that cause*." I do not believe, Gentlemen, that the whole annals of audacity can furnish any thing exceeding this, in brazen-faced assurance. The way in which the defendant contrived to throw the breach of his first engagement on Miss Dick, is venial when compared with it. In the former case, Miss Dick *was* provoked to do that which, literally interpreted, gave her the appearance of discarding the defendant; but, in the present instance, nothing whatever of the kind takes place. Every attempt which the defendant makes to provoke a similar dismissal, is met by renewed protestations of the lady's willingness to share his fortunes, whatever they may be; every thing on the part of Miss Dick and her friends, is marked by a steadfast resolution of keeping to the engagement; the defendant is at his wits' end for a pre-

text for the final rupture; and for lack of a better, turns round on his pursuers, and coolly says, "Well, since nothing will frighten you out of the match—neither my brother's conduct, nor the opposition of my sisters—I must now tell you, that the manner in which you have insisted on my fulfilling my engagement, is so 'repulsive and threatening,' that, for that reason and no other, I cannot, and will not, fulfil it. I have succeeded in putting you out of temper, at any rate, and should be omitting to take the benefit of my own wrong, were I not to make that want of temper, and that alone, my apology for having nothing farther to do with you." Am I not right, Gentlemen, in saying that such conduct as this, is without a parallel? Can I be wrong in challenging the counsel for the defendant to show me any thing like it in all domestic history—any thing half so base, shameless, and unprincipled? But why do I attempt to give characterizing lineaments to a species of infamy, which it is not in the power of language to describe? It would require, in order to do it justice, a language that has words to parch and wither and destroy whate'er they light on.

Gentlemen, my part of this day's proceedings is nearly done; yours is about to commence. You have heard the tale of the defendant's double treachery; its commencement, its progress, and its aggravations. Can it, do you think, admit of

justification, or of palliation? I have heard it rumoured, that the defendant does intend to plead one or the other. I know, indeed, that in his flight to the ignominious oblivion prepared for him, he has already made more than one pause to fling his Parthian poison on the justice that pursues him. But I do hope, that in the presence of this venerable court, in the hearing of this enlightened and virtuous jury, he may yet be deterred by some remaining sense of shame, from the sort of defence which I have been instructed to anticipate. The defendant, I am told, has asserted,* and is prepared again to assert, that the second correspondence was not commenced by him, but originated in an overture on the part of Miss Dick, and that having been so indelicately drawn into it, he is the less culpable for breaking it off. I am instructed, Gentlemen, to state, that a fouler lie was never uttered. Miss Dick, never after the first rupture, wrote a single line to Mr. Fletcher, till he had written to her, and solicited a renewal of the correspondence. In one of the Parthian Pamphlets, which the defendant has addressed to the public on the subject, he has the boldness in one place to assert, † that "such evidence will be given in another part, as to prove, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that such a communication *was sent to him* by the lady;" but

* Appeal to Public Opinion, p. 21.

† *Ibid.*

though I have examined with care every succeeding page of this veracious production, I have not been able to discover the slightest trace of any such evidence. The only thing I have met with that bears on the point, is the following curious note:—"It is true, I solicited the second correspondence, but it is also true she wrote to me after the conclusion of the *first*." Yes, but *when*, most honest Alexander? "*After* the conclusion of the first," certainly, but not till after you had also *solicited the renewal of the correspondence*. Such is the astounding amount of that evidence which was to place, "beyond the possibility of a doubt," the fact of the first overture having proceeded from the lady; a vile and despicable quibble, not worth even the slight notice which I have now taken of it, but of quite as much weight, I dare say, as any thing which you will hear offered to-day, in support of what, on the authority of this brief, I again pronounce to be a foul and odious lie.

Gentlemen of the jury, I now leave the case with perfect confidence in your hands. I confess I am not sorry that it is one of such unmixed and thorough depravity. When an individual has laboured so diligently, as this defendant has done, to reflect dishonour on the country which sent him forth on a message of goodness and peace, as well as on the sacred order of which he is an unworthy member; it is well that there is no chance

of any sentiment of compassion arising to intercept or mitigate the signal vengeance which is necessary to vindicate the one and purify the other. When an individual has displayed so cruel and wanton a contempt, as this defendant has done, for the best feelings of others, it is well that there happens not to be a single feature in the whole of his conduct, which can make you regret that you have it in *your* power to teach him what it is to feel both acutely and permanently. The guilt which you have to punish, has in it a feature of almost every crime under heaven; it seems as if the defendant had, on the broken tablet of the decalogue, whetted the dagger for the social assassination, which he has committed. Gentlemen, you convict for obtaining goods under false pretences; here is a man, who, by means of the falsest protestations, has swindled an innocent and confiding female out of her chief treasure—her affections, and repaid her only with cruelty and scorn. You convict for treason; here is the vilest disloyalty to the gentlest of all dominions—that of friendship and love. You convict for homicide; here is the hand that has murdered family peace. You convict for blasphemy; here is the name of the Deity invoked again and again—by one, too, who ministers in his temples—to sanction the most damning violations of truth, honour, and good faith. Gen-

tlemen, I call on you by all your obligations, public, private, moral, and religious—by the hearth profaned—by the home made sorrowful —by national character tarnished—by the canons of the living God impiously contemned,—to mark by your verdict this day, your horror at this unequalled complication of iniquity. And believe me, that when the hand that records that verdict shall be dust, and the tongue that asks it traceless in the grave, many a happy home and well-tended flock will bless its consequences; many an anxious father will still point to the immortal lesson which it taught,—that to be faithful to one's obligations, is still the surest way to lasting happiness and honour.

Evidence for the Prosecution.

Mr. Chitty then proceeded to examine the following witnesses for the prosecution:

Mr. Alexander Dick.—You are acquainted with the defendant, the Rev. Alexander Fletcher?—Yes; I have known him since I was a boy, and, at one time, was in habits of the closest friendship with him.

That was, I believe, when Mr. Fletcher was a student at the university of Glasgow?—Yes.

Was Mr. Fletcher a frequent visitor, at that time, in your father's family?—He was.

In what capacity did he visit?—As a friend.

Was it not as a suitor to one of your sisters?—Not for a considerable time, certainly. I know that, from the first, he evinced a strong regard for my sister, Eliza, but two or three years, at least, must have elapsed before he was looked upon in the light of her suitor.

When he at length professed himself her admirer, did your parents approve of his addresses?—I cannot say that they approved of them entirely. They left my sister

to decide for herself; but as Mr. Fletcher was a very young man, and without any fortune or settlement in life, they recommended, I believe, that she should delay, for a time, forming any definitive engagement with him.

When were they considered definitively engaged?—Not sooner, I think, than the end of 1811, or beginning of 1812; it was after Mr. Fletcher had received a call to London.

Were they to have been married in 1812?—No, not in 1812; but, in the summer of that year, Mr. Fletcher paid a visit to Glasgow, when it was finally arranged, that the marriage should take place some time in the following year. Mr. Fletcher was to be occupied in the meanwhile, in making preparations for the reception of my sister.

Did your sister receive any communication from Mr. Fletcher, shortly after his return to London?—Yes; she received a letter from him, in which he stated a number of difficulties with which he found himself unexpectedly surrounded. He mentioned, in particular, that he would have to build a house, and for that purpose to borrow money, the idea of which seemed to give him great distress.

What answer did your sister return to this letter?—She wrote to him, that he ought by no means to run himself into debt on her account, and that it would be better to defer the marriage for a year or too longer.

What reply did Mr. Fletcher make?—He replied in a very dissatisfied, upbraiding, and categorical manner, that he had formed a resolution, or made a vow,—I forget which—that the marriage should take place at the appointed time or never, and he accused my sister of want of affection in proposing any delay.

Was your sister also favoured, about the same time, with an epistle from Jean Fletcher, the sister of the defendant?—She was: with a very abusive and scurrilous one.

Was your sister previously acquainted with this lady?—No; she had only heard of her from her brother.

What effect had this letter on your sister?—She felt that she had been used most unhandsomely and cruelly, both by Mr. Fletcher and his sister; and therefore signified to him that she must decline any farther correspondence.

Was this with the approbation of her family?—Yes; with the approbation of every one of us.

Did the correspondence after this cease entirely?—Yes, entirely.

It was renewed, however, I believe, some time after. Can you tell us at what period?—In 1823.

Had your sister no communication during the ten years that intervened with Mr. Fletcher?—I may say none whatever. She met him once at a promiscuous party in Glasgow; and once shook hands with him, upon accidentally encountering him in Edinburgh; but with these exceptions, she had no farther intercourse with him.

It was Mr. Fletcher, of course, who made overtures for a renewal of the correspondence?—Yes; on the 13th of February, 1823, my sister received a letter from him, soliciting an interview with her in July following, when he intended to be in Scotland on a mission from the London Missionary Society, and that she would, in the meantime, correspond with him.—[Produces the letter.*]

Did your sister consent to renew the correspondence?—Yes.

What happened after this?—After a number of letters had passed between them, it was at length agreed that they should be married when Mr. Fletcher came down to Scotland. September was fixed by himself.

Have you any of these letters with you?—Yes.

Produce them.

Witness produced two letters from the defendant of the 22d of May, and 13th of June, 1823.†

Was the marriage now considered as a perfectly settled affair in your family?—Yes; it was. We looked upon it as a matter absolutely and unequivocally fixed. All our friends and connexions were informed of it; and some of them have told me, that they actually purchased articles intended as marriage presents to my sister.

Did your sister receive a letter some time in June, 1823, from a Mrs. Jean Pirie, of London, warning her that Mr. Fletcher was likely to encounter some opposition to his wishes, on the part of his sisters?—Yes.—[Witness here produced the letter, with Miss Dick's answer.‡]

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* Appendix A., No. 2. † Appendix, Nos. 3 and 4.
‡ Appendix, Nos. 5 and 6.

And within a few days after, did she receive a letter from Mr. Fletcher himself, mentioning that on another account entirely, namely, the conduct of his brother Robert, he felt himself completely unfitted for carrying on the correspondence any longer?—She did; the letter, which I have with me, is dated the 23d of June.—[Produces the letter.*]

What answer did your sister make to this communication?—She expressed herself at a loss to comprehend why the conduct of Mr. Fletcher's brother should be any obstacle to their union, and pressed for the fulfilment of his engagement. No copy of her letter was preserved, but I have here a statement of its contents, written and attested by my sister.—[Produces the statement.†]

When did your sister hear again from Mr. Fletcher?—Not till the 7th of July, when she received a letter from him, in which he dropped all allusion to his brother's conduct, but said, that in consequence of the aversion of his sisters, he could not enter into the connexion.—[Produces the letter.‡]

Your sister, I dare say, was much hurt by the defendant's conduct?—She was, indeed; nothing could exceed the state of distress into which it threw her.

Did your father then interfere?—Yes; he felt himself imperiously called on to do so. On the 7th of July, he wrote to Mr. Fletcher, insisting that he should fulfil his engagement; and intimating, that if he did not, the affair should not end as it had done before.—[Produces a copy of the letter.§]

Did Mr. Fletcher make any reply to this letter?—No; not to my father, at least. On the 17th of July, however, he wrote an angry letter to my sister, in which he affected great surprise and displeasure at my father's interference, and stated, that on that account alone, he could no longer think of the connexion.—[Produces the letter‖.]

Did your sister write to Mr. Fletcher, at all again, after the receipt of his letter on the 7th of July?—Yes, once again, two days before she received the letter I have

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* Appendix A., No. 9. † Appendix, No. 10.
‡ Appendix, No. 12. § Appendix, No. 13.
‖ Appendix, No. 14.

last mentioned, of the 17th of July—it was a last appeal. [Produces a copy of the letter.*]

Did Mr. Fletcher make any reply to it?—None.

What proceedings were then adopted?—In the beginning of August, I came to London for the purpose of seeing Mr. Fletcher personally, and coming to a definite understanding. All my attempts, however, to obtain an interview with him were unavailing; and the only satisfaction I could obtain, was a long letter from him, in which he attempted to show, that he had done nothing in the affair with my sister, but what conscience and duty required, and offered to submit his conduct to any two ministers in Scotland or England.—[Produces the letter.†]—I returned for answer, that his letter contained only a repetition of former excuses; that I saw it was not his intention to act honourably to my sister, and that I therefore considered myself and my friends at full liberty to take measures to vindicate her rights.—[Produces a copy of the answer.‡]

Cross-examined by Mr. Scarlett.

You have said, that you do not think there was any definitive engagement between your sister and Mr. Fletcher, sooner than 1811 or 1812, after Mr. Fletcher had received a *call*, as you term it, to London, and that it was agreed this marriage should take place some time in the following year. Are you quite sure that there was no earlier engagement?—I do not believe there was any; as far as my own knowledge goes, there was not.

Did you never hear that, even *after* Mr. Fletcher had obtained a comfortable establishment in London, and *after* your sister had agreed to take him for better and for worse, she declined having him, not because she had any objections, but because his relations were not respectable?—I never did; Mr. Fletcher's relations are highly respectable.

You have mentioned a letter which Miss Jean Fletcher wrote to your sister—What notice did your sister take of it? I do not mean to Miss Fletcher, but to her brother. Was it in some such terms as these:—"Sir, I have just received a letter from a woman calling herself Jean

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* Appendix A., No. 15. † Appendix, No. 17.
‡ Appendix, No. 18.

Fletcher. Who is this woman, who is in possession of this minute statement of facts? No doubt some miscreant walking the streets of London. Who gave her this minute statement of facts? Is it the honourable man whom she calls her brother? If she is *your* sister, thank God, she shall *never* be mine."

I have heard my sister speak in very indignant terms of Miss Fletcher's letter; and I have no doubt that she expressed her mind on the subject to Mr. F., but that it was in such terms as these I do not believe.

You have told us, that when Mr. Fletcher started certain difficulties in 1813, your sister wrote to him, proposing that the marriage should be deferred *for a year or two longer*. Will you swear, Sir, that the words she used were not something like these, that "if poverty came in after marriage, it ought to be borne; but to run into it with her eyes open, was a thing she was resolved not to do; that she was, at present, in the bosom of an affectionate father's family, in affluence and comfort, and that she meant to consult *her own interest*, and remain where she was for *three years to come?*"

I will swear, that I do not believe my sister ever wrote any thing of the kind.

Mr. Chitty submitted, that if the defendant meant to found any thing on these letters, he was bound to produce them.

Chief Justice.—Most certainly.

Mr. Scarlett.—Let us only be on equal terms. The substance of several letters has been sworn to by this witness, which have not been produced though received by Miss Dick.

Chief Justice.—Yes, brother Scarlett; but then there is no denial that these letters were sent, and that the witness's statement of their contents is correct. You pretend here to quote passages of

a very extraordinary tenor from certain letters of Miss Dick, and the witness swears he does not believe she ever wrote any thing of the kind. Surely, the only way to settle the point, is to produce the letters themselves. Is it not strange that you do not?

Mr. Scarlett.—We may have our reasons for not producing them.

Chief Justice.—Yes; and it is on that very account, that we ought to pay no regard to what you say of their contents, till you do produce them.

Cross-examination resumed by Mr. Scarlett.

You have stated, that you came to town in August, for the purpose of coming to a definitive understanding with Mr. Fletcher, but could not obtain an interview with him. I wish to know, Sir, whether Mr. Fletcher was the first person, in London, you applied to on the subject, after your arrival?—I arrived in London on the evening of Saturday, the 2d of August; and, on the 3d, being Sunday, I sent a note to Mr. Fletcher, announcing my arrival, and soliciting an early interview.

Come, Sir, no fencing with me; you know very well that this is no answer to my question. But to assist your comprehension a little, I will put it in a different shape. Pray, Sir, *who* delivered the note to Mr. Fletcher, of which you have just spoken?—One of the managers of his chapel.

Oh! one of his managers. So then, you went to his managers first of all, and told them, I suppose, a fine story about the conduct of their minister. I should not be surprised if you showed them some of the pretty love-letters you have produced to us to-day?—I did.

And that you thought perfectly delicate and honourable?—Yes; under the circumstances in which I was placed. I must beg leave to explain. The first of Mr. Fletcher's managers I saw was Mr. Pirie, the husband of the lady who wrote the warning letter I before mentioned to my sister. He told me that Mr. Fletcher's

friends in London knew little of the affair between that gentleman and my sister, beyond what they had gathered from Mr. Fletcher and his near relations; but that, if a Mr. M'Crone, a brother-in-law of Mr. F.'s, might be believed, it was my sister who commenced the second correspondence, and had, in fact, made a tender of her hand; and that if Mr. F. himself might be believed, he had never fully committed himself with Miss Dick. I felt naturally indignant at statements so contrary to the truth, and, I believe, told Mr. Pirie, that I was sure he must have misunderstood both Mr. M'Crone and Mr. Fletcher, for that they never could have said any thing so false and injurious. Several of Mr. Pirie's fellow-managers, however, came to me afterwards, and confirmed every word he had said. One of them, in particular, mentioned, that on pointedly questioning Mr. F. whether he had gone so far as not to be able to retract with honour, Mr. F. answered, that he did not think he had at all committed himself. What then was I to do? Not only was my sister wounded in her feelings—

Mr. Scarlett.—No arguing, if you please, Sir,—leave that to my learned friends and me. Confine yourself to facts. What *did* you do?

In justice to my sister, I showed such extracts from Mr. Fletcher's letters, as served to contradict in the most direct manner, his qualified account of his engagement, and the assertion of Mr. M'Crone, that my sister had offered her hand.

When was this? Was it *after* you had made every endeavour to see Mr. Fletcher himself, but in vain?—No; it was on the Sunday immediately after my arrival.

What! the very day after you came to town, and before you had even announced to Mr. Fletcher that you had arrived?—Yes.

And this you call acting in a way likely to accomplish your object! You came to town to try and settle matters, personally, with Mr. Fletcher, and before seeing him, expose his confidential letter to your sister!

I did not conceive that any delicacy towards Mr. Fletcher should prevent me from exhibiting his own written refutation of the calumnies which he and his friends had been the means of circulating against my sister.

Chief Justice.—But pray, Mr. Scarlett, what has all this to do with the question of the breach of promise? You are examining the witness as to circumstances which all occurred posterior to the defendant's refusal to fulfil his engagement, and which, you are aware, can furnish no palliation of that offence.

Mr. Scarlett.—I have done, my Lord.

Examined by the Jury.

By Sir Walter Scott.—Pray, what were the ages of your sister and Mr. Fletcher, when the former proposed, in 1812, to defer the marriage, as you say, for a year or two longer, or, as the defendant says, for three years? I think it is of some importance to ascertain this, for we all know "with whom time gallops withal."

Mr. Galt.—Or, as our country proverb, Sir Walter, says, that "dochters and dead fish are nae keeping ware."

They were about the same age. Mr. Fletcher would, at the end even of three years' delay, not have been more than twenty-five.

By Mr. Thomas Moore.—Was the attachment, on the part of your sister, a very ardent one?—I thought, extremely so.

By Mr. Thomas Campbell.—Had she conquered that attachment after the first rupture, or did she still look forward to the possibility of a reconciliation?

Mr. Rogers.—My friend means, did she indulge in the *Pleasures of Hope?*

I think she did; her affection for Mr. Fletcher was certainly never wholly eradicated.

By Mr. Rogers.—And she still, I presume, feels keenly the injury which had been done her?

Mr. Campbell.—My friend means, Sir, that *Memory* has no *Pleasures* for her.

It has not.

By Mr. Kirkman Finlay.—What was in the lass's head, or in yours, Sir, or your father's, either, that made ye listen to the callan a second time? Sure, ye might

hae kent better than to expect ony good to come o't. Did your mither never tell ye, that 'tis shame fa' the man that cheats ye ance, but shame fa' *yoursel* if he cheats you twice?

We thought that, in the first instance, Mr. F. acted under the influence of his sisters, and did not blame him so much as them.

Mrs. Pirie, wife of Mr. John Pirie, merchant, London, examined by Mr. Chitty.

Are you acquainted with the defendant, the Rev. Alexander Fletcher?—Oh, I ken him weel; it was my Christian preevilege, Sir, to be under his meenistry for the feck o' twal years or mair. My gudeman was treasurer to his congregation, and a manager forbye.

Do you recollect of Mr. Fletcher's consulting you about some difficulties that had come in the way of his marriage with Miss Dick, of Glasgow?—Fu' weel do I. I'se tell ye a' about it. An intimate frien' o' ours, and o' the meenister's too, ane Mrs. Dykes, cam to me on Sunday, the 15th o' June, at the skailing o' the kirk, and told me the meenister wanted to speak to me. On this, I gaed into the vestry, when Mr. Fletcher trysted me to meet him on the Tuesday following, as he had something very particular to say to me. Sae, to be sure, I met him on the Tuesday—ye'll no be for speirin' *whar*, I suppose?

Mr. Scarlett.—Oh yes, good lady, let us have all about it.

Weel, since I maun tell ye, I met him at the house o' my *gudeman*. (*A laugh.*) Mrs. Pirie, says he, I ken ye to be a godly and discreet woman, an' ane wha has a great frien'ship for your meenister. I would trust you aboon ony body I ken in a' Lunnan. I'm come, therefore, to open my mind to you about a very delicate piece of business. Ye maun ken, that about ten years bygane, I was in luve wi' a dochter o' Dr. Dick's o' Glasgow, and about to be married till her, whan my sister Jean, wha didna like the leddy, wrote her sic a *deeabolical* letter, that the leddy flew aff in a rage, and wad hae naething mair to say to me. Howsomever, we've lately forgathered again, and it 's a' settled that we shall be married in September; but here's what I want your advice about. My sisters, Phemy and Kate, have fand out what is gan forward, and are so dour about it, that I'm afraid they'll be writing Miss

Dick as Jean did before, and spoil a' a second time. Now what d' ye think, my dear Mrs. Pirie, should be dune in this distressing perdicament? Wad ye be for reasonin' wi' the lassies? "Reasonin' wi' them," said I, "set them up wi' reasonin', indeed, what right hae they to be reasoned wi' in the business? Canna their brother think for himsel? I'll tell ye what, Mr. Fletcher, I'd advise you to do. It maybe wadna luke just sae weel for you to be writin' to Miss Dick ony ill about your sisters, but you can get some frien' to write to the leddy in confidence, telling her how ye stand wi' them, and warnin' her no to mind ony thing they may tak it into their heads to say anent the business." "My conscience! Mrs. Pirie," said the meenister to me, "but that's an excellent thought—I kent you would advise me for the best. "And now, mem," says the meenister, "if you would only be yoursel the kind frien' that wad write the letter ye sae discreetly recommend to Miss Dick, I wad be mair behaden to you than tongue can tell." "Atweel I'se do that," says I to the meenister, "and be unco glad to render ye sic a service; Miss Dick is o' a braw family, and it's a connexion will do you meikle credit."

And so you did write to Miss Dick on the subject?—Troth, I did; a letter enteerely o' my ain composin'. My gudeman did nae ken a word about it. And when I sent a copy o't to the meenister, by our frien', Mrs. Dykes, he said that naething could hae been better dune*—Na he went and put it into the post-office himsel.

Did Miss Dick send any answer to your letter?—D'ye think she wad hae been sae uncivil as no to do that? She wrote to me, beggin' me to accept her warmest thanks for my frien'ly letter, and saying, that a' that Mr. Fletcher's sisters could say or do, should hae nae influence whatever on her mind.

Did you show that answer to Mr. Fletcher?—I sent it out to the meenister, the moment I received it; and the neist time I saw him, he gave it me back, observin', by the way, o' Miss Dick, that her answer was written just like hersel.

Had you any farther correspondence with the Dick

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* Appendix, A, No. 5.

family?—I had another letter, a few days after, no frae Miss Leezy Dick, the meenister's intended, but frae Nelly Dick, her sister; and eh, Sirs! sic a letter! I couldna, Sir, believe my ain een when I read it. To think that my gude and pious meenister could be guilty o' sic dupleecity! Wad you or ony body believe it, Sir, it turned out, frae what Miss Nelly Dick said, that after a' I had been saying, her sister had received a letter frae the meenister, in which he said naething at a' about the rumpaging o' his twa sisters, but pretended that on account o' the pranks o' his madcap brither Robert, he could nae mair think o' carrying on the correspondence wi' Miss Dick ony longer, than o' fleein' in the air! Now ye maun ken, Sir, that a' thae pranks about which the meenister made sic a fuss to Miss Dick, had happened afore he opened his mind to me, as he pretended on the subject, and yet he never ance mentioned that they were ony obstacle—as how could they? to his marryin' the leddy! Weel, Sir, I was sae confoonded to think that the meenister should play fast and loose in this way,—saying ae thing to me, and anither to Miss Dick—makin' a fule o' the young leddy, and o' me too, as it war—that I ran, at ance, into the countin'-house to my gudeman, and tell'd him the hale story. And surpreez'd he was, ye may be sure, to hear it. "Oh!" said John, "that sic a chief in God's Israail should ever hae behaved sae. Alas! how is the gold become dim, how is the most refined gold changed! We must ca' a meetin' o' some frien's, my dear, and see what's to be done to preserve the meenister, if possible, frae sae waefu' a backslidin'." We sent, accordingly, for twa ither o' Mr. Fletcher's maist intimate frien's, and went owr a' the particulars o' the case to them, whan it was agreed among us, *nemine comine*, as my gudeman says, that the meenister was wantin' to begowk the young leddy, and that as frien's to him, and members o' his congregation, it behoved us to remonstrate wi' him on the subject. And sae they deputed me—being in a way preevileged to speak to him about it—havin' made me his confident, ye ken—to do what was proper on the occasion.

Did you see Mr. Fletcher, then, on the subject?—Yes; meeting him in the vestry-room of the kirk, I told him what sort o' letter I had received frae Miss Nelly

Dick, and how surpreezed we a' war, that he should think now o' breakin' aff his engagement. I expostulated wi' him a' that I was able, and entreated him to conseeder weel the consequences, baith to the leddy and himsel, if he did nae do as honour and duty requeered o' him. "O say nae mair aboot it," said the meenister, at length and lang, "I'll no deny, but what I'm bound in honour and conscience to marry the leddy, and God knows I like her weel. I was just writing a letter to her, to set matters a' right again; but I was ca'd awa' in the midst o't to speak a word o' comfort to Tam Langlands, the miller, wha's now, puir sinner, reapin' a crap o' his ain sawin; but I'll hae it finished, and sent aff by the morn's post"—and sae we parted.

Do you know whether he ever sent the letter which he promised to do?—Na, I am sure he never did. Whan doon in Scotland, some time since, seein' my frien's, Miss Dick told me, that every letter she received after that, was mair unkind and cruel than anither.

Cross-examined by Mr. Scarlett.

Do you remember, Madam, receiving a letter from Mr. Fletcher, about the beginning of July, 1823, saying that he wished to have no more of your interference in this affair?—Atweel he did; his note was dated the 3d of July; but ye's tak this alang wi' you, Sir, it was written on the same day that he wrote a letter to Miss Dick, putting an end to the affair athegither.

Examined by the Jury.

By Mr. Galt.—If I may be sae bauld, Mem, as to speir, is it the custom wi' folks o' your persuasion, to sit in conclave in the way ye hae described, on the sinfu' doings of their neighbours?—Atweel is it.

What! ev'ry little bit o' sculduddery that ye can lay your han's on?—Ay, Sir, ev'ry thing affecking the peurity o' ane's life an' conversation!

Gude guide us, leddy, ye maun then be a very godly people, or ye hae a great deal to do!

Nae that meikle to do either, Sir, nor sae very godly, I am wae to say.

But how d'ye contrive, Mem, to punish your evildoers?—O, fu' brawly, Sir! First, ye see, we admonish them; neist we rebeuk them; and gin a' that winna do,

then we excommunicat them—turn them out o' the fauld, as it war—and *keep* them out till they repent o' their sins, and show themselves deservin' o' bein' restored to kirk preevileges.

But surely, Mem, ye dinna veesit ev'ry little prank a man mae be guilty o' wi' sic severity as this. Not that I wud ca' Mr. Fletcher's a mere prank, but, for example's sake, noo; suppose I war ane o' your persuasion, and that, by way o' frolic, I war to write a beuk—I write beuks, ye ken—which might be ca'd no just the thing in a religious point o' view, wad I be taken owr the coals for that, and rebeuked before a hale congregation?—Troth, wud ye, Sir! And if I'm no mista'en, there's a gentleman near you can tell you frae his ain experience something about it.

Wha do you mean, Mem?

Mr. Blackwood.—My stars! my Lord, what has a' this to do wi' the case in han'?

Mr. Galt.—Be quiet now, Bailie, and ye'll see—I was speirin', Mem, wha ye meant?

Just Bailie Blackwood himsel, Sir.

Mr. Blackwood.—Had I kent this——

Mr. Galt.—You wudna hae come here, I suppose, Bailie. But go on, Mem.

Iv'e nae wish, Sir, to gie offence, but I'm sure the Bailie minds weel hoo he was ta'en in hand for makin' a mockery o' the Haly Scriptures in his Magazine, and how they wudna bapteeze his bairn till he stood in the kirk to be rebeuked for his sinfu' conduct.

Wud ye mind the name o' the thing ye speak o', Mem, were I to tell you 't? Was it the *Chaldee Manuscript?*—The vary same, Sir.

Weel, that's strange! I never kent till noo, that my frien', the Bailie, was the author o' that wicked production.

Haud a wee there, Sir! I wasna saying he wrote it. —*Him* write it!—He's but a Bailie.—(*Great laughter.*) —Na, na; it was written, as I have heard, by some of the waefu' wags o' writer chiels and sang-makers that come about him. But then ye ken it was the Bailie wha pooblished it, and, what is war, he pooblished it just to put a leetle siller in his pouch. Did ye ever hear o' sic sacrelege?

And has the Bailie, Mem, since he stood on the stool for this heinous offence, been restored to his kirk preevileges wi' you?—Restored, Sir! Aye was he, and had his bairn bapteezed like a dacent Christian. But I 'm thinkin' his repentance hadna been just as sincere as he pretended. For sune after, he seceded frae our connexion, and now I dinna ken that he belangs to ony persuasion ava.

Mr. Moore.—A pretty connexion yours is, Ma'am, for a literary man to belong to! I should like to know how many writers of note you have amongst you?

Hoo mony writers o' note amang us! Let me see: the pious and godly Ralph Erskine 's ane, and the saunted Mr. Brown o' Haddington 's anither—but stay—now that I mind, baith they great men are dead: and it 's about leevin' worthies ye're speerin', I reckon?

Mr. Moore.—Yes, Ma'am; name us some living worthies, if you please.

Weel, there's Dr. Jameson.

Mr. Moore.—A mere dictionary-maker.

And Dr. M'Crie.

Sir Walter Scott.—Forgive me, Madam; the name of Dr. M'Crie is one which does honour to Scottish literature; but you forget that the Doctor has refused to have any connexion with your Associate Synod.

There 's no denying that, Sir Walter; but ye ken the Doctor 's o' the Secession kirk for o' that; a thrivin' affshoot, as it were, o' the parent tree. But lettin' alane the Doctor, and forbye Dr. Jameson, there's the gude Doctor Dick himsel, and the Rev. Mr. Langgrace, o' Kittlemacuits, whase Cordial for Contrite Spirits has been my bosom companion for mony a year, and the Rev. Ebenezer Sampson, the famous poet.

Mr. Moore.—Ebenezer Sampson, the poet! I never heard of such a name.

Mr. Campbell.—Nor I.

Mr. Rogers.—*Psalm*son, I suppose, the witness means. (*A laugh.*)

And there's John Inverarity, ruling elder, whose book on Ceevic Economy, as my gudeman tells me, dings your Doctor Chalmers a' to pieces; and Elspeth Sangster, the author o' the Hillside Melodies, and the Rev. Mrs. Klishmaclaver, whase Sunday Nights Conversations, I'm sure,

can never be too heighly preezed; and the great Doctor Ogle——

Mr. Moore.—Enough! enough! Ma'am. An enlightened persuasion truly that has such a host of illustrious names to boast of! Its Sampsons, its Sangsters, its Klishmaclavers, and its great Doctor Ogle! O blessed effect of Presbyterian inquisition!

Mr. Rogers.—I think a good deal of time has been wasted (very pleasantly, to be sure) in examining this witness about what is very little to the purpose. I must trouble her, however, with one question, farther, which I wonder has escaped my friend, Mr. Moore.—Pray Madam, do any of the *Fudge Family* belong to your connexion? (*A laugh.*)

Na, na, Sir; we're a' Solemn League and Covenant folks.

Mr. Blackwood.—As my name (dag on 't!) has been very onnecessarily dragged into this buziness—and for the same I canna say I 'm muckie behaden to my frien' Mr. Galt—I maun beg leave to offer a few words by way o' explanation. It is vary true I was mysel a seceder yince, and that the bigotted bodies made me stand on the stool for my consarn wi' that piece o' deevilry, the Chaldee Manuscript; but it's no true, as the gude leddy here asserts—God forgie her!—that I pooblished it merely to pit money in my pocket. You a' ken, I suppose, that it was Jamie Hogg, the loon, that wrote the thing; (for which, and mair forbye that shall be nameless, the cutty-stool wud hae suited him a hantle better than me.) But it's quite oonknown hoo I was plagued and teazed by Jamie and the lave at Ambrose's before I wud gie my consent to its appearin'. I did nae muckle mind the shepherd's threatenin' to tak' his sheep in future to Newcastle (though, to be sure, there 's few better comes to Embray), nor yet Colin the tiger's threat to make a Saugur pie o' my carcase gin I refused; nor even a hint frae the Ensign aboot bein' a flae in my lug as lang as I leeved. But whan the Doctor (dag on 't!) told me that if I wad nae print the arteecle, he wad get Wadsworth to mak me the hero o' his neist six volumes in quarto. Oh graashious! I could stand out nae langer. I tauld the Doctor that rather than be buried alive in that way, I wad consent to ony thing he liked. An' this, believe me, Gentlemen, is the real and true account o' the matter.

Mr. John Pirie examined by Mr. Chitty.

You were for some years, I believe, one of the managers and treasurers of Mr. Fletcher's congregation?—I was for a good many years.

And on terms of intimacy with Mr. Fletcher?—Of great intimacy.

Do you remember of hearing, some time in the month of June, 1823, of a projected marriage between Mr. F. and Miss Dick?—I do; I heard of it from my wife early in June, and was extremely glad to receive the intelligence. It appeared to me a most desirable union, in every point of view, and one which was sure to give satisfaction to the whole of his congregation.

Did you think the match would be equally agreeable to Mr. Fletcher's own immediate relations?—I had soon every reason to believe, that it would be quite the reverse. I found that his sisters, who resided with him, were endeavouring, by all possible means, to prevent the marriage, and that Mr. F.'s relations, generally, were much averse to it. About the middle of June, I received a letter from Mr. M'Crone, a brother-in-law of Mr. Fletcher's, requesting me to procure the settlement of some money matters between Mr. F. and his sisters, previous to the intended marriage, of which he took occasion to speak in very harsh terms.

Do you know what were the objections of Mr. Fletcher to the match?—As stated by Mr. M'Crone, the chief objection was, that the lady had, many years ago, rejected Mr. Fletcher with scorn, and ill-treated his relations; and that when unable to do better, she now came forward with the offer of her hand, which Mr. F. was silly enough to accept.

Did they object to the connexion as a disreputable one?—Oh, by no means! Mr. M'Crone owned, that it was quite the reverse, but, objected to the Dicks, because, as he said, they thought "more highly of themselves than all the Fletchers or M'Crones on earth."—(*Laughter.*)—"Consequently," said he, "I consider Mr. Fletcher a lost brother to us all!"—(*Much laughter.*)—

Have you that letter with you?—I have.—Produce it.

[Witness produced the letter.*]

What answer did you make to Mr. M'Crone?—I told

* Appendix, A, No. 7.

him, that if Mr. Fletcher had committed himself in any degree to the young lady, and in consequence of the interference of his sisters, or any relations on earth, should draw back—from that moment I should fear his usefulness as a minister, and his character, as a man, would be at an end.

Did Mr. M'Crone make any reply to your letter?—Yes; he replied, that if Mr. Fletcher had entirely, of his own accord, brought matters a certain length, it would, indeed, be "drawing back to perdition," were he not to fulfil his engagement; but, if, as fame reported, the lady made the first advances, in that case, he thought Mr. Fletcher's drawing back might admit of explanation. (*Produces the letter.**)

Did your wife, about the same time, inform you of a correspondence, on the subject, which she had with Miss Dick and her sister?—She did.

[The witness was then examined at length, touching the subsequent particulars already detailed in evidence, by Mrs. Pirie and Mr. Alexander Dick, all of which he fully confirmed.]

Cross-examined by Mr. Scarlett.

Besides what you have told us, Sir, of your answer to Mr. M'Crone, did you not say to him, that if Mr. Fletcher refused to marry Miss Dick, you would place yourself *in the front of the battle against him?*—I did say I would do so, but only in the event of its turning out that Mr. Fletcher had so far committed himself, that he could not retract with honour.

And so you were pleased, Sir, of your own mere will and authority, to constitute yourself champion of this forsaken damsel, and generalissimo of the battle array against your late friend and pastor. I dare say now, Sir, you will tell us that it was by a sense of duty alone that you were actuated, and that there was nothing, in the least, meddling, officious, or impertinent, in all this?—It was, Sir, by a sense of duty, alone, I was actuated. When the obligations of Christian fellowship are so flagrantly infringed, as they were in this case by Mr. Fletcher,—

Not so fast, if you please, Sir, that is a point which we have to put to the Jury, yet, with your leave.

Appendix, A., No. 11.

Well, but I may state, I presume, what my own impressions were. I, for one, thought that Mr. Fletcher had behaved in so unchristian-like a manner, that it became the duty of every honest man to take part against him.

And you kept your word, I believe?—I am not in the habit, Sir, of doing otherwise; notwithstanding I sat so long under Mr. Fletcher's ministry.

You kept in the front of the battle, I mean?—I have never shrunk, Sir, from doing my duty.

It was you, I believe, who employed the solicitors, who conducted certain legal proceedings, which were instituted by Miss Dick's family, against Mr. Fletcher?—It was.

And it was you who showed Dr. Dick the letters which Mr. M'Crone, in the full confidence of friendship, addressed to you respecting this business, and which were made the chief pretext for these proceedings?—It was; but permit me, Sir, to explain. Mr. M'Crone had stated, in so positive a manner, in these letters, that Miss Dick made the first advances to the second correspondence with Mr. Fletcher, that I was led to repeat the same as a matter of fact to several persons, and, on its being solemnly denied by Miss Dick and her family, I could not do else than give up my author. Mr. M'Crone should not have told me what was false, and I would not then have been under the necessity of exposing his correspondence.

Examined by the Jury.

By Mr. Galt.—I am no satisfied at a' wi' ony o' the motives I've yet heard suggested for Mr. Fletcher's extraordinary conduct in this affair; and I want to see whether this witness can help us to get at the bottom of it. Frae Mr. Pirie's lang intimacy with Mr. Fletcher and his sisters, he will be able, I dare say, to solve me this question. What is their *weak* point? Is it ambition, vanity, family pride, or what?

A mixture of the whole three, I believe. I never knew any persons more conceited and lofty in their notions. Mr. Fletcher, if he might be believed, has the blood of the royal race of Bruce in his veins, his great grandfather having been a "descendant, not remote, of the famous Andrew Fletcher, of Salton, whose mother was a Bruce.*"

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* See Appeal to Public Opinion.

Sir Walter Scott.—"A descendant, *not remote*, of his great grandfather!" Why, the man must be cracked to talk such nonsense. Andrew Fletcher, of Salton, did not die till after the Revolution, when this remote descendant of his must have been, also, with one foot, or both, in the grave.

I am only repeating, Sir, what I have heard Mr. Fletcher, and his sisters too, boast of; not that, for my own part, I paid much heed to what they said.

Mr. Galt.—Weel, I suppose Mr. Fletcher thinks himself a worthy scion of the illustrious stock with which he is pleased to claim alliance?

Oh! I don't believe he thinks there 's his *match* in all the Secession Church.

I am jalousing there'll be mair than himsel o' that opinion before a's done. And pray, how has he the conceit to think he ranks amang the shining lights o' this metropolis?

Oh! Sir, far above them all. He fancies there 's nobody of half his talents, or qualified to do half so much good. He calls his station, one of the most important "ever occupied, by any minister, in this vast metropolis;" and says, that his coming and reception here, form an æra in ecclesiastical history, which is without a parallel since the days of the apostles!!! *

My certy! that's modest. But can you tell me how it fares wi' the outward man, amid a' this mental exaltation? Is he hamely in his apparel, and o' a humble deportment? Or fond o' purple and fine linen, and o' showing aff his person to advantage?

Rather showy, I should say, in his dress, and vain of his person: he is fond of telling the ladies, that though he cannot pretend to the wit of Æsop, he has not, thank God, the distorted figure of that far-famed Phrygian.

Now I begin to guess how the win' blaws. But tell me further, Mr. Pirie, did you ever hear any complaint made of the manner in which Miss Dick, and her family, spoke of Mr. Fletcher, and *his* family, after their first rupture?—Yes; I certainly have. Miss Dick or some of her friends are reported to have said, that Mr. Fletcher was a match far beneath her, and that it was a great stretch of conde-

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* See Appeal.

scension in her, to have any thing to say to him. And from the way in which both the minister and his two sisters used to speak of the Dicks—of their holding their heads high, and so forth—I am sure that they felt sore about the reports which were abroad.

But can you recollect naething a wee mair preceese, Mr. Pirie, on the subject? Ony expressions o' Mr. Fletcher or his sisters to the exact effect ye hae stated?

I do recollect now, of one of the sisters,—I forget which—saying, in a company of friends, some time after Mr. Fletcher had got into his new chapel, "I wonder what Miss Dick would say now? Sour plumbs, sour plumbs, I fancy, as the tod said when it could not climb the tree."

Mr. Robert Fletcher examined.

Mr. Phillips.—Our chief purpose, my Lord, in examining this witness, whom, for obvious reasons, we produce with extreme reluctance, is to show, that there was really no ground for making his conduct, the pretext for the second breach of engagement. The hostility between the brothers was an old story, and one in which, I suspect, the unfortunate gentleman, now in the witness's box, will be found more sinned against than sinning.

Mr. Chitty.—You came to London, Sir, I believe, in the year 1818, for the purpose of settling here?—I did; in the month of October, 1818.

Did you expect that your brother, Mr. Alexander Fletcher, would assist in putting you into a way of doing for yourself and family?—I did; but was grievously disappointed.

Did he do nothing whatever towards forwarding your views?—Nothing whatever.

Never lend you any money?—Not a farthing. I know he has given out that he did, but it is not true. Some time after my arrival, he offered to purchase a right which I had to a legacy of 200*l.*, on the death of an aged relation, and I agreed to assign it to him for 100*l.* But when I executed the assignment prepared by his solicitor, instead of receiving down the 100*l.* as I expected, I was told that I could draw it as I needed it, from time to time. I consented to do so, and whatever sums I re-

ceived from him, after coming to London, were all on the credit of this account.

It is not perhaps true, either, that he furnished you with assistance in the shape of provisions from his farm, such as eggs, poultry, &c.?—Yes; he did furnish my family with some supplies of that description, and, at first, I thought they were brotherly presents, for which I felt disposed to be duly grateful; but on reckoning with him for the legacy, I found the prices of these articles regularly charged against me.

Then you had no gratuitous assistance whatever from your brother?—None. The only gratis thing I ever received from him was a great deal of ill-will, of which I could never divine the cause.

Was there not some property bequeathed to you and your brother and sisters by an uncle, about which you rather molested him?—There was. My brother and my sister Jean had contrived to get the whole management of it into their hands, and none of the rest of the family had been ever able to obtain any count and reckoning with them. Now, therefore, that I was on the spot, and found that I had so little to expect from my brother's friendship or generosity, I thought it but right to press for a statement of my uncle's affairs, the more especially as I had every reason to believe there must be still a large sum due to me out of the estate.

Did your brother then refuse to give the statement you required?—He did; for two long years and more, I made application after application to him, both personally and by writing, and always in the most polite and decorous manner, but was invariably put off with some frivolous apology or other. At last he would not even notice the letters I wrote him on the subject; and when I called at his house, he was not to be seen. My wife, thinking that she might perhaps be received better, then tried to obtain an interview with him; but she too was repulsed in the rudest manner from his door. I next endeavoured to procure, by the intercession of mutual friends, what was denied to my own entreaties. Dr. Waugh, of Well-street, and Dr. Allidge, of Homerton, both spoke to him in my behalf. To the former he would not listen at all, and to the latter he would give no other answer, than that I had already received (which was not true) out of my uncle's estate more

than was my due. A third friend, Mr. Burr, then wrote to him, requesting, in the politest manner, that he would give some more specific explanation on the subject; and, not receiving any answer, wrote a second time to the same effect. I have here the letter which Mr. Burr at length received from him — (*Reads*)—"Mr. Fletcher presents his compliments to Mr. Burr, and informs him, that he will not receive any more letters from him. Mr. F. hopes that Mr. B. will not lay him under the necessity of returning him any of his notes. Homerton, Dec. 3, 1821."

You were a good deal irritated, I dare say, by this obstinate silence of your brother's?—I was. It stung me to the quick, amid a thousand difficulties I had to encounter in London, to find what I conceived to be but simple justice denied me by a brother; and in the height of my vexation and distress, I was guilty of some excesses towards him, which I now sincerely deplore, but which were not perhaps without their apology in the conduct that provoked them.

In consequence of these excesses, I believe he caused you to be sent to a mad-house?—Yes. Although, happily, he did not succeed, as he seemed desirous of doing, in driving me really mad, he caused me to be forcibly seized, and committed to an asylum for lunatics at Hoxton, where I remained immured for nine days, to the infinite distress of my family, and the utter destruction of a school which I had by great exertions established. But so little ground was there for this cruel proceeding, that, while treated and confined as a lunatic, my brother actually proposed to liberate me if I would go out as a missionary to teach the gospel to the heathen; and after I had spurned this base proposal, the keeper of the establishment was so satisfied—not, however, by that alone—of my perfect sanity, that he set me free on his own responsibility, without waiting to ask my brother's leave.

You certainly, however, must have *frightened* your brother: for in a letter which he wrote about this time to Miss Dick of Glasgow, to whom he was then under a promise of marriage, he says, that for two years and more your iniquities, and crimes, and outrages, had "wrung his heart with anguish;" that he had been living in the constant dread "of being murdered by you;" and that

"in the very pulpit" he had been alarmed with the fear of your destroying him?

All fudge, Sir, raw head and bloody bones! My brother was *not* frightened; he only wanted to frighten others. He had no fear, God knows, of being murdered by his brother, whatever he may himself have done to murder that brother's peace and happiness. I have been guilty of outrages, it is true,—outrages provoked by his own cruel conduct;—but of *crime*, no man, not even my brother, can accuse me. "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of soberness and truth."

But you are aware, of course, that your brother says *you* were the sole cause of his not fulfilling his second engagement to Miss Dick?—Yes; so he was pleased to assert at one time, while at another he chose to give my sisters the credit of that achievement. I don't believe, however, that any of us had the merit of sticking that feather in his cap. My sisters may have flattered his vanity by saying he looked well in it; but I am persuaded that even *their* influence, great as it is, extended no farther.

Were you too of opinion that he looked well in it?—Oh, quite the reverse! As far as ever I had any thing to say in the matter, I urged the fulfilment of his engagement.

You refer, of course, only to the first engagement?—Yes, to the first engagement, at which time I was on terms of intimacy with my brother.

Do you remember what reason your brother gave *you* for breaking off the match in that instance?—Yes: I have brought with me a letter which he wrote me on the subject, from which you will see that he had somehow or other become disgusted with the lady and with her relations. (Produces the letter.*)

He alludes, I see, in this letter, to something that you called Miss Dick on the road to Paisley: have you any recollection of the expression he refers to?—None; I am sure that I never spoke of the lady otherwise than in terms of respect.

Cross-examined by Mr. Scarlett.

Were you not, Sir, in consequence of your repeated

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* Appendix, A, No. 1.

attacks on your brother, bound over to keep the peace towards him?—I was; because, whatever might have been the ill-usage I received from my brother, I had no right to resort to such means of seeking redress.

Did you not bring an action against your brother for putting you into the mad-house; and did not the evidence turn out so strongly against you, that your counsel, by the advice of the learned judge who presided, consented to your being called?—He did; but I am not the first honest man, Mr. Scarlett, who, by the stupidity of his lawyers, has lost a good cause.

Nor your lawyers, Sir, I suspect, the first that have had more of a rogue than fool for their client.

Examined by the Jury.

By Mr. Galt.—D'ye ken, Sir, ony thing about what the Dicks said o' your brither and his family after the first breaking aff o' the marriage?—I remember it was reported throughout our connexion, that the Dicks pretended that my brother had been discarded, because he was not a fit match for the lady.

Do you know if these reports reached the ears of your brother and sisters?—Yes, they did, and incensed them all exceedingly.

Who was the uncle that left you the property you have spoken of?—Mr. Gilfillan, of Dunblane.

Sir Walter Scott.—What! my old friend Habakkuk, the gifted Gilfillan?—No; but a worthy descendant of his, who stood up as sturdily as ever Habakkuk did "for the standards of doctrine as agreed on by the ance famous Kirk of Scotland, before she trafficked with the accursed Achan."

Mr. Galt.—Was the property which he left considerable?—It could not have been otherwise, Sir; for he was always reputed to be rich, and never had any family of his own; but as I have never been able to obtain any account of the estate, I cannot tell what may have been the exact amount. My sister Jean, who was with her uncle when he died, and my brother Alexander, took all into their own hands, and did with it as they pleased. Two of my brothers-in-law, who lived in the neighbourhood, on hearing of Mr. Gilfillan's death, hastened to his house, and proposed, as is usual, to seal up the repositories of the deceased; but Jean, who was in sad grief, to be sure,

could not be brought to listen for a moment to such worldly doings. She rated them well, as I have heard, for showing, at so trying a moment, such carnal and secular affections; and told them plainly that they did not listen as they ought to the voice of *the dispensation!*

Was your uncle the heir o' the gifted Gilfillan?—He was.

And inherited a' the gifted's "sma' means," his "twenty thousand mark," his "land about Manchlin," and his "real Lancashire" "breed o' cattle?"—The whole.

Nae doubt then your uncle maun hae left a gude lock o' siller; and is it true that ye hae no touched a plack o't?—Oh! some hundred or two I have received, but not, I am sure, the one half of what should be coming to me by rights.

Sir Walter Scott.—Can you tell me, Sir, what has become of my friend Habakkuk's broadsword, pistols, and large blue bonnet?—I remember of seeing them in my uncle's house at Dunblane, but where they are now I cannot tell.

Mr. Scarlett.—I shall inquire of my client about them, Sir Walter, and if in his possession, I am sure it will not be long before they are added to the interesting collection at Abbotsford.

Sir Walter Scott.—Mr. Scarlett, that is more than kind,

Mr. K. Finlay.—It 's downright bribery, I 'm thinkin'.

Sir James Mackintosh.—But bribery without corruption, I'm sure.

Mr. Reardon, Solicitor, London, examined by Mr. Chitty.

Were you present, Sir, in the Court of King's Bench, on the 4th April, 1824, when there was tried an action for breach of promise of marriage, Dick against Fletcher?—I was. My partner and myself were attorneys for the plaintiff.

Do you recollect what statement Mr. Scarlett, as counsel for the defendant, made to the court, with respect to the manner in which the correspondence between Mr. Fletcher and Miss Dick was commenced?—Yes, perfectly. Mr. Scarlett said, that lest any rumours should have gone abroad that Miss Dick was not wholly sought by his client, he was *authorized* to take that public method of declaring, that in earlier life she was sought and pursued by him, and that when prosperity in later years be-

gan to brighten on him, she was still the object of his ardent affection. The connexion, Mr. Scarlett repeated, was first sought by Mr. Fletcher, and not by Miss Dick.

Mr. Phillips.—We have now, my Lord, closed the case.

THE DEFENCE.

Mr. Scarlett.—My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury,

My learned brother, Mr. Phillips, told you, in the course of his most eloquent harangue, that this was a very extraordinary case; and certainly nothing on his part has been wanting to make it appear so. Had it been the father of all sin himself who was arraigned before you, for enticing our great mother Eve into the commission of that unfortunate *faux pas* which entailed death and misery on all her posterity, he could not have said more about it and about it, or spoken with loftier vehemence than he has done, of the very ordinary offence (for, after all that can be said, it is no more) with which the very humble individual who is my client stands accused. Had it been, indeed, against the author of all our woes, that the thunder and lightning of my friend's eloquence were levelled, we should then have been able to understand why "the whole social family" should be summoned to witness the conflict, and why religion and morality should put up their prayers for the success of this champion of human nature. We should then have heard, without astonishment, of "whet-

ting daggers on the broken fragments of the decalogue," of "blushing demons," and of "diabolical treacheries." But to hear such magnificent things gravely enunciated respecting the hapless loves of any two mere mortals that ever lived, is, to say the least of it, Gentlemen, exceedingly ridiculous. I am afraid my young and highly gifted friend has yet to learn (what, I doubt not, your verdict this day will teach him) that it is very possible to make too much even of a good thing, and, by aiming at too great an effect, to miss even the little which might have been reasonably anticipated. Extraordinary the case certainly is, Gentlemen, though, for reasons very different from any which my learned friend has offered to your consideration. It is a case brought before *you* after it has already been decided, over and over again, in courts civil and courts ecclesiastical, and therefore it is extraordinary; it is a case depending on the unprincipled disclosure of confidential letters, on the evidence of brother against brother, and therefore it is extraordinary; it is a case in which there is no satiating, as it would seem, the vengeance of the offended parties, in which nothing short of the utter ruin of the unfortunate delinquent will appease them, and, therefore, beyond any other case that ever came under my observation, it is extraordinary. Most truly, Gentlemen, has my client styled himself "a partridge hunted on the mountains." He is indeed hunted—hunted to the very

death—and in interposing myself between him and his now open-mouthed pursuers, I trust I shall at least have the sympathy and encouragement which is due to an act of common humanity.

My learned friend, taking, as usual, a wide sweep with his arms as he proceeds, has been pleased to drag in the nativity and education of the defendant as circumstances calculated to *aggravate* the guilt of which he is accused, inasmuch as the notions and habits of our northern neighbours, the Scotch, in all that relates to matters of love and matrimony, are, according to him, the very purest that ever existed. I admit, Gentlemen, that both nativity and education have an important influence in determining a man's ideas of right and wrong; but I must insist that no more be ascribed to them than is their due. I believe no one can deny to the Scotch the character of a well-informed, clever, clear-sighted, calculating, and moral people; but to quote them as authorities in affairs of the heart, is, to me, something new. My learned friend described to you with truth how easily the marriage connexion is established amongst them, and how careful, of course, their young men are not to take the leap till they have looked over the hedge; but he forgot to tell you of one or two deductions from his state of things, which make it somewhat doubtful whether it is just the happiest under heaven. He would have stated but a notorious fact, had he informed you, that the matrimonial bridle which

the young ladies of Scotland carry so constantly in their hands, and the apprehensions which the ease with which it may be slipped on, as constantly inspires, have introduced a degree of cunning, artifice, and trickery, into the intercourse between unmarried persons in that country, which exists nowhere else in the world. Of open, gallant, generous, and confiding courtship, such as we Southerns delight in, the Scotch know nothing: making love is, with them, all an affair of finesse and stratagem, of long and roundabout marches, feints and ambuscades, mines and countermines. The usual mode, as I have been told, by which these lovers of the kilt make their approaches—indeed the only *safe* mode they can adopt, as matters are managed among them—is, to affect to care *least* for the lady they admire *most*, and to omit no convenient opportunity (the more public the better) of saying what they think will nettle, or doing what they are sure will annoy her. It is in this open and manly way, Gentlemen, that they arrive at a knowledge of the tempers and dispositions of the ladies that are to make them happy for life, before they venture on those closer friskings and gambolings which bring them within the reach of the matrimonial noose. Need I suggest to you, Gentlemen, what must be the corresponding effects of this system on the Caledonian dames? What else can you reasonably expect than that dissembling should be met by dissembling, artifice by artifice, plotting

by plotting, cautious manœuvring by a still more cautious calculation of chances, till the whole affair between the parties is reduced to a mere matter of bargain, in which the heart has little or no concern? So universally characteristic, indeed, of the Scottish people, are these things, that it has even passed into a proverb among the nations, that "biting and scratching is Scotch folks' wooing." Glorious distinction this, for a high-minded and gallant nation! Blessed effect of that primitive state of things which, dispensing with all "empty ceremonials," as my learned friend is pleased to call them, substitutes the guardianship of the tooth and nail for proclamation of banns and holy rites! Oh, happy people, among whom it is with husbands as with wild colts—the only difficulty is, the difficulty of catching them! Other nations may be as brave, and, ere time runs its course, may yet be as learned and as virtuous as the Scotch; but the nation exists not, and never will exist, which can hope to rival them in the art of wooing. Here, positively, is a distinction which they share, and can share, with no other people on the face of the earth, and to find any resemblance to which, we must quit the paths of human life entirely, and travel into the domains of other tribes and other families of the animal world. Of one of those tribes—the dread of mice, and favourite of old maids—we do find it said, as the proverb says of the Scotch, *los amores del gato, vi-*

nendo entran; a saying which a satirist of our own country has thus happily paraphrased:

> Their friskings, crawlings, squall, I much approve,
> Their spittings, pawings, high-raised rumps,
> Swell'd tails, and merry-andrew jumps,
> With the wild minstrelsy of rapt'rous love.
>
> How sweetly roll their gooseberry eyes,
> As loud they tune their amorous cries,
> *And loving, scratch each other black and blue!**

Behold, Gentlemen, a true and genuine picture of the real state of things produced by that want of form and ceremony, and the consequent want of ingenuous confidence which my learned friend has made the theme of so much misplaced eulogium. Behold the national effects of not fencing round the married state with such a regular line of fortifications——

Mr. Rogers.—*Curtain*-works included, I suppose, Mr. Scarlett? (*Laughter.*)

"I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word." Yes, *curtain*-works included, that no one without the pale need be under any apprehensions of stepping over, through carelessness or mistake. Behold, Gentlemen, what we should change to, were the prayers of my learned friend to be heard, that the practices of Scotland, the "exemplary country," as he calls it, were to become objects of universal imitation. May I not say, Gentlemen, with the poet,

* Walcott.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee.

But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with the case before us? I must leave Mr. Phillips, Gentlemen, to answer that question. I have but followed in his devious track; not from fear of any injury that could arise to my client, had matter so extraneous been passed over unheeded, but from a feeling that so much, at least, was due from me, in vindication of the institutions and practices of the country to which I have the honour to belong.

My learned friend, Gentlemen, has told you that another very aggravating circumstance in the case of my client is, that he is a minister of the gospel, and of a sectarian persuasion, which claims credit for being of a purer faith and practice than the established or any other church. I own, Gentlemen, that it would have been well for my client, had he been of any other sect or persuasion under heaven than the one alluded to. He might then have had some chance of having his errors treated with Christian charity and tenderness; he might then have found, in the sweets of forgiveness, the reward due to a genuine repentance. He would not then, Gentlemen, have belonged to one of the most narrow-minded, inquisitorial, and persecuting sects that I do believe ever existed. He would

not then, Gentlemen, have been twice tried and twice punished for the same offence; once at the suit of the party offended, and a second time at the suit of parties who had no pretence whatever for interfering in the business, but a base desire of scanning the faults of an erring brother. He would not then, Gentlemen, after submitting to a verdict in one Court, for the sake of bringing an affair, unpleasant to all parties, to an honourable termination, have seen his letters—letters which ought, that instant, to have been given up to him—eagerly seized on by the emissaries of a priestly inquisition, in order to found upon them a new proceeding in a different Court, aiming at nothing less than his utter destruction. It makes no part of my duty this day, Gentlemen, to stand up for Episcopacy, in opposition to Presbytery; but I cannot help saying, that if, as this Associate Synod pretends, it is Presbytery in its purest state—if such be the sort of interference with the private and secular concerns of individuals which Presbytery sanctions—if such be the sort of jurisdiction which Presbytery exercises over its members—then I do say, rather let me see Episcopacy, with twice as much state, and twice as large revenues as it ever possessed, upheld and perpetuated in our land, than that the day should ever come, when freeborn Englishmen shall fall under so degrading a dominion. Most fitly, Gentlemen, did one of your number inquire of one of the witnesses, whether a sect, the spi-

ritual rulers of which take such cognizance of the sayings and doings of its members—a cognizance so intolerable, that not even a stray piece of harmless burlesque in a magazine can escape punishment at their hands—boasts of any writers of eminence? A surer test does not exist of the rationality and worth of any system of belief, than the degree of encouragement which it affords to the cultivation of letters. It is chiefly the great difference, in this respect, which makes the Protestant so much superior to the Catholic religion; it is the influence which Protestantism has had, in awakening the national intellect, and stimulating it to those exertions which have brought us such a harvest of renown, that constitutes one of its best claims on our gratitude and fidelity. You must have been struck, Gentlemen, with the forcible illustration of this important truth, which was furnished by the answer of the witness. Of names of writers belonging to her sect, she gave you a plentiful store; but scarcely one could she mention that is of the slightest eminence in the literary world. I see my learned friend, Mr. Phillips, smiles—ungallantly smiles, at the idea, I suppose, of resting the literary character of any party on a blue-stocking authority. But I appeal to the personal knowledge of more than one distinguished individual of the Jury whom I have now the honour to address, whether all the wigs in the Associate Synod, and all the wise heads which they adorn, could have exhibited a fuller or fairer

picture of Burgher and Anti-Burgher literature than was furnished by that sensible and well-informed witness, Mrs. Jean Pirie.

I have spoken, Gentlemen, of this Associate Synod, as if my client felt that he had been harshly and cruelly used by them. It is true, he feels so, but I believe I have strayed a little from my instructions in making it a matter of complaint against them. "Whatever others may think of such proceedings," says my suffering client, "I at least can have no right to complain. I knew the sort of discipline to which I subjected myself when I voluntarily became a member of their body. I knew that should I ever become an object of their wrath, I could never suffer more than the son on whom, to the disgrace of humanity, they once upon a time imposed the unholy task of excommunicating his own father." *

But, Gentlemen, it is now time I should enter a little more closely into the merits of this case, as it regards the breach or breaches of promise of marriage of which my client is accused.

I mean not to deny that in both instances Miss Dick was sought as well as won by my client. If Mr. Fletcher himself has ever thrown out any

* Alluding, it is presumed, to the case of the Erskines. The father, who was excommunicated, met the son who excommunicated him, as he was returning from the performance of this filial duty. "Ah," said the father, "it is now some forty years since, I was returning, about this very time of day, from dedicating you to the Lord, and now what do I behold? That very son returning from dedicating his father to the devil"!!!—*Reporter.*

insinuations to the contrary, it must have been when under the influence of some momentary provocation; for it is quite true, as stated by one of the witnesses examined this day, that when Miss Dick brought her action in the Court of King's Bench, the defendant's deliberate instructions to me were, to acknowledge, most fully and unreservedly, that the lady's affection was wholly sought by him.

But, Gentlemen, I hold it to be just as certain and true, on the other hand, that in the first of these instances it was the lady thus sought and won who discarded the gentleman; and that in the other, no breach of engagement would have taken place, had that lady and her friends only behaved towards the defendant with common fairness and discretion.

That it was Miss Dick who broke off the connexion in 1813, is indeed distinctly admitted; nor can I sufficiently express my surprise at the attempt which is now made to cast the blame, which justly attaches to her on that account, on the shoulders of my client. My learned friend would have you, Gentlemen, to believe, that Miss Dick was artfully inveigled into the quarrel by certain discourteous and irritating proceedings on the part of Mr. Fletcher; and that, in fact, she could not have done otherwise than she did.—But what right, Gentlemen, has Mr. Phillips, or any one, to assume that such was the secret object of my client? And if you throw this, which

is all mere assumption, out of the case, what is there in these proceedings which could justify the course Miss Dick adopted? After it had been finally agreed that the marriage should take place in 1813, she chuses to propose that it shall be deferred for three long years, and because my client, as I am sure any man of ardent feelings would have done in his situation, expresses displeasure with the cold calculating spirit which apparently dictated that proposition, and because an affectionate sister, with more zeal than prudence, happened to interpose some words of remonstrance and rebuke, Miss Dick is pleased to fly into a passion, and to declare that the marriage never shall take place! Is it possible, Gentlemen, to say that any thing had occurred here, which could justify Miss Dick in bringing matters to so abrupt, harsh and vindictive a conclusion as this? A promise of marriage, I need not remind you, is just as solemn and binding a thing on the part of a lady as it is of a gentleman; and the reasons for justifying or excusing a breach of it, ought to be equally cogent, whether it is the one or the other who commits it. That we may see, then, clearly the value of Miss Dick's apology in this instance, let us suppose, for a moment, that she had changed parts with Mr. Fletcher; suppose that it had been Mr. Fletcher who proposed to Miss Dick to delay the marriage for three years; that Miss Dick had complained with warmth, nay, with anger, if you

please, of the coldness which the proposition indicated, and that some kind sister had lent the aid of a good scolding to quicken the lover's resolution, what, Gentlemen, would then have been the judgment of the world, had Mr. Fletcher chosen to fly into a passion with the ladies for their innocent importunity, and declared that since they had behaved so, and for no other reason whatever, the marriage should never take place? Would not every person have pronounced his conduct to have been pettish and unreasonable in the extreme? And if you would have said so of Mr. Fletcher, can you say less of Miss Dick for being really guilty of that sort of conduct which you would have reprobated in him? Gentlemen, it is impossible you can say otherwise. Miss Dick was, to all intents and purposes, guilty of as gross a breach of promise of marriage in this instance, as any with which she has since been able to charge Mr. Fletcher; and, in opposition therefore to the call which my learned friend has made upon you, to visit my client with the punishment due to a double treachery, of which he is wholly innocent, I think I may with much greater reason call upon you to set the one breach of promise against the other, and make thereby a clear acquittance between the parties.

I shall be reminded, perhaps, of circumstances of strong aggravation in the second case, which make it impossible to look at the two in the same

light. But is the first case attended with no aggravations? Was it making matters no worse, that in the letter by which Miss Dick discarded Mr. Fletcher, she should speak of his sister, Miss Jean Fletcher, in terms fit only to be used by a not very modest woman towards the most degraded of her sex?

Mr. Phillips.—My learned friend means, after all then, to produce these letters in evidence.

Mr. Scarlett.—And if I do not produce them, or at least prove their contents, the Jury will of course dismiss from their minds any argument which I may found upon them. But my learned friend must not be too sure, that I cannot prove the *ipsismia verba* to be exactly as I have before set them forth; he seems to forget that in the nearly contemporary letter which he has produced as part of his own proof, addressed by Mr. Fletcher to his brother Robert, and which was certainly not written with a view to any after purpose, there is an account given of Miss Dick's letter, which corresponds substantially with what I now offer as a literal transcript of the words used.* Was it, I will again ask, Gentlemen, making matters no worse, that Miss Dick should contemptuously and slanderously enquire whether the "woman calling herself Jean Fletcher," who knew so much of their affairs, was not

* Appendix, A. No. 1.

Mr. Phillips then rose.—He observed, that after the eloquent, convincing, triumphant, defence which the Court had just heard from his Rev. Friend, it might be deemed a matter of supererogation to bring any thing forward in the way of evidence to rebut the case for the prosecution. Just to show, however, how partially the witnesses in support of it had been selected; and how diametrically opposite their opinions were to those of men, in every respect as capable of forming a correct judgment of the merits of the Defendant, he would very briefly examine a few of the cloud of witnesses who were in waiting to give evidence in his behalf.

Editor *of the* London Christian Instructor *and* Congregational Magazine, *called and examined.*

Differs from Mr. Irving in matters of taste, and cannot always assent to his modes of statement, but admires his abilities, and is convinced of his ardent anxiety to do good. Conceives that Mr. Irving leaves no room for hesitation respecting either his intentions or his powers; and that he assails the conscience and the understanding in a strain of eloquent and urgent expostulation, that cannot but have, with the divine blessing, a beneficial influence. His compositions are possessed neither of the depth nor elaboration of Burke, but more intense, and more effective in producing conviction. Some of his passages remind one of the march and rhythm of Milton's English prose. No imitator, he stands on his own merits—might, if he chose, take his stand, if not among the highest, at least not far below the highest of contemporary orators.

Cross-examined by Mr. Parsons.

Do you think that any advantage is gained in pulpit oratory by the adoption of antiquated forms of expression, or by the introduction of words and phrases commonly used in a low or ludicrous sense?

None. But I have no relish for the work of carping at minor defects amid substantial excellence.

Do you think that Mr. Irving's *Orations* for the Oracles of God deserve that name?

No. I will not say that they do. I perceive in them no dissimilarity from the sermon, except in a less decided use of subdivi-

sion, division, or arrangement, which is in reality the same thing and must exist in every intelligible address; but if it be meant merely to exclude the formality of "heads," principal and subordinate, there is no novelty in the practice: it has been done by Bossuet, Chalmers, Robert Hall; it has been expressly recommended by Cheminais, and is frequently acted upon by preachers both in and out of the establishment.

Editor *of the* Christian's Pocket Magazine *and* Anti-Sceptic, *examined.*

Considers Mr. Irving as no inferior man. Has heard him charged as deficient in Evangelical sentiment, but denies it. Thinks that he has many admirable qualities. His language often obsolete and uncouth, with a strange mixture of that which is inflated: but it has a strength and an originality which call forth admiration. His thoughts, too, are novel, and his arguments have power. Believes that Providence has raised up Mr. I. for much good. Has read his book, and blushes for the boldness of those who have levelled such ungrounded charges against an estimable minister. Admires him as a man endowed with the spirit of Elijah. Has read passages of his more pointed than ever were delivered by the undaunted Knox, and not less bold. No mimic of Dr. Chalmers. Resembles him about as much as a lily resembles a rose—the resemblance consisting in both shedding an agreeable fragrance around, and both being flowers.

Editor *of the* New Times, *examined.*

Can you tell us any thing of the Editor of the Old Times?

A great deal. The stupid editor of that stupid paper is, as all the world well knows, a disappointed and neglected author, and equally disappointed and neglected aspirant after several other professions. His volumes are ticketted on every stall "6d. each." He is now driven to write in the Old Times for the pot-houses.

Then you would not, perhaps, be surprised at his casting an eye of malicious envy at any successful literary character whose works might penetrate into the drawing-rooms from which his own are excluded?

Just what I should expect, as a matter of course.

Dick, down to the time she accepted these addresses, repented not one syllable of the very chaste, elegant, and complimentary letter, by which she broke off the first correspondence? And who, in that case, I should like to know, would bear off the palm for sincerity and good faith?

That the letter of Miss Dick had really the effect of producing a strong impression that she was indifferent to the match, I can prove by other testimony besides that of the defendant himself. In a letter written to him by his father on the occasion, and which will be proved to you in evidence, the old gentleman, than whom, as I am informed, a more upright and worthy individual never lived, says, "Your mother and father, and *all your relations* here, are of opinion that you should have no more correspondence with Miss Dick. *Her proposing to delay the marriage for three years is a manifest token that her love to you is very cold.*"

I think, Gentlemen, you will, upon the whole, agree with me, that equal justice will be best done to both Mr. Fletcher and Miss Dick, by holding as at length forgotten and forgiven, all the ill-natured things which they said of each other at the time of their first quarrel. We shall by doing so, to be sure, break up the whole fabric of my learned friend's ingenious and eloquent argument; there will be then no malice rankling in the breast of my unhappy

client for ten long years, and at last bursting forth in a scheme of revenge against Miss Dick and her family, so dark and deadly, that the very devil has to be conjured up to keep it in countenance—there will be then no "male coquette" in the case, inflicting a blot on human nature such as it never sustained before; but, on the other hand, Gentlemen, we shall be putting no more than a charitable construction on the motives of both the parties to this ill-fated attachment; we shall be interpreting matters according to our more ordinary experience of human life; we shall have no romance in the case, nothing but plain downright matter of fact.

My learned friend has been pleased to deride the idea that my client ever felt really sorry at the coldness which Miss Dick evinced, or was supposed to evince, in 1812, and which led ultimately to her then breaking off the correspondence between them; but when you take that rational view of Mr. Fletcher's subsequent conduct, which I have now suggested, you will find the best possible evidence of his sincerity in this respect. Sorrow, as we all know, and as most of us may probably have felt, is a far more enduring affection of the mind than anger, which is indeed but one of its many moods; and when, as in this instance, it arises from slighted love, it is, above all, difficult of cure. For awhile, and in public especially, it may affect the joyous laugh or spiteful jeer, but sooner or later, the silent hour is sure to arrive,

when the memory of dearly cherished affections will break in like a flood on the mind, and sweep away whatever petty feelings may have been vainly endeavouring to usurp their place. It is true, Mr. Fletcher could not well be else than seriously offended with the terms in which Miss Dick conveyed her dismissal of his suit; it may be even true, as I have supposed, that he at first exulted in escaping the chance of rivalling Socrates in matrimony, if not in martyrdom; but after the angry passions had had their day of noise and bustle—when he found the faithless fair still the unexpelled mistress of his heart—when he began to call to mind all her good qualities, and to consider how the upbraiding style of his sister's interference was calculated to provoke even an angel into a momentary aberration from propriety—when he thought of the prize he had to regain by a sweet forgiveness, and of all the pains to be endured from a longer struggle with his feelings, can we wonder that he forgot and forgave every thing—"gave up all for love," and "thought *revenge* well lost?"

To do thus, was but to do as good feeling dictated—to do as a thousand others have done before, and as ninety-nine out of a hundred would do in similar circumstances. There is nothing in this course of events, but what is all very natural—nothing but what is of every day occurrence; the result is just such as any one might expect to happen, where an early and deep rooted attach-

ment has been baulked in the moment of expected fruition, by some trivial misunderstanding.

The view which I now take of the case, I rest upon the great volume of human nature, and on what, to the honour of human nature, are its fixed and ordinary principles of action. But the view which my learned friend has endeavoured to press upon your belief, is one, as he himself confesses, which has nothing natural in it, and which he can fitly designate by no other term than that of being "truly demoniacal." It is indeed a demon's part which he would assign to my client; he would have you to believe, that in revenge for Miss Dick's conduct in 1813, in revenge for an injury of ten years standing, he coolly and deliberately renewed the correspondence in 1823, with no other purpose than that of wooing and betraying her, a second time, to derision and scorn. Need I ask, Gentlemen, on what facts and circumstances he founds this monstrous conclusion? It is *too* monstrous for serious refutation. It belongs to a school of extravagance, which, little to the credit of our national taste, has lately had some encouragement among us, and which, my learned friend, knowing that *Common Sense* is the presiding deity here, should have left to flourish, or rather I should say, to disgrace those boards, where, in the shape of plays from Mr. Shiell, or operas from the German, it has usurped, for a time, the place of those inimitable pictures

of real life and manners, left us by our immortal Shakespeare.

To what then, Gentlemen, is the present case thus reduced? To one of a simple breach of promise of marriage, distinguished only, though not justified, I will allow, by the circumstance that the lady who complains of it was herself once guilty towards the defendant, of the very offence with which she now accuses him. I do not mean, certainly, to say, that the defendant's apologies for breaking off the match were just as judiciously and consistently brought forward as they might have been; I regret that there is so much room for wishing that he had acted in a more uniform, candid, and straight-forward manner; but I shall be content, Gentlemen, if the fact be allowed that, for one reason or other—no matter what—Mr. Fletcher had lost his liking for Miss Dick. It does appear to me, that without the fullest liking in a connexion of this kind, there can be no rational prospect of happiness, and that a lady who, even on the way to the altar, discovers that she has lost that place in the affections of her intended husband, on the faith of which she promised him her hand, has cause to be glad, rather than sorry, that she has made the discovery while it is yet time to draw back. It is a case for pity, certainly, to be led on thus far, with the gaze of the whole world upon you, and to be then obliged to retract; but ten times more, in my mind, is the lady to be

pitied, who, unsuspicious of any abatement of attachment, advances to the altar, and gives her hand as well as heart to one who, obedient to what he erroneously supposes to be the call of honour or of duty, and, forgetful of the solemn vow which he takes "to *love*," as well as "honour, comfort, and keep her," gives only a cold hand in return. The gaze of the world, its derision or its commisseration, are but the sufferings of a moment; but to be wedded to alienated affections, is misery for life. I care not much at what time you may suppose Mr. Fletcher's inclination for the alliance to have wholly ceased; whether before or after Dr. Dicks' interference in behalf of his daughter. It is enough, in my view of the matter, that, in either case, the affections of the man no longer coincided with his legal obligations; and that though Miss Dick had called every power on earth to her aid, she could not have recalled that love which was gone for ever. I must confess, however, that it is by no means clear to me, that at the time Dr. Dick interposed, the case was become just so desperate as this. It is evident enough, that Mr. Fletcher's inclination for the marriage was previously on the wane; but I do think, that had Miss Dick and her friends not assumed, just so hastily as they did, a threatening and compelling attitude—had they shewn a little more patience, and forbearance, and loving-kindness—the faltering swain might yet have been won back to love and duty. But whether I am correct in this supposition or not, I am

Editor of the Museum examined.

Considers Mr. Irving's volume of Pulpit Eloquence, a work of a most unusual and interesting character; the production of no ordinary mind; the fruit of no common soil or every day culture. Occasionally we have all the tenderness of Massilon, now and then the fire and impetuosity of Bourdaloue; at other times the picturesque vigour and raciness of Crabbe. Could point to passages, which in felicity of imagery and harmony of style, are not exceeded by any thing in the whole compass of the English language. Conceives the most prominent feature of Mr. Irving's style to be a certain tone of soothing tenderness, a love of mankind in the humbler departments of life. Exhorting, encouraging, entreating them to know their stake in the great interests of this world, and in the contemplation of their heavenly Redeemer. Yet is free to confess, that Mr. Irving's metaphors are so frequent, so bold, and sometimes so lengthened and spun out, that we become weary of comprehending them.—His pages are not "milk for babes," but strong meat for strong men.—Hardly knows any volume, which is, upon the whole, likely to reflect more substantial credit upon its author, or to produce more salutary effects to the body politic. Wishes it to be attentively perused by *all* classes of society, under the conviction that it will do much to promote the best interests of social order and vital religion.

Cross-examined by Mr. Parsons.

Of what creed of faith do you hold Mr. Irving to be?

I am delighted, Sir, to perceive that he is *no Calvinist*.

Of what creed is the Scottish Church?

Calvinistic.

Does Mr. Irving belong to that Church?

He does.

And must have signed its articles?

Of course.

Admirable witness! to be delighted that the object of his praise does not believe the faith which he has subscribed and sworn to maintain.

Mr. Phillips declined calling any more witnesses.

Mr. Sergeant Bishop waived his right of reply; and in doing so, could not omit tendering his grateful thanks to his learned friend, Mr. P. for the great pains he had taken, during the preceding hour, to render all reply unnecessary.

The Chief Justice charged the Jury in his usual plain, and perspicuous manner. He described the case to the jury as one of unprecedented importance. Well might the Reverend Defendant tell them all to look to their own souls; for the question at issue was, neither more nor less, than whether they were not one and all in the broad road to perdition, notwithstanding the many thousand guides whom they employed and paid well to prevent them from straying from the right path. The jury were in fact sitting in judgment on the whole clergy of the united empire; for if the Rev. Defendant were really no mere pretender, as he is charged to be—if one half of all he says be true, then are all the rest of his clerical brethren (with such exceptions only as Mr. I. may be pleased to point out) a set of the most unfaithful stewards that ever lived. In proportion to the magnitude of these pretensions was, however, the difficulty of coming to the consideration of them, with minds as free and unbiassed as they ought to be. We were apt to start back from the claim of any man to be so much better and more enlightened than his fellows, and without admitting for a moment

ing, that the Rev. Doctor has cause to feel grateful to that courage and sincerity which saved him from the commission of so great a sin. Surely I have a right to lay claim for my client to some merit in not having added to his simple breach of promise, the serious guilt of a compromise of principle. To decline performing an engagement which we cannot fulfil with the sincerity essential to its *honest* fulfilment, may be a crime in the eye of what is termed the law; but I trust, Gentlemen, that you will show, by your verdict this day, that it is no crime—nay, something very much the reverse—according to every canon, both of morality and common sense.

EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE.

Mr. Scarlett then proceeded to call the following witnesses for the defence.

Miss Euphemia Fletcher, examined by Mr. Campbell.

Look at that letter, (handing to the witness a letter from her father, the Rev. William Fletcher, to her brother Alexander,*) is it in the handwriting of your father?—It is.

Did you receive in the course of last summer, a letter from your sister, Jean Fletcher, respecting a correspondence between your brother Alexander and Miss Dick, of Glasgow, in 1812 and 1813?—I did. (Produces the letter. †)

When your brother renewed his addresses to Miss Dick in 1823, I believe your sister Catharine and yourself were residing with him?—We were. I had had the management of his household concerns for nearly ten years preceding.

Did you make any opposition to the marriage between your brother and Miss Dick?—It would have been in vain for us to make any opposition. We disapproved

* Appendix, B. No. 1. † Appendix, B. No. 2.

of the match, certainly, as we had a right to do; but contented ourselves with reminding Alexander of the letter his father wrote to him after the first correspondence was broken off. So far, however, from wishing to stand in the way of the marriage, we told him, that in two days after we intended to depart for our native country, where kind friends and a comfortable home of our own awaited us.

Do you know anything of Mrs. Jean Pirie?—Too much. For nine years she was our professed friend; but behaved afterwards like the serpent which made Eden a wilderness.

How so, pray?—While she was on terms of intimacy with us, and saw how happy we were with our brother, we discovered that she had been writing secretly to Miss Dick, telling her not to mind a word we might say against the match.

When you made this discovery, did you tax Mrs. Pirie with her duplicity?—Yes. One day when my sister and I were in the vestry at Albion Chapel, Mrs. P. came into us and said, "O girls, why do you thus avoid me? I cannot sleep in the night when I see you pass me without speaking to me!" My feelings were powerfully excited by her duplicity—for now the vail was rent from my eyes; I saw beneath the mask she had so long worn. I replied, "Can you ask that, when you know you have deceived us?" She said, "I do not understand you; I am sure I would serve your brother with the *left* hand, but you with the *right*." I answered, "You are a deceiver, for you have been writing to Glasgow." She raised her hands and eyes to heaven declaring, that if she went to death that moment, she never had done so; that she had not known the correspondence had been renewed, till she had been told of it on the Tuesday before, by a lady! "Say not so," I returned, "when you know you have written." This sentence informed her that her true character was known; she dropped the mask on my giving this direct contradiction to her declaration of innocence, "Well, then, I have been writing to Glasgow, and the time may come when I will show you the letters." "The time will never come, said I, that I shall *even touch* what you have written."

Cross-examined by Mr. Phillips.

But why, my good lady, should you have been so angry

with Mrs. Pirie, if it be true, as you have informed us, that you had no wish to stand in the way of your brother's marriage with Miss Dick. You had made up your minds, recollect, to quitting your Eden before this serpent, as you are pleased to call this respectable lady, made her appearance on the scene."—We were angry with her for acting so double a part.

Are you not aware that it was at your brother's request that Mrs. Pirie wrote to Miss Dick?—I have heard so.

Have you seen a letter of your brother's, in which he says, "that ever since you had received intelligence of his then intended marriage with Miss Dick, you had been in the most violent opposition to it;" and farther, "that your aversion to the marriage was part of those events of Providence with which he was surrounded on all sides, and which, like the billows of the raging sea, were beyond his control?"—I have.

And how do you contrive to reconcile these statements with those which you have made here to day?—Witness remained silent.

Mr. Phillips.—There must be some deliberate misrepresentations among you. I suspect, the only safe conclusion we can come to is, to believe neither.

Miss Jean Fletcher, examined by Mr. Campbell.

In a letter of yours, which has been produced by your sister, Miss Euphemia Fletcher, you give, what you say, is a copy of a letter written by Miss Dick to your brother, in reference to one you had addressed to her. Did you make that copy from the original?—No; I gave it merely from recollection.

You have seen the letter itself, however?—No; but my brother told me its contents.

Cross-examined by Mr. Phillips.

Did you ever read any letter whatever from Miss Dick?—Never.

Mr. Scarlett said that he had no further evidence to offer.

Mr. A. Fletcher himself now stepped forward, and solicited the attention of the Court for a few moments.

Chief Justice.—Your cause, Sir, has been

very ably advocated by your counsel, and you had better perhaps let well alone. I will not, however, refuse to hear you, if you have any thing further to offer which you think essential to a proper understanding of your conduct.

Mr. Fletcher.—My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury, it is with the greatest reluctance I now address you. There is a compulsion of necessity, and a compulsion of duty. Both unite in bringing me forward: the former I am unable to resist, and the latter I am inclined to obey. I have carefully enquired, "What benefit can result to society, to the church, or to individuals, by thus publishing to the world the circumstances of a correspondence which *once* existed, which was *first* interrupted, and then *brought to a conclusion* by a variety of causes? What benefit can result to society, to the church, or to individuals, by occupying the public mind, both in England and in Scotland, with scandalous animadversions upon one who, like other men, is liable to fall, but who anxiously wishes to be a blessing to his country, and to mankind?" On the most cool and deliberate enquiry, I find that neither individuals, nor society, nor the church can benefit by the publicity given to the affair between Miss Dick and me,—by the details of our broils, and the reasons of our mutual hostility—by the development of our corrupted passions, and the effusions

of our spleen. It has, therefore, appeared in some measure unaccountable, that my antagonists should have discovered so much solicitude, after they have exhibited me in the Court of King's Bench, and then in the Ecclesiastical Court of the Secession Church, to exhibit me again, before my already satiated countrymen, at the bar of your tribunal. Let me think,—"What can be the motive by which *their pure minds* are stirred up?" It may be this;—they employed the first expedient as an engine to accomplish my ruin. Has it succeeded? No. After the tempest of the legal conflict subsided, I still appeared the possessor of character, credit, and usefulness. Not one real friend had forsaken me; new accessions were made to those who remained stedfast to their insulted and persecuted leader. They employed the second expedient as an engine to accomplish my ruin. Has it succeeded? No. Ecclesiastical anathemas have been poured upon my name; arrows have been directed against what is dearer to me than life, and without which life must prove a load intolerable to endure. After the storm of ecclesiastical violence, my antagonists have still found me the possessor of character, credit, and usefulness, and the ranks of my supporters and friends increased to a degree, which more resembles the dreams of fancy than objects of reality! The third expedient they now employ is their *last*, their *greatest effort* to accomplish that

ruin which they found themselves unable to effect by their former attempts. Like Pharoah, they have said, " We will pursue, we will overtake, we will divide the spoil." Let them take care lest, like Pharaoh, they be buried in the Red Sea of their own presumption. May I add, that this expedient is their last, their dying struggle! It is a powerful convulsive movement, but it is the harbinger of dissolution. Join with me, Gentlemen, in wishing that, when they shall find the inefficacy of this their last attempt, *that enmity* may expire, which has stimulated them in all their projects, and not attend them to *another world*, where, like the vulture, it will prey upon the vitals of those who have surrendered themselves to its dominion *in this!* Should they accomplish my ruin, what advantage shall they have procured for themselves? Shall they be lifted up by my downfal? Shall my destruction prove the basis of the prosperity? Alas! it is now no problem in the history of man, " whether he can plan the ruin of another when it is not to advantage himself." The joy which such a destroyer feels I know not; I leave its description to those who have not been ashamed to proclaim to the world, that they are the abettors of enmity, and the advocates of revengeful malignity!

All along, I have viewed the attempts of my enemies as originating in *satanic influence*, and stimulated by the worst passions which can agi-

tate the human heart, as their object has been evidently to drag me down from one of the most important stations that has ever been occupied by any minister in the metropolis. I have seen the *malevolent intention* throughout, and though I may be chargeable by some, as giving place to a wild enthusiasm, I have uniformly experienced a conviction, during this unnatural and disgusting conflict, that these parties shall be frustrated in all their intentions: that they shall find themselves to be only "potsherds fit to contend with the potsherds of the earth;" and that they are foolishly and presumptuously contending with an arm stronger than that of man, which has hitherto proved the shield of my defence.

I know from the extraordinary publicity which has been given to my first and second correspondence with a certain lady, that from the almost unparalleled excitement which has been produced in this country, many were led to suspect, if not to conclude, that I had been guilty of the most perfidious acts—of the basest treachery: *yea*, that I had practised the acts of the vilest seduction!! I ask, who would not have concluded this to be the case? But what must be the surprise of the discerning public, of a generous and free people, when they find *this* to be the case—that I have scarcely seen the lady for ten years; that during that period I had not been in her father's house; that the second correspondence only last-

ed about five months ; that it was interrupted not by any want of respect to the lady ; that a delay of marriage was occasioned by the heaviest and most tragical family calamities ; and that the correspondence was finally brought to a close, by the imprudence of the relatives of the lady, and by the most disgusting and presumptuous interference of *ephemeral friends,* who adopted a method unheard of in the annals of the history of man, namely, *force,* to compel a man, almost distracted by affliction, to enter into a connexion, which, of all others requires a sky, clear and tranquil, and not covered with clouds of threatening calamity, or agitated by storms of tumultuous vicissitude ? Whether these things have been proved or not, I will leave to the *decision of that bar of public opinion,* before which I appear, and where I am convinced, candid confessions will be received with compassionate magnanimity, and where a sentence of honourable acquittal will be awarded, grounded on a defence which has for its basis the immutability of truth.

That I take great blame to myself for the renewal of my correspondence with Miss Dick, I do not deny ; but I cannot suffer it to be inferred, that I concur in all the concessions which my learned counsel has, for the sake of argument, I suppose, thought it proper to make on the subject. When Mr. Scarlett was employed, on a former occasion, to defend me in the Court of King's Bench, he was pleased, in order to *avoid* argument, I presume, to

admit (what he had no authority from me to admit) that I had been guilty of a breach of promise of marriage. Not being personally present on that occasion, I had no opportunity of entering my dissent from the admission of my counsel; but the case being otherwise now, I feel that I am imperiously called upon to state how far I agree, or do not agree, with the concessions which he has made in my name. Mr. Scarlett has admitted that the second correspondence began with an overture on my part. Now this I deny.* Nothing but force compels me to refer to that communication from the lady which has been so firmly denied by my assailants. But as the assertion of this truth has been declared to be the foundation of the action which was raised in the Court of King's Bench, I will, with the leave of your Lordship, call a most respectable witness, who will prove, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that such a communication was sent to me by the lady. With respect, again, to the admission that I was ultimately guilty of a violation of a promise of marriage, I can only concur in it thus far—that, in the eye of the law, I am guilty. I need not say, Gentlemen, that there may be a legal violation of a promise, where there is no moral violation. The man who promises, at a particular day, to pay a sum of money which he owes, but is unable to do so when the day arrives, is guilty of a legal violation of the promise; but who will

* See "Appeal."

say that he is guilty of a moral violation of it? No man will make such an assertion. In my case Mr. Scarlett may do right in allowing the legal violation of my engagement, but not in granting the moral violation; because, allowing that I was legally bound to fulfil my engagement in the month of September, I was morally prevented from doing so, by a heavy domestic calamity, which intervened. Should the following question be addressed to me; "Sir, if you were justly considered pledged to marry your former correspondent, do you consider what you communicated in the two letters, of the 25th June and 3d July, a reason for breach of promise of marriage?" I would instantly reply, No. Such an opinion I never entertained, and such an opinion I never expressed. I never said so in writing; I never said so in conversation. When I wrote them, I considered they contained reasons of delay, and I consider so now. My affection remained unaltered to my correspondent; I was even laying the plans for the accomplishment of our union, after the letter which I subsequently received from her father, and on which my counsel has animadverted with so much merited severity. On receiving that letter, however, I looked with terror on the event of being related to a gentleman who could write to me as to the vilest of beings; and on receiving another letter from the daughter, approving of all her father had said, written, resolved, and

threatened, I must confess I looked with appalling suspicion on the event of being related to a lady who could permit and sanction such an opprobrium being heaped on him whom she expected to be the partner of her days.

It is universally acknowledged, Gentlemen, that love is a plant of very delicate texture, and it has often expired by circumstances the most apparently trifling and capricious. Human nature illustrates this every day. This memorable letter was like pouring the burning lava of Vesuvius upon the blossoms of a tender flower. The disgust which it has excited is as strong as at the first moment my mind came in contact with its malignant virulence. I am blamed with treating the reverend writer of the letter with *contempt* and *scorn*. His letter I did treat with contempt and scorn, and will treat with contempt and scorn, while I live and breathe. It is worthy of the heart which dictated it; and I shall ever rejoice, that my existence shall not be embittered by being related to one whose dispositions I hold in such deserved detestation! (*Expression of disgust throughout the Court.*) "Heaven grant I may never meet him on earth, till the asperity of his nature is softened by the resistless influence of the religion of peace!"——Mr. Fletcher sat down.

Chief Justice.—Who then is the witness you mean to call to prove that Miss Dick commenced the second correspondence?

Mr. Fletcher.—James M'Crone, Esq. of Castle Mona, Isle of Man.—M'Crone, where are you?

Mr. M'Crone (a very respectable, elderly looking gentleman) then stepped into the witness-box.

Mr. Fletcher.—Do you know any thing, Sir, of the renewal of a correspondence between me and Miss Dick, of Glasgow, in 1823?—You know, very well, Sir, that I was not consulted about the business; but in vindication of the part I have taken, I must say, that I had as much proof as would hang a thief, that after the first courtship was broken up ten years ago, the lady again came forward and wrote.—One witness says, "I saw and read the letter;" another says, "I and another lady read it, and had our jokes on the subject." A third witness said, "The letter was sent by mistake from the minister's study and came under my inspection." This shows I was correct in my first conjecture, when I said, in my letter to Mr. Pirie, "Now, when she cannot do better, she comes forward with the offer of her hand."

Cross-examined by Mr. Phillips.

Will you have the kindness, Sir, to mention the names of any one of the three witnesses you talk of?—No, Sir; I am not at liberty to tell their names.

And yet you feel yourself at liberty, on anonymous authority, to propagate what I now tell you is an infamous slander. I have but two questions more to ask you, Sir. When, in your letter to Mr. Pirie, you owned that the lady had made an offer of her hand, did you know that to be the fact on any sort of authority whatever?—

I did not *then* know it to be the fact.

Who told you first that it was the fact?—

I do not remember—

Ohone, Mr. M'Crone!

Mr. Phillips said, that though entitled to a full reply, he felt that any thing of the kind was

unnecessary; he would occupy the attention of the Court for but one moment. He wished merely to repeat his most solemn denial that Miss Dick had broken off the first correspondence in the terms imputed to her, or solicited the second in any terms whatever; and to remind the Court, that neither Mr. Fletcher's counsel nor Mr. Fletcher himself, had succeeded in producing anything more than mere hearsay evidence on these points, and that evidence of such a description as to make it doubtful whether it was hearsay or pure invention.

The Chief Justice then proceeded to charge the Jury. — He looked upon the offence with which the defendant was charged, as one which in its simplest form, and stripped of all aggravations, was one of great enormity, much greater than the world seemed generally disposed to allow. Perhaps there was no human affection which could bear less to be capriciously sported with, than that of love in a female breast. Once fairly awakened it possesses her whole soul, and tinges every sensation; nor is its intensity more than faintly discovered in its external development. When it leads to a lawful and honourable connexion with the object of its regard, it is the surest of all passports to a life of tranquillity and happiness; but when faithlessness and desertion are its portion, it brings but too frequently ruin, recklessness, and misery in its train. In nine

cases out of ten, it is the circumstance which de cides between living to usefulness and honour, and living only to bitterness and shame. Events may sometimes arise to justify a breach of promise of marriage; but rarely, indeed, does such a failure of engagement take place, without inflicting great and irreparable injury on the female who is its unhappy victim. Every man of right feeling, every man of honour and humanity, therefore, must feel it to be his duty to consider well what he is about before he indulges in those attentions, which, according to all reasonable interpretation, have marriage for their object; and when once he has plighted his troth, none but reasons of the weightiest import should ever induce him to draw back. Now, what had we here? A promise of marriage twice made and twice broken; owing in the first instance, perhaps, to faults on both sides, but in the second, owing, most unquestionably, to no fault whatever on the part of the lady. And what reasons did the defendant offer in defence of his conduct? Did he plead that he had been drawn in to make the promise rashly and inconsiderately? No. He had the modesty indeed, in opposition to the more gallant and prudent course pursued by his counsel, to say that the lady had made him an unsolicited tender of her hand; but never had there been witnessed a more disgraceful failure than Mr. Fletcher had exhibited in his attempt to prove in

evidence this dastardly imputation. No defendant, in a case of this kind, had ever less reason to plead want of consideration or want of will. The attachment was one which he had formed in early life, which he had had ten years to reflect and brood over; and in all, but what love he felt for the lady, he was as free as air, when he spontaneously and deliberately renewed his proposals for the alliance. Had Mr. Fletcher's love then for the lady cooled, or had obstacles arisen which placed it out of his power to fulfil his engagement? The defendant had protested very solemnly, that the latter and not the former was the case; but looking at the nature of those obstacles, at the shifting manner in which they had been put forward, considering how much reason there was to suspect the sincerity of the defendant in the importance which he ascribed to them, and of how little real importance they were in any view that could be taken of them, it was difficult, nay impossible, not to come to one of two conclusions;—either that there never had been any real love in the case, but (as Mr. Phillips had contended) a malicious intention from the first, to sport with the feelings of Miss Dick and her family, or that his love, such as it was, had from some cause or other, not only cooled, but sunk to the very freezing point. If it should be the opinion of the Jury, that the former was the case, then, indeed, had the learned counsel most justly called upon them

to mark by their verdict, their horror at a scheme of treachery without a parallel in the history of human baseness. But inclining, as they would probably do, to the more charitable conclusion, that merely a change in the defendant's inclinations had taken place, it would still occur to them how comparatively venial his conduct would have been, had he only frankly owned that such a change had taken place, and stated manfully that on that account alone, he could not fulfil his engagement. There was much truth in what Mr. Scarlett had said, that however much the situation of a female deserted by the man she loves is to be pitied, it is bliss compared with the lot of one who is wedded, but no longer loved. Alas!

> "What damned minutes tells she o'er,
> Who dotes yet doubts, suspects yet strongly loves."

Nearly all the enormity that there was in the case, arose from the manner in which the reverend defendant had chosen to back out of his engagement. There had been a want of manliness and honesty in the whole of his proceedings, not more disgraceful to his character as a member of society, than as a minister of the gospel. He had shuffled, twisted, and turned a thousand ways, and done every thing but tell the truth, and repent his errors. Instead of acknowledging, with Christian humility, the injuries which he had done, and making allowance for the indignation

which his conduct was naturally calculated to excite in a woman whose affections he had outraged, and a family whose honourable feelings he had insulted—instead of submitting to just censure, and only opposing unreasonable exaggerations—instead of only endeavouring to regain the good opinion of his friends, and to avert the hostility of his enemies—he all at once turns round, and from the defendant becomes the assailant—declaring himself the injured and persecuted party—scattering his impotent abuse, and venting his pointless malice against his once "adored" Eliza, and all who honourably espouse her cause. The most shocking part of his sophistical correspondence and pleadings was, the continual mixture of things sacred with things secular—holy with profane; and the terrible temerity with which he had attempted to bring Providence to his level—to make Providence his shield in deserting the object he affected to covet so eagerly—the individual he professed so dearly to love. Before the throne of God (if we might believe him) he sought her—in His Holy name he invoked her, by His holy name he vowed eternal love and constancy; and it is HIM who places at length a barrier in the way of their union, which no human hands could remove! Never, perhaps, had there been exhibited a more frightful portraiture, upon the whole, of an uncandid, rancorous, and revengeful spirit, wearing the garb of sanctity, and calling

for the constructions of charity. The impious freedoms which the defendant had taken with the name of the Divinity were, his Lordship was sorry to say, but specimens of a certain hypocritical cant, and daring perversion, and misapplication of sacred sanctions to the common occupations and ordinary occurrences of life, which was become too prevalent in this country. It was confusing the ideas, unhinging the minds, and leading into a maze the better feelings of multitudes, and would, if not checked and put down by common sense and true religion, infallibly tend to drive mankind to become either fanatics or infidels.

The Jury then retired, and after an absence of five minutes, returned into Court.

Sir Walter Scott.—" My Lord, we unanimously find the defendant Guilty upon the whole counts of the indictment."

APPENDIX.

(A)

DOCUMENTS PRODUCED FOR THE PROSECUTION.

No. 1.—*Rev. Alexander Fletcher to Rev. Robert Fletcher.*

The Glasgow business is all over; I am happy at it, very happy; I wonder at my great stupidity. *Jean* has done me much good in the matter. She sent down to her Ladyship *two bulletins* of a very curious nature. This week I have sent back all the *cold, barren, icy letters* I ever received from that *lumpish, selfish woman*, with whom I have been so long enthralled—thanks to God for the deliverance! Jean compared her to Delilah! She wrote back to Jean and compared her to a *****. Keep this secret. I am looking around here; God will guide my steps. No longer will I *stop* to insults; may we ever rise above them. I think Mr. Dick the most impudent fellow I ever met with; his philosophy has done him little good; I have done with him. I like Alexander and George; the mother is Mrs. Hypocrisy, and Miss D. what you called her on the road to Paisley. Write me soon.

I am your loving brother,
ALEXANDER FLETCHER.

London, Oct. 1823.

No. 2.—*Rev. Alexander Fletcher to Miss Dick.*

Received 13*th Feb.* 1823.

My dear Eliza.—It is my intention to pass through Edinburgh in the month of July, where I have a great wish to meet with you. Can you possibly manage to be there about the same time? I shall anxiously wait your answer to this note. Be so kind as address to me, "Albion Chapel, Moorgate, London." Write me without restraint; for, be assured, I will never betray or abuse your confidence and affection, should Providence favour me by making me the object of them. I hold your parents and family in the highest respect and esteem. May God bless you and bless them. I am yours, most affectionately,

ALEXANDER FLETCHER.

No. 3.—*Mr. Fletcher to Miss Dick.*

London, May 22, 1823.

My dearest Eliza,—It is painful to my feelings that I have been prevented from answering your most affectionate letter sooner. Since the time the welcome messenger arrived, I have been moving from place to place, like a king's courier, and have not enjoyed a day's rest and retirement till now. You are closely entwined round my heart, and every letter I receive from my dear Eliza makes me more thankful that I live in the heart of one who so deservedly occupies the highest place in my admiring estimation. I am yours, I am your own; my heart is yours; you constantly live in my thoughts, in my warmest affections, in my fondest desires, and in my most animating hopes; you are mine; I claim you as mine own; I thank God that ever my thoughts were directed towards you, and that Providence ever directed your thoughts towards your own Alexander. O my dearest Eliza, I embrace you with my very soul, when you tell me you look forward to the arrival of a period not remote, when you shall be beside me, when you shall be my companion, when you shall live with me as my comforter, and when you will do every thing in your power to render him happy who shall consider it the greatest earthly bliss to make his dearest Eliza happy. Sometimes I think I am whispering into your ear, not only the affectionate feelings of my mind, but the sweet realities of our holy faith, which carry the thoughts onward to the joys of heaven, and I think that these are not only excited, but answered by my loving Eliza, in a manner which makes me taste the exalted enjoyments of the religion of the heart:—sometimes in the indulgence of fancy, which, I trust, will *soon*, *soon* be exchanged for realities, I think I am listening, amid the darkness and the silence of night, to the sweet ejaculations ascending from the lips of my loving Eliza to the throne of Heaven. Often my heart rises up to God for you, and I am conscious that often I am not only the subject of your thoughts, but your prayers. The expectation of living with you fills me with delight. O may my God and your God grant that, before many months pass over our heads, that expectation may be fulfilled! It is my wish, my prayer, that, if Providence spare me to visit my native land, I may not return alone. My dearest, dearest Eliza, make me happy in saying in your next that you *will not* suffer me to return alone, and that you will enter with me on a career which will add to our mutual prosperity and bliss. On that career I often think. I may say the prospect of that near relation almost constantly engages my thoughts and my prayers. From God I have sought you, my loving Eliza, and to Him I look for the fulfilment of all my wishes. Long, I trust, we shall travel together, hand in hand and heart in heart, in this world,

walking in all the commandments and articles of the Lord, blameless. Your sweet letters make me more and more anxious for the arrival of a day when we shall no longer live separate from each other, but when we shall be *one* in relation, as we are now *one* in affection. I trust Divine Providence will prepare the way before us, and that it will evidently appear the will of Him, who is the wise Disposer of all events, that, on my return, my dearest friend, my own Eliza, the object of my warmest affection, will accompany me to a sphere, where I know she will be happy in doing good. Oh, Eliza, give me, with the greatest freedom, the sentiments of your mind on this subject; I wish I were near you to hear them whispered into my ear, by a voice, the accents of which will, I hope in God, often comfort my heart. My affection to you, my dearest Eliza, is extended to all your family; I love them all, and consider myself honoured and happy in being the sharer of their esteem. Give me the address of Alexander's office; I may call there first on my arrival. Remember me most affectionately to all, and particularly to your dear parents. Embrace the earliest opportunity, my dear, dear Eliza, in writing

Your own loving

Miss Dick, Rev. Dr. Dick's, Glasgow. ALEXANDER.

No. 4.—*Mr. Fletcher to Miss Dick.*

London, June 13, 1823.

My dear Eliza,—It was last Sabbath morning, on my arrival at the chapel, that I received your most welcome, affectionate, and encouraging letter. You are dear to my heart, you have devoted yourself to me, who am infinitely unworthy of such a blessing. With longing anticipations I look forward to that day, when, in the kind Providence of God, I shall see my dearest Eliza. May I be prepared for meeting my loving Eliza, and for enjoying the society of her whose fellowship I prize above every earthly enjoyment beside; and to render whom happy I shall ever consider as my greatest earthly bliss. It is my intention, if possible to leave London and reach Glasgow at the time already mentioned. There is a proposal to make some important alterations in the chapel during my absence, both by way of ornament and enlargement. 600*l.* will be wanted, and must be raised before my departure. It is intended to be collected by the female friends of the congregation. This is a smile in Providence, for which I ought to be thankful. Last year, that is from June, 1822, till June, 1823, our managers have reduced the debt of our chapel nearly about 500*l.* and when they had balanced their books had in hand 60*l.* Never have we had such a prosperous year, as it regards funds and comfort. O that I could also add true spiri-

tual saving benefit. You have most lovingly consented to accompany me on my return to London, which will likely be the month of September. Thus you have afforded me the highest testimony of your affectionate regard. It is true that I have made no regular intimation to my two sisters here, though by letters from the north it has been mentioned to them. I am wrong in not plainly telling them. Many hints and allusions have dropped from me to give them an opportunity of putting the question to me, but they have never yet done it. I am angry at myself, but cannot help it. My sister Euphemia has taken the management of my domestic concerns for nearly ten years: she has been associated with me in all my difficulties and encouragements, and has certainly acted her part with great ability and affection. For nearly half a year I have been preparing her mind for undertaking the tuition of a number of young ladies, for which she is exceedingly competent, both by natural endowments, experience, and education. She could command a very considerable number, and might soon, upon the score of income, be more comfortable than myself. This, my dearest Eliza, is a matter which is now engrossing my thoughts, which I consider inseparable from our expected connexion; yes, that relation with my loving Eliza, which every returning day unceasingly engages my heart. You may have heard of the name of Mrs. Pirie, a most respectable lady of my own age, truly pious, and of the most tried friendship. She is highly friendly to our intended union, and has mentioned to us that she proposes being in Glasgow this season, when I shall be in Scotland. I have resolved to tell my mind freely to her, and to employ her in assisting me in carrying on my plans with my sisters. May God sanction my efforts, and succour my attempts with his blessing! Then, on the one hand, I shall have discharged a duty of gratitude to my sister, in answering the most equitable claims, and, on the other, I shall be the happiest of beings in the enjoyment of my dearest Eliza, and in devoting my whole life to add to my Eliza's felicity. Here my duty and my affection have come in contact. I trust the God we both love will enable me to pursue effectually that wise course, by which I shall find, by the month of September, my sister happy in the career of honour and of usefulness, and myself blessed in the enjoyment of my own Eliza. Remember me affectionately to all the excellent family. Take the earliest opportunity of writing me. May God bless my dearest Eliza!

I ever remain your loving

ALEXANDER.

No. 5.—*Mrs. Pirie to Miss Dick.*

June 12, 1823.

My dear Friend,—You will be surprised at receiving a letter from one who is, comparatively speaking, a stranger to you. The cause of my writing to you is the result of a conversation I had yesterday with a *friend of yours*, my own much-loved pastor. I do not hesitate to say that at present he is surrounded with much opposition to his own wishes, which was the cause of his opening his mind to me; and fearful that a spark of it may fly north, the very delicate matter has devolved on me, of requesting you to keep your mind uninfluenced, fearful that any means may be resorted to for that purpose. With a little firmness and decision, I hope matters will be arranged to the satisfaction of those who have the happiness of his valuable life at heart. Be assured that nothing but the difficulty of our friend's situation could have induced me to have written to you. There has been, my dear friend, a special Providence in all that has befallen the subject of this epistle. It has been my privilege to mark his progress for twelve years. He has been in the furnace as a minister and as a brother; in every instance he has come out with his character brighter. It is needless for me to speak of him as a minister: his useful and laborious life speaks for itself. I have had every opportunity of seeing him in private life, and his character has been that of the Christian minister. Pardon the liberty I have taken in writing to you in the way I have done, but it is the spontaneous result of a mind deeply indebted to a faithful minister of Christ. This communication is unknown to Mr. Pirie: he knows nothing of the matter; it is between ourselves. In the hope that you will receive this as it is meant, and anticipating the pleasure of hearing from you, acknowledging the receipt of this, believe me, my dear Madam, your's, with sincerity,

(Signed) JEAN PIRIE.

No. 6.—*Miss Dick to Mrs. Pirie.*

My dear Madam,—This morning I received your very friendly letter, for which I beg you will accept of my warmest thanks. The contents of your letter did not altogether surprise me, as I had laid my account with opposition from the quarter you have alluded to. Indeed, ever since the commencement of our correspondence, I had determined that any means used from that quarter should have no influence on my mind. I hope, however, that nothing of that kind will occur, but if it should, your friendly and salutary hints will be of use to direct me how to act. Be assured, my dear Madam, from the friendship which you have

shown to Mr. Fletcher, and from the high terms in which he has mentioned it to me, that if Providence should remove me to a distance from my nearest relations, I will consider myself happy in being placed near such a valuable friend. As I understand you are to visit Scotland in the course of the summer, my mother, to whom I showed your letter, wishes to be kindly remembered to you, and desires me to say, that it will afford her much pleasure to see you in Glasgow. I remain, &c.

(Signed) ELIZA DICK.

Glasgow, June 23, 1823.

No. 7.—*Mr. M'Crone to Mr. Pirie.*

Castle Mona, Isle of Man, June 17th, 1823.

My dear Sir,—It is with regret and sorrow that I address myself to you at this time; because, the information I am to give, if it be new to you, as I presume it is, must occasion surprise and grief to our female friends at Homerton. The Minister is to be married in July. I do not think it strange that he should take a wife, for that is quite natural, and was to be expected; but that he should have carried on a plan so far, without communicating it to his sisters, who have done so much for him, and deserve his confidence in every respect so well, is what I consider not only strange, but ill usage.

To you, and Mrs. P., I need not say how much they have done for him—many an anxious day and night they have spent in studying his comfort and respectability; and, doing so, they have not only consumed the best part of their lives, but put into his hands their little all; therefore I leave it to you to say, if, under such circumstances, it is using them well, to rush into a state which must necessarily turn them out of his house at a very short warning. I know their proud independent spirit well; and, I am sure, the news thus suddenly told, must well nigh break their hearts. It is not a little humiliating too, that the lady, many years ago, rejected him with scorn, and ill-treated his relations: and now, when she cannot do better, she comes forward with the offer of her hand, and he is so silly as to say, *Yes:* I write confidently, for my information is from a source communicated by the lady herself. I have to beg of you and Mrs. P. to see Euphemia, and let matters be concerted and managed for the best; and tell her, she and her sisters may always look to me, as long as I live, as their friend and counsellor. And, before the knot is tied, it would be for the Minister granting them at least a legal document for their money in his hands; which, in respect of services (invaluable, and which he can never repay,) should not be dimi-

nished from its original amount, even although they may have received part to buy what they stood in need of in clothes, &c. I have heard a great deal of late about preparing the house for our projected visit; but little did we think it was for a new housekeeper. I repeat again that no one had a right to be offended at the step he is about to take; nor would offence have been taken had it timeously been told to them, who ought not to have been kept ignorant of it—them, who would almost have laid down their lives for his peace and happiness, and who had the honour and prosperity of his congregation so much at heart.

Mrs. M'Crone and all our young ones are at Dunblane; and I hope to be there early in July; and if my sisters come there, we shall all live comfortably together. It was my fixed resolution to have visited them at Homerton this summer; but that is now out of the question;—not that the connexion is disrespectable, but the very reverse: but because I know they think more highly of themselves than all the Fletchers or M'Crones on earth; and, consequently, I consider Mr. Fletcher a lost brother to us all. I beg to hear from you on receipt hereof; and I hope, on this occasion, you will continue your wonted good services, so as they may have their little matters well arranged and settled: for they must not proudly and pettishly lose sight of their own interest.

With kind regard to you all,

I remain your faithful and humble servant,

(Signed) JAMES M'CRONE.

No. 3.—*Mr. Pirie to Mr. M'Crone.*

London, June 24, 1823.

My dear Sir,—I received your letter of the 17th ult. to which I should have replied in course, as requested, but I was anxious to have an opportunity of previously seeing the Parson and his sisters on the subject of it. I have seen them; and deeply regret that even the most distant insinuation should have been thrown out by any of his sisters against his forming a connexion which all his friends should rejoice to see existing. To me it appears to be a most desirable one in every point of view; and I am convinced it would give satisfaction to the whole of his congregation.

It appears to me—his sisters, who have indeed expressed as much to Mrs. Pirie, and another female friend, have resolved the union shall *never* take place; and they are endeavouring, by every means, to prevent it. How far they will find this to promote their advantages, or his, time will shew; but sure I am, that if he has committed himself in any degree to the young lady, and in consequence of the interference of his sisters, or any relations earth, he should draw back—from that moment I should fea

his usefulness as a minister, and his character as a man, would be at an end: and I declare, I should not hesitate, in that case, *to stand in the front rank of his opponents*, should he have pledged himself so far that, as a man of honour, he cannot draw back; that he will do so I cannot prevail upon myself to believe, but this will be decided soon. If the marriage take place, I entirely agree with you that whatever property he has belonging to his family ought to be legally secured to them; and, if I am consulted in the matter, shall most assuredly advise this being done. It is however a question of figures, about which no difficulties need be made.

I am very sorry that the circumstances in question will prevent us having the pleasure of seeing you in London; but must confess that much as I should like to see you and Mrs. M'Crone here, I would rather forego the pleasure for a time, if I could in the meanwhile, see the minister settled with a virtuous and amiable wife at Homerton. Excuse me for employing an amanuensis, when I say you would have little chance of being able to read my own writing.

I beg to be very kindly remembered to Mrs. M'Crone; and in this my wife desires cordially to unite.

I am, with regard, Dear Sir,

Yours truly, (Signed) JOHN P.

No. 9.—*Mr. Fletcher to Miss Dick.*

Eliza,—I purposely change my manner of address in this letter, not because there is any alteration in my views and opinions of you, for there is none; but because the melancholy history which this epistle contains may be submitted to the inspection of those who are most deeply interested in your welfare and happiness: a phraseology only to be seen by your own eye may be commendable, which would appear disgusting in the eye of others. In general, since I last wrote you, I have endured a storm of affliction, and am still enduring it, which cannot be described; and unless Providence allay the tempest, I cannot tell what will be the consequences. Could I possibly conceal it from you, to save you the pain of the communication, I would do it, but candour, necessity, duty, and even a regard to your ultimate happiness, compel me to give you a detail of circumstances, which have all happened since you received my last. Last Saturday week, my unfortunate brother Robert made an attack upon my residence, of such a violent nature, that the remembrance of it overwhelms me with anguish. For two years and more his iniquities, and crimes, and outrages, have wrung my

heart with anguish. Often he has attacked my dwelling, and threatened myself and sisters with death. Under the influence of inebriety, he has poured from his lips torrents—must I add, of imprecations and blasphemy, the recollection of which still strikes me with horror; he even attacked the chapel on the Lord's Day, insulted the people, and, at one time, during service stood before me in one of the aisles in a threatening attitude, when I thought I should have expired. With the advice of friends, I was prevailed upon to summon him before a magistrate. Never, never shall I forget the sufferings of that day. O that I could obliterate it from my recollection. He was bound over to keep the peace for a certain time: during that period we had no annoyance. Immediately on its expiration he began afresh, and with redoubled violence and malignity, all his cruel assaults upon my dwelling and chapel. I sent another officer of the law to him, the measure had the effect for a season. I heard of his reformation—my mind began to be tranquillized. Some months passed joyfully along. Then I began to think my prayers for him were answered. *This was the state of matters* when our correspondence was renewed. But, alas! on last Saturday week, he came like a roaring lion from Tophet. His raving and execrations were heard nearly a quarter of a mile off; crowds of people were assembled near the gates; the neighbourhood was alarmed; and he did not leave the dwelling till he was wearied out with the excesses of his outrages. On the following Sabbath he came to disturb me at the chapel, but was providentially prevented from accomplishing his purpose. If I send him to prison, as the magistrates told me, he must mingle with the worst of human beings, who will add to his depravity—who will fan the flame of his malignant passions, and who may prepare him for the commission of some desperate felonious act, that would lead to a disgraceful death. God knows! that, for years, I have been living in the dread of being murdered by him, and in the very pulpit have been alarmed with the fear of being destroyed by him. When our correspondence was renewed, many testimonies came to me that he was a penitent. I believed them; the sky was clear and peaceful. Thus was filled up the few happiest months I ever spent in the metropolis. I have thoughts of putting him in a mad-house. More than half a year ago I had men employed to watch him, and to convey him to a place for lunatics. They failed. I rejoiced they did; for if they had succeeded, in a few days or weeks he would have resumed complete use of his powers. He would in this case have been set at liberty. He would then have either raised an action against me, or have fallen upon and destroyed me. This is the affecting situation in which I am placed, with respect to my poor miserable, abandoned brother. This awful and heart-rending event *completely unfits me, for the present, of carrying on our correspon-*

dence; and *till the sky brightens and the storm ceases, it is as impossible for me to write to you in my present agitated state of suffering, as it is to fly in the sky.* Only a sense of imperious duty has extracted this tragical, but true and faithful communication from your afflicted—

London, June 23, 1823. ALEXANDER.

No. 10.—*Substance of Reply,—Miss Dick to Mr. Fletcher.*

I told him that I received his letter with my usual pleasure, but I was much surprised on opening it at his change in the mode of addressing me, but that the explanation had relieved my mind in some measure, and the declarations that there was no change in his views and opinions of me. That my parents and all the family sympathised very much with him in the melancholy account which he had given of his brother's conduct; but, having heard repeatedly of his outrages, we were not so much surprised as he might suppose; that it must be very painful to him to see his brother, and one who had been his companion, so much left to himself. But that he might believe that it had no effect upon my mind, nor for a moment made me change from my fixed purpose of fulfilling my engagements to him, and the vexation he was receiving from his brother only strengthened my resolution of becoming the companion of his sorrows. I also told him that, when I came to the conclusion of his letter, where he says that the conduct of his brother totally unfitted him for carrying on the correspondence, I could not understand what he meant, and could not for a moment suppose that, on that account, he intended to put a stop to a correspondence with one whom he had told "that no change had taken place in his views and opinions." This had, in some measure, supported my mind; and what he had said in the close of his letter I had either mistaken the meaning of, or believed it was written under the influence of strong feelings; for I could not for a moment allow myself to think that, on account of the assaults of a brother, he would give up a correspondence with one who was willing to leave her family for him, and who never changed in her affection;—that if, by what he said, he meant to delay the marriage, I could not see what purpose it could serve to do so, as it would not prevent his brother from behaving as he had already done; that it was known and expected by my relations; the report was quite public in Glasgow; that I did not make it known myself, but I had, of late, often been questioned as to the truth of it; and, as I considered it a fixed engagement, I had not denied it; that my mother had begun to make preparations for the purpose; that I looked forward to his

next letter with great anxiety, and hoped it would allay all my fears; and I hoped to receive an answer by return of post; that my parents and the whole family united in sympathising with him, on account of his brother; but they could not see in any way how it could put a stop to the correspondence or the intended union; that my father expected him to preach for him as he had promised, and we were all happy in looking forward to his visit. This is, as far as I can remember, the substance of my answer to Mr. Fletcher's letter of the 23d of June. It was sent by return of post.

(Signed) ELIZA DICK.

No. 11.—*Mr. M'Crone to Mr. Pirie.*

Castle Mona, June, 29, 1823.

My dear Sir,—I have to thank you for your letter of the 24th inst. As to the matter of the minister's intended marriage, I cannot form any opinion, for I have not received a syllable from him on the subject; nor, till this moment have I had any correspondence with any of his sisters regarding it, excepting with my own wife; and I hope there is nothing of treason in making it the free subject of discussion:—and it is quite possible we may have very good reasons for disapproving of the connexion, though these reasons may remain with ourselves. If it be true, as fame reports, (but fame ofttimes is a lying trumpet,) that the lady made the advance, so that the minister has been drawn into correspondence without previous reflection, or even prudent forethought, the drawing back, if it were to be so, would in that case, admit of explanation; but if, on the other hand, *he* voluntarily made the proposal, and has brought matters to a certain length, then my opinion decidedly is, that it would, humanly speaking, be "drawing back to perdition." But being as ignorant as St. Paul's steeple of the *pros* and *cons*, and, as already said, can form no opinion on the subject, will most assuredly give no advice.

My reason for writing to you had for its object, the sole purpose of soliciting you to interfere with your good offices to get my sisters' pecuniary affairs so arranged, as that they might take away what they brought, with the interest it would have gained if it had been placed in other hands; for I considered, and still do consider, that their meat and clothing merely has been compensated, and much more than compensated, by the ten years anxious care and labour for this same minister. And if they will, in this very thing, follow my advice, which I shall give for the first time, by this post, they will try to effect this, and instantly

go to Scotland, where they have a home of their own, and where they will find a welcome reception among many friends; and where too they will find *me*, their guardian and protector, proud to rank myself among them.

The minister has, in my humble opinion, to say the least of it, treated his sisters with great want of confidence, and from all you know, you cannot fail to be of that opinion also; and, no doubt, they still bear in mind, that this same lady, as the story goes, once refused their brother with much *hauteur*, and spoke evil of all his relations, because he had the monstrous presumption to aspire so high.

I beg to be kindly remembered to Mrs. P. and your brothers; and when it is safe to come to London, without the risk of being drawn into the scrape of meddling or interfering in this matter—a predicament I shall most studiously avoid—I assure myself of very great pleasure in accomplishing my wish; meanwhile,

I remain,

Yours most sincerely,

(Signed) JAMES M'CRONE.

No. 12.—*Mr. Fletcher to Miss Dick.*

Eliza,—I employ, in the beginning of this letter, phraseology similar to my last, as it may be read by those who take a deep interest in your welfare: your own good sense will see the propriety of this. Before and since I sent you the last melancholy communication, I find the truth of these lines:—

> "As sparks in close succession rise,
> So man, the child of woe,
> Is doomed to endless cares and toils
> Through all his life below."

The aversion of my sisters to the intended relation was what I never dreamed of, particularly after a lapse of ten years. Were this aversion confined to one or two, it might be endured; but when I find it has extended to nearly the whole, I am inexpressibly distressed. Could I persuade myself to be willing to be separated from them for life, and that you and I could be happy together with such a separation before our eyes—could my regard to you destroy my fraternal affection to them, or could I bring myself the length of disregarding both their friendship and their feelings, I would at once, even now, enter into the connexion; but I cannot. Mrs. Pirie has done infinite injury to my sisters here. In the overwhelming ardour of her mind, instead of attempting to reconcile them to the object of our wishes, she has wounded and afflicted them to a degree almost incredible.

In addition, Mr. Pirie has written to my brother-in-law, Mr. M'Crone, in a form which has increased, and not lessened, the evil. If you have any desire that the event should ever take place, beseech Mrs. Pirie to abandon her interference: she has even laid the matter before my managers, and has given (forgive me) a disgusting publicity to that which should have been held secret in the most sacred concealment. Even Miss Helen's letter she has handed about from one manager to another. Providence is frowning on all she has done, while I allow that in part she has acted from good intentions. Situated as I am at present, I cannot visit Scotland this season. You are put in possession of a knowledge of circumstances which I would willingly have kept from you, if duty had not compelled me to reveal them. If I had concealed them, and brought you to London in the emergencies of my situation, you would have justly reproached me for the most unwarrantable cruelty. I have given you my sentiments, dictated as much by affection as by prudence and necessity. Be so kind as to write to me, by return of post, your exact sentiments and opinion upon the case, and express them as freely and candidly as I have expressed mine. I cease not to commend you to the care of Him who careth for you, and is able (O that he were willing) to command the dark and troubled clouds of our tempestuous sky to be dispelled.

I remain yours, &c. &c.

(Signed) ALEXANDER FLETCHER.

London, July 3, 1823.

No. 13.—*Dr. Dick to Mr. Fletcher.*

Glasgow, July 7, 1823.

Dear Sir,—When your first letter arrived, we sympathized with you on account of your brother, but could not avoid feeling some surprise, that, after having written to Eliza in so alarming and discouraging a manner, another letter should not have speedily followed, in a different strain; but now it seems there is a different obstacle arising from the same quarter, which terminated your former engagement. I am unable to conceive that your sisters can have any objection to your marriage with my daughter, which they would not have against your marriage with any other young lady, who was in every respect your equal and theirs; but, as I know nothing about them, I shall not at present attempt to discover their motives. In affairs of this kind, the will of parents has been frequently regarded, but sisters have no right to interpose their negative; and no man of honour and

spirit would consider their opposition as a sufficient reason for breaking off so solemn an engagement. What have they to do with the future happiness of his life? And is their pleasure to be consulted at the expense of violating the most sacred obligations? If your sisters expect that their opposition will a second time induce Eliza to give up her claims on you, they will find themselves mistaken. Your correspondence with her is not a secret: preparations have been made for the marriage, and our friends expect it to take place at the time fixed by yourself. I am authorized by Eliza to say that she insists that you shall fulfil your engagement. It would surprise no person that she should do so, who reflected how averse any young woman would be to be twice disappointed in the most important affair of her life, and twice held up to the pity and scorn of the public. You are called to perform your promise, by your honour as a man, and by your character as a minister of religion. What would you think of a man who had twice abandoned the woman whose affection he had solicited and gained, because his sisters did not approve of the connexion, while they could say nothing against her character? If you are at a loss, put the question, I would not say to a Christian friend, but to a man of the world. It would be easy to give his answer; but I shall leave it to your own meditations.

Your declining to come to Scotland will serve to make the matter more public, and, as you specify no other time, gives ground for suspecting that you will ultimately draw back. Hitherto I have not interfered in the business, but now I am called to come forward, and to tell you plainly, that I will not allow the honour of my daughter and my family to be trifled with again. With your sisters I have nothing to do: but I have to do with your solemn engagement, and I insist that it shall be fulfilled. You will yourself be convinced, I trust, that every thing honourable and sacred requires you to do so. If I am disappointed in this expectation, the affair will not end as it did formerly, for I am determined to take every measure to vindicate the honour of my daughter, and to expose to the public a train of conduct of which there will be few examples upon record. I expect to hear from you in course; and if you wish to act wisely and honourably, it will not be till I shall see you.

I am, Sir, yours, truly,

(Signed) J. Dick.

On looking over your letter again, I observe that you say that, in the present state of your feelings, you cannot enter into the connexion. Your feelings seem to incline far too much to one side. Has my daughter no feelings? Are you under no obligation to respect them? And have you said one word in your two letters to relieve her? Is she to be harassed and your sisters to be soothed and gratified? I am almost tempted to exclaim, is

the man sincere in his professions of love who can thus treat the woman of his choice? I advise you to consider well what you are doing, and to be aware of being again influenced to shuffle, and then retract, as the consequences will be much more serious than you seem to apprehend. You complain of the conduct of one or two individuals who are your real friends, and seem to know what honour demands from you. Learn from them what will be the judgment of the public, if you should ever stand before its tribunal.

No. 14.—*Mr. Fletcher to Miss Dick.*

July 17, 1823.

Miss E. Dick.—With surprise I received your father's letter, and with astonishment and distress I read it. That he should have stept forward in this stage of the business, in an attitude so formidable, repulsive, and threatening, confounds me. If you had been brought to the altar itself and then abandoned, greater severity of expression could not have been employed. The language of PROVIDENCE to me in that letter is, '*pause.*' Though it is written in the style of authoritative command, and of ominous and prophetic warning, yet the language of PROVIDENCE to me in that letter is, '*pause.*' Did you see the letter before it was sent? Did your father see my last letter? I fear a negative answer must be given to both these questions. I sent you a discreet letter. Why did you not answer it yourself? My two last letters were dictated by events of PROVIDENCE, which have surrounded me on all sides, and which, like the billows of the raging sea, are beyond my control. They were not stratagems, but they have been treated as such. They were not the contrivances of unhallowed invention, but they have been treated as such. They required sympathy, but they have excited nothing but the rankling agitation of haughty indignation. Is it possible that your father has read my two last letters, and written me as he has done? Or, if he has not read them, how could he have written me as he has done? In these two letters I am conscious that I have done nothing inconsistent with that principle of honour on which your father lays such stress. He thinks otherwise; and has *threatened me* that he will push matters to the most *violent extremities.* This is a development to me which I dare not express. Had I deserved it, little logic would have shown me the danger and rashness of such threatenings; but conscious I have not merited it, the business is hurried into a labyrinth of tenfold perplexity. In the present heart-rending state of my unfortunate brother, I am not only authorised, but

compelled to pause; and with respect to the *friendship* of the most valuable of my earthly relatives, it ought not certainly to be rashly and contemptuously abandoned. My plans for securing this friendship, in connexion with other objects mentioned in former letters, have been frustrated; first, by most extraordinary interference in the south, and, at the present, *destroyed* by the most unlooked-for threatenings from the north. I leave yourself to judge of the reasons why I decline answering your father's communication. They are sufficiently evident from the preceding part of this letter. Candour obliges me to acknowledge, what I would otherwise most willingly conceal, that the *last epistolary intelligence* from Glasgow has produced a *change —a total revolution in my views*, which *solely* dates its origin to that cause. In this I have been passive, like the lamb in the grasp of the lion; and how the evil which is done is to be undone must belong to the invention of a wiser head than mine.

I remain, yours, &c.

(Signed) A. Fletcher.

15.—*Miss Dick to Mr. Fletcher.*

Glasgow, 18th July, 1823.

When I received your last letter, I was thrown into such a state of distress, that I could not answer it, and therefore employed my father to do so for me. He told you my sentiments on the subject: that the opposition of your sisters would not induce me to give up my engagement to you. You will remember that, in your third letter to me, you solemnly engaged yourself to me, and told me to consider you as my own property. Since that time I have never thought of you in any other way. To my father's letter I expected an immediate answer, but as no acknowledgment has yet arrived, I write at present to beg an answer to this by return of post. The aversion of your sisters to me, ought to have been considered at the commencement of our correspondence, but can have no effect now. Your honour, your character, and your solemn engagement, forbid you to yield to their opposition. I cannot tell you how much I am hurt. Your conscience must accuse you of injustice to one, who must feel far more deeply than any sister, and who has never changed in her affection to you. Your two last letters are cold and unfeeling, and you have not said one sympathising word for all you are causing me to suffer. I can hardly believe that he who wrote me these two letters is the same person who wrote me with so much affection not many days before. You may conceive whatmy feelings are, when I tell you this letter is written on the day that I looked forward to with so much pleasure, when I

expected to see you in Glasgow. Often was your arrival the subject of our conversation, and we all anticipated much happiness in the prospect of having you among us. I cannot tell you what I have suffered for these three weeks past. I hope you will answer this by return of post, as the suspense I am under is dreadful. I cannot allow myself to think that you have received my two last letters and my father's, otherwise you would certainly have returned an answer before this time. Tell me distinctly, in your answer to this, what your intentions are.—I am, &c.

No. 16.—Mr. A. Dick to Mr. Fletcher.

London, Sunday Morning, August. 3d.

Dear Sir,—I arrived here late last night, and have come up at the desire of my father and sister, to have a personal interview with you, on the subject of your correspondence. You must be aware that something decisive must be done. I have written to you to-night, as I understand you reside during the week at some distance from town. As I have only a few days to remain, and, as *we must come to some definite understanding* before I depart, I hope you will appoint some early hour to-morrow, and you can name any place of interview you please. I shall expect an immediate answer, fixing the hour and place of meeting, which you can send to my lodgings. I am, &c.

(Signed) ALEXANDER DICK.

No. 17.—Mr. Fletcher to Mr. A. Dick.

Dear Sir,—My long and true attachment to your sister I need not state. The former blighting of my hopes was among the most painful circumstances of my life. Time did not obliterate the impressions she had made; and when I thought of wedded happiness, I could only address the object of my early and constant love. If she expected my visit to Glasgow with emotion, how much more vivid were the hopes I felt!—That honourable love, disclaiming selfish happiness, taught me that candour must be manifested, even though that candour should produce affliction to myself. Could I then withhold from Eliza a statement of the wretchedness with which the relapse of my unhappy brother, to guilt and violence, then haunted my pulpit and my home? Or, would it have been candid not to intimate the aversion which my relatives evinced to a union, from which I hoped for comfort and delight? Should not sympathy have

attended my communications? And should surprise or displeasure have been excited, that I did not desire to rush on marriage, when unexpectedly, I found that my wife would not be kindly greeted by those, who, next to her, were dearest to my heart! or, when she must have come to the midst of anguish or alarms? Well might I then, however unwillingly, suggest *delay*, and strange must have been my character if I could hope for joy, looking on the tears of my sisters: or when my poor brother was to be confined as either guilty or insane! But affection made me hope that these evils might be removed, and that though I did not this season visit Glasgow, yet that I might hereafter come a happy and so a more welcome guest. These sentiments dictated these letters, to which I received, not from your sister, but from your father, a strange reply. Of him I wish to speak with veneration, as of all the family with merited respect; but why should I conceal what I have already expressed, that the neglect of your sister, and the letter of your father, excited in me anguish and alarm, and well might make me pause.—To be reprimanded, threatened, traduced—to be addressed in language which nothing could require or justify, was a sad premise as to my future destiny, and produced hesitation as to a connexion with a family who thought that I deserved to be so treated, or would so treat me undeserved. New and painful motives for delay were thus created.—What man, capable of delicate attachment, could endure to be forced by censures and by threatenings to a union, made welcome only by tenderness and choice? Nor has this hesitation been diminished by the treatment I have since received. Publicity has been given to the affair—the kind and liberal friends who manage the affairs of our chapel have been strangely addressed; attempts, which honour must condemn, have been made to prejudice against me those whom I justly honour, and to whom I owe so much. Lawsuits have been menaced, my conduct has been vilified, my integrity has been assailed, and efforts have been made to injure my character, dearer to me than life, on which my peace and usefulness depend; and, even since you arrived in London, with a message, as I hoped pacific, I have heard that some of my letters to your sister have been shown; and, although I wish to hear of such conduct with unbelief, I could not but hear it with sorrow and disgust. Under such circumstances, would you not despise me if I could retract my wishes for delay? Whether *explanation of future conduct* may restore my ardour for the union, for which I sighed, I presume not to decide; at present, the objections of my family are unabated, and with grief of heart, but without surprise, I confess they are increased. The situation of my brother is more distressing than ever; his late violence has exceeded belief. I was obliged to confine him for some days to a private mad-house, and, since his liberation,

his outrages are renewed. It is a calamity more disastrous than his death—it excludes all present thought of marriage from my mind. That these evils have occurred, I must deeply deplore. If, by the precipitation of your family, and the measures they have adopted, they inflict wounds on your sister, which I had never thought that she should suffer, that grief will be increased, and I should cheerfully make any reparation that honour could allow, or honour can require. After this communication, you will, probably, forgive me if I decline an interview, and advise time and circumstances to regulate our future intercourse. But if they will not listen to prudence and entreaty, I must await whatever measures their resentment must inflict, and only would assure you, that, influenced by honourable and Christian feelings, I am prepared to submit my conduct to any two Ministers in Scotland or England, whom we can select; and if they can discover in that conduct any portion of blame, I shall desire to make the utmost reparation they can direct; and, requesting that any reply with which you favour me may be addressed to me, Loughton, Essex,

I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

ALEXANDER FLETCHER.

London, Aug. 18, 1823.

To A. Dick, Esq.

No. 13.—*Mr. A. Dick to Mr. Fletcher.*

London, 9th August, 1823.

Sir,—After waiting for *six* days, I have at length received your letter of yesterday's date, in answer to mine which I sent you on Sunday. You were quite aware that the only answer which could be considered satisfactory was, a communication of your resolution to fulfil your solemn engagements to my sister, at the period fixed by yourself. Your letter, however, contains only a repetition of your former excuses, expressed in terms even more studiously evasive than before. From its contents, and the nature of your previous correspondence, I see that it is not your intention to act honourably to my sister, and I, therefore, consider myself and my friends at full liberty to take measures to vindicate her rights. I do not see any thing in your letter entitled to farther notice. I leave London on Friday, and I am, &c.

(Signed) ALEXANDER DICK.

No. 19.—*Mr. Fletcher to Miss Dick.*

The Rev. A. Fletcher informs Miss E. Dick that, on Wednesday last, the 30th, the Secretary of the congregation, an intimate friend of Mr. Pirie, in answer to questions put to him by Mr. Fletcher, gave Mr. Fletcher to understand that a correspondence had been going forward betwixt some part of Miss Dick's family and Mr. Pirie; that a letter should be sent in a day or two from Glasgow to Mr. Fletcher, requiring him to say *yes* or *no* to a certain question, and that if Mr. Fletcher's answer should not be satisfactory, he should be taken both before the Civil and Ecclesiastical Courts. Mr. Fletcher leaves candour to tell the tendency and design of such communications.

Epping Forest, August 1, 1823.

No. 20.—*Mr. Fletcher to Miss Dick.*

London, Nov. 18, 1823.

The Rev. A. Fletcher presents his respects to Miss Eliza Dick, and informs her, that he has instructed his solicitor to request of Miss Dick's solicitor that the matter should be submitted to arbitration. As Mr. F. has reason to apprehend that the proposal may not be communicated to Miss D., Mr. F. considers it his duty to make it known. Mr. F. has learned that the present proceedings are at variance with Miss D.'s wishes. An opportunity is now furnished to Miss D. to testify that these reports are not without foundation. Query, Did Miss D. see the letter Mr. F. addressed to her brother, in August? An answer is expected by return of post, addressed to Albion Chapel, Moorgate.

No. 21.—*Mr. Fletcher to Dr. Dick.*

Rev. Sir,—Information has been given me by different individuals, whose authority may be depended upon, that, in the present action, you only seek the "vindication of your daughter's character."—Whether the action goes forward or not, it is incumbent on me, by the *highest sanctions*, to make an *acknowledgment*, which I trust you will think proper to communicate to Miss D.; namely, "that I sincerely and deeply regret the uneasiness, suffering, and anguish which I have occasioned her, and that there are *many things* in my proceedings blameable, in reference to God and herself." Did you consider this declaration to be prompted or extorted by necessity, it could deserve nothing but

contempt. It is made from a sense of duty, and it is the fruit of genuine sincerity. It is, certainly, general; but while a legal action is pending over my head, I am prevented from entering more into detail. It is made at the eleventh hour,—late, but not too late. Your own, your daughter's, and your family's acceptance of it will reflect the highest honour upon your character, and prove a striking and encouraging illustration of that divine precept, Luke xvii. 3, 4. "Take heed to yourselves, if thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him, and if he repent, forgive him."

I remain your's, respectfully,
(Signed) ALEXANDER FLETCHER.

Loughton, Essex, Nov. 22d, 1823.
Rev. J. Dick, D.D.

DOCUMENTS PRODUCED FOR THE DEFENCE.

No. 1.—*Rev. Wm. Fletcher to Rev. Alex. Fletcher.*

(Dated some time in 1812.)

My dear Son,—Be not troubled overmuch with ill usage from friends or foes, but endure hardship like a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Your mother and father, and all your relations here, are of opinion that you should have no more correspondence with Miss D. Her proposing to delay the marriage for three years is a manifest token that her love to you is very cold. "A contentious wife is a continual dropping," and a hell upon earth! "Forgive incivilities from her, or from her parents." "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father who is in heaven forgive you your trespasses." I am,

Your affectionate Father,

WILLIAM FLETCHER.

No. 2.—*Miss Jean Fletcher to Miss Euphemia Fletcher.*

My dear Sister,—I am distressed for the situation of our family. If I could do any thing to mitigate its present sufferings, and to prevent future calamities, my life would be devoted to its service.

The letter you allude to, was dictated under very uncommon circumstances; I think it would be doing myself injustice to publish it to the world. You know that when I went to London in 1812, Alexander was to have been married as soon as he could get a house furnished *for the lady's reception.* My first walk after my arrival, was to assist him in seeking out a house. We looked at several in the neighbourhood of Homerton and Hackney, but had not decided upon any. Alexander was, of course, corresponding with Miss D., but in that I was not consulted, nor did I interfere.

The morning on which I wrote that letter, Alexander was in very bad health; he had been preaching to the Jewish children the evening before, and did not return home, but slept at the house of a Mr. Perram; I went to breakfast with him there. After he had been called to breakfast, we waited a long time, and as he did not come down, I became very anxious; Mr. Perram went to his room, and found him *in a faint*, half dressed, and half shaved. He called Mrs. Perram and me, and we used every means for his recovery; however, the inclination to faint continued several hours!

When the family left him to my care, I told him he had preached too much, and if he did not take better care of himself, he might die in one of those faints. He told me it was not preach-

ing altogether that had hurt him, but a letter he had received from Glasgow; and that unless he were *off or on* with that family, his usefulness was at an end. He read to me a quotation from the letter he had received the Friday before, which was to the following effect: "Miss D. was disappointed at learning the smallness of his income, that if poverty came in after marriage, it ought to be borne; but to run into it with her eyes open, was a thing she was resolved not to do; that she was at present in the bosom of an affectionate father's family, in *affluence* and *comfort*, and she meant to consult her own interest, and remain where she was for three years to come."

I had sat for several hours in bitter suspense, weeping over a brother stretched apparently on a bed of death, in a strange house, and hundreds of miles from home, and no doubt the selfishness and apathy of this letter filled me with indignation. What would I have given to have had him at home! The feelings excited at the idea of his being kept three years in suspense, till he would become rich enough to purchase the smile of *this leaden goddess*, was more than I was able to conceal.

In the mean time he gave me an outline of the usage he had received from the beginning, which I scrawled down on a coarse sheet of paper which was in his room, which was not meant to be sent without being copied; but when I read it over, and found I had neither time nor opportunity for writing it over, I sent it as it was, and never repented doing so.

I do not mean you to print what I have written, but it will put you in possession of facts.

To Miss Dick,—Glasgow.

Madam,—My brother has just now related to me, the treatment he has received from you. The reason of being here, which needs no explanation to you, entitles me to the information thus confidentially given. I was exceedingly surprised this morning, when my brother told me you have declined coming to London at the time agreed upon, and have consulted your own interest, and have put it off for three years.

I will give you a correct picture of your conduct, which I can assure you is quite original: First, Mr. Alexander Fletcher writes to Miss D. wishing to open a correspondence with her on a certain subject. She answers him, I have received yours, and consulted my parents; they leave me to the freedom of my own will, but I decline corresponding with you. The matter breaks off. Nearly two years after this, Mr. F. was preaching in Mr. Thompson's chapel, in the Gorbles, Glasgow—was taken ill after service, was taken in a post chaise to Dr. D.'s house, was attended by Mrs. and Miss D.—the correspondence is again renewed—marriage is agreed upon. Mr. Fletcher is settled in

London; shortly after, Miss D. declines having him, stating she has no objections to him, but his relations were not respectable, and she could not think of entering into the connexion on that account. The affair is broken off again.

The following summer, Mr. Fletcher goes to Scotland to visit his father's family, when *lo*, and behold, he receives a letter from Miss D. addressed to the care of the Rev. William Fletcher, Bridge of Teith, father of this disrespectable clan; this family, not fit to be collateral connexions to the writer of the letter! saying, the family in Glasgow would be happy to see him—he goes to Glasgow, the affair is begun again, the time of marriage is appointed, his sister goes to London to prepare matters for the lady's reception; by and bye, she writes to him again, that his income is not what she expected, that she could not think of running into poverty with her eyes open; that if it came on after marriage it ought to be submitted to; but that she was at present in the bosom of an affectionate father's family, in affluence and comfort, and she had consulted her own interest, and resolved not to come to London for three years.

I would really like to know what entitles Miss D. of Glasgow to airs of this kind,—treatment which a Countess would not give to a clown. Is it her *person*, her *purse*, or *accomplishments*? Is this treatment likely to secure the affections of an equal for three years to come?

I would ask, wherewithal can he be bound three years to afflict him? My own opinion is, that you are as ignorant of these means as Delila was with respect to Sampson; and that you would make the same use of them, were they in your power.

JEAN F.

Miss D.'s answer was not sent to me, neither did I ever read any of her letters. Her answer to Alexander was as follows:

Sir,—I have just received a letter from a woman calling herself Jean Fletcher. Who is this woman, who is in possession of this minute statement of facts? No doubt some miscreant walking the streets of London. Who gave her this minute statement of facts? Is it the honourable man whom she calls her brother? If she is your sister, thank God she shall never be mine.

E. D.

I answered as follows:

Madam,—I am astonished you can give me a name so abominable, for relating what you confess to be a minute statement of facts.

I beg to warn you, that if *slander*, the daughter of *malice*, should cast her *venom* on me, I will make her wipe it off with the *mantle* of *prudence*, with which she attempts to adorn herself. "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

JEAN FLETCHER.

B. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

THE

LOVES OF THE SAINTS;

OR, THE

DIVERTING HISTORY

OF

SANDY AND BOBBY:

SHEWING

HOW THE ONE CAME UP FROM TEITH AND THE OTHER FROM TOPHET;

AND HOW, BY THE WOEFUL SIN OF BACKSLIDING, THEY BOTH WENT TO THE ——— TOGETHER.

IN THREE PARTS.

LONDON:

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Price One Shilling.

THE

LOVES OF THE SAINTS;

&c. &c.

PART I.

Great Sandy is a minister
  Of credit and renown,
A mighty orator is he
  In famous London town;

For he can bellow lustily,
  And cushion thump full sore,
That gaping wives, and children small,
  Admire him more and more.

When Sandy lived in Caledon,
  Upon sheep's heads and oats,
There was not a more honest lad
  'Twixt this and Johnny Groat's.

He supt his kail and read his book,
  And lived right well content,
And deep into theology
  His inmost soul he bent.

Like many other students,
  If e'er he sighed at all,
'Twas only for that wished-for day,
  When he should get a call.

At preaching, when he tried his hand,
  He pleased the people well;
In emphasis and attitude
  And voice he did excel.

He snugly thus passed many a day,
  Not heeding pride or pelf;
And while he showed the folks the way,
  He went the road himself.

It happened thus that Sandy got
  Both credit and renown,
And he was sent to try his lot
  In Glasgow's famous town.

There Sandy used his energy
  Their wickedness to show,
And many an auditor sighed high,
  And many a one sighed low.

The sermon done, he went to dine
  With his friend, Dr. D.
And saw his charming family;
  Among the rest was E—.

He sat beside this latter E—,
  And sweetly did confer;
Before—he sighed but for a kirk,
  But now—he sighed for her.

O Cupid, could you find no mark,
  For th' arrows of thy quiver,
That you on Sandy bent your bow,
  And shot him through the liver.

Was it that Sandy had no heart,
  Or was it that you're blind;
You might have hit some other part,
  Altho' 't had been behind.

Alas! a surer bolt you shot,
  And shook your head elate,
Miss E., Miss E., why did you not
  Hold up your edgeware plate?

It is too late, her heart's pierced through:
  O Cupid, little sinner!
Could you find nothing else to do,
  But shooting folks at dinner?

Unhappy I, who, shot by thee,
  Must leave my pork and pease,
And thenceforth live on women's smiles,
  Who smile just as they please.

But, Sandy, this was not thy case;
  For dinner being done,
Thou gat'st sweet smiles, and many a grace
  And kiss, to feast upon.

The old papa looked rather gruff,
  To see the two together,
For Sandy had not got the stuff
  To keep out wind and weather.

"Sandy," quoth he, "I will not grudge
  To give you daughter E.,
If for some years you can maintain
  Your po-pu-lar-ity.

"And get a kirk, and stipend good,
  And house and home and bed,
Then Sandy, as I said before,
  You shall my daughter wed."

Sandy agreed—what could he do?
  He took farewell of E.,
Resolv'd to leave no stone unturn'd
  For po-pu-lar-ity.

Young Sandy swore, (alack the day!
  All folks who are beset
By love—should write down what they say,
  For fear they should forget:)

Young Sandy swore, (all folks in love,
  Will swear from June to May,)
That he would love his E. alone,
  For ever and a day.

Love 's a magician, and can make
  A merry heart a sad one,
And change a bad one to a good,
  A good one to a bad one.

It has much chang'd this heart of mine,
  But, I am sure, I never,
Till I saw Sandy, could divine
  Its powers upon the liver.

His liver was so full of love,
  So full it quite ran o'er;
He felt enough for poor Miss E.,
  And six or seven more.

The man was in a piteous case,
  He scarce knew what to do,
He felt his last love aye give place
  Unto the next was new.

Now, Cupid, this was all your fault.
  How could you be so stupid,
As take his liver for his heart,
  You stupid little Cupid?

A short time after leaving E.,
  He saw another fair;
Red was her cheek, blue was her ee,
  And she had flaxen hair.

He quick resolved, with poor Miss E.,
  To have no longer bother;
And how he manag'd this you'll see
  By 's letter to his brother.

It had a date, I 'm very clear,
  But sorry I can't quote it;
The reason 's neither there nor here,
  But simply I 've forgot it.

" Dear Bob," (that was the brother's name,)
" Some time ago I chang'd my flame,
But with Miss E., was put about,
How I could manage to get out,
Until I thought our sisters might
Some well-conceited letter write,
Full of dark hints, to frighten E.
From thinking any more of me.
Our ready sisters quickly wrote
A letter, far too long to quote;
It was so exquisitely worded,
That I by E. was soon discarded.
In this you will rejoice, my brother:
Oh! if you only saw this other!
Compared with E.! oh! to my fancy,
'T would be a docken to a tansy!
The cheeks of one are red as rouge,
The other 's yellow as gambouge.
I don't like E., she's just the toad
I told you, on the Paisley road.
In fact, you must rejoice with me,
That I am quit of stupid E.
Her father, old philosophorum,
I leave him and his praying quorum.
The mother 's a goose, and he 's a gander,
The girl 's a fool:
I 'm
ALEXANDER."

" Postscript :
" I hear you are intent
On a man's wife, but ' tak ye tent,'
The ground's unsafe ; ' hark in your lug,'
Whate'er you do, keep all things snug."

Now Sandy argued with himself,
If popular I'd be,
I must go to a pop'lous place ;
That 's clear as A, B, C.

" O !" cried he, " if some great town
Would but poor Sandy summon"—
He hardly spoke, when there came down
A call for him to Lunnon.

With Sandy, here, all things went on
In full prosperity ;
He got a kirk, and now began
His po-pu-lar-ity.

He drew the old, he drew the young,
The ugly and the fair ;
His pews were filled, his aisles were crammed,
And eke the pulpit stair.

His energy, his eloquence,
His feeling, and his fire,
His reasoning, his love, his sense,
Their praises did inspire.

He touch'd the old with deep remorse,
He mov'd the young with fear,
The gay he could restrain with force,
The hopeless he could cheer.

The father loved him like a son,
The matron like a mother,
The ladies loved him like themselves,
The young men like a brother.

He form'd the children in a school,
  And taught them hymn and song;
Some thought that this was not quite right,
  But I think they were wrong.

For it was pleasing, in the night,
  To see the scholars pass,
With Sandy riding at their head,
  All on an humble ass.

For in his hand a torch he bore,
  These pretty types to shew,
The donkey's ears for uprightness,
  Its tail for meekness low.

By feats like this, most popular
  Young Sandy did become;
In fact there was not one like him
  Could beat the "pulpit drum."

The folks all crowded to his kirk;
  And as the kirk was small,
The half were forced to go away,
  It could not hold them all.

As Sandy was so well belov'd,
  They did whate'er he ask'd;
He made them build another kirk,
  Much bigger than the last.

The walls were made of good burnt brick,
  The pews were made of wood,
The ground it stood on was close by
  Where ancient Bedlam stood.

He got a house, a home, a bed,
  And piece of garden-ground,
And yearly was his stipend paid,
  A net five hundred pound.

John Bull was gull'd. Alas! poor John!
  Soft heart and good thick skull,
How often are you put upon!
  How gull'd!—how great a gull!

His sisters came to stay with him;
  Neither was rich nor rare,
They both were of uncertain age,
  And not prodigious fair.

They kept his house, and he kept them,
  For neither was a fool;
They regularly came to kirk,
  And taught the Sunday-school.

I never sung a meeker pair,
  In ballads or in sonnets,
Than they appeared, when dressed in their
  Green veils and beaver bonnets.

'Twas thought by all that weightier things
  Did their meek minds possess,
Than pride of life, and such like things,
  Par-ti-cu-larly dress.

The fire that sleeps within the flint,
  We never should have known it,
Unless some one, by accident,
  Had struck a steel upon it.

The addled egg to market sent
  Will pass its muster well,
Provided that, by accident,
  We do not break the shell.

That ill lurks in an humble garb,
  We never do suppose it,
Until some accident occurs,
  And forthwith doth disclose it:

Fell vengeance then, like sparks of fire,
  Flies out when least expected;
Foul Jealousy and Envy dire,
  Stream forth, like air infected.

Euphemia was the eldest's name,
  A pretty name enough;
And some folks did contract the same
  To Euphy, Phem, or Euph:

Catherine 's the name the youngest bore,
  Which, in familiar chat,
Was shorten'd a syllable or more,
  To Kitty, Kate, or—Cat.

If people drink of Barclay's beer
  Three gallons in a day,
'Tis true their noddles will feel queer,
  But sleep will drive 't away.

If people drink of good port wine
  Ten bottles or a score,
'Tis true they'll reel about like swine,
  But then it soon blows o'er.

And some, requiring medicine
  To make their stomachs placid,
Instead of drinking Epsom salts,
  Have drank oxalic acid:

Yet all the drinks that e'er were drunk,
  Of beer, or wine, or toddy,
They cannot quite destroy the mind,
  Altho' they may the body.

But there 's a poison for the mind,
  Which lets the body be;
And Sandy drank full deep of it—
  'Twas po-pu-lar-ity.

It is a saying old and true,
  The devil's in a bottle;
And he who drinks the bottle out
  Doth send him down his throttle.

The devil many a one has found
  In po-pu-lar-ity;—
If Sandy drained that to the dregs,
  Where could the devil be?

But to my tale, and no more fudge:
  Thus, then, let us begin;—
(And by his actions we shall judge
  What governed him within.)

'Twas in the spring, the pretty spring,
  As Shakspeare's verses ring,
"When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding,
  "Sweet lovers love the spring:"

Young Sandy felt the pangs of love
  Right through his liver thrill,
And laid some foolscap on his desk,
  And seized a grey goose quill;

And, looking northward many a mile,
  He sat him down to write;
He coughed, and hemmed, and hawed awhile,
  Then this he did indite:—

"Oh thou, whose flaxen hair displays
The glory of Aurora's rays!
Whose cheeks out-bloom the reddest roses
Which Flora in her train disposes;
Whose melting eyes, of azure hue,
Bid all mankind before thee sue;
Accept a heart that ne'er was warmed,
Till by thy lovely image charmed;
But burneth for the first time now,
Like the poor negro's blackened brow,

When (as you've read) in Afric land,
The Simoom strikes him to the sand.
So my poor heart before thee lies,
Struck by the beams shot from thine eyes.
If Providence will but direct thee
To pity—save me—not reject me,
Morning and evening every day,
For thee I'll never cease to pray,
That He may keep, from lies and slander,
The first love of

Your

ALEXANDER!"

He folded it, and then addressed it;
But that address I've lost.
Then to his burning lips he pressed it,
Then put it in the post.

Six days the post doth take to go
From this to Edinboro'
And back again; and these he passed
In anxious care and sorrow.

The first day Sandy lived on love;
The second on his dinner;
The third he feared she would not move;
The fourth he thought he'd win her;

The fifth, and still his anxious soul
With fond desire was burning;
The sixth he walked out on the road,
And met the post returning.

Oh! how he smiled to think he held
The answer he expected!
And how he frowned to find he was
Rejected and detected!

"She begged to send his off'ring back;
She could not bear a heart burnt black;

And begged he'd find some other topic
Than burning negroes in the tropic.
She feared, she said, it was her coffer,
And not her eyes, that made him offer.
She asked how he came on with E.
And M. and other two or three
Whom he had sworn to take to church,
But now had left them in the lurch.
She called him Reverend defrauder,
And signed, his Servant,
MAGGIE LAWDER."

Now Sandy coolly tore it up,
In pieces small and neat,
And cast them in the gravel-walk,
And trod them with his feet.

He turned him round; and as he walked,
He smothered his vexation,
By thinking on two hazel eyes
In his own congregation.

For if, thought he, within my fold,
This tender ewe I seize,
With her I will get lots of gold,
And beauty me to please.

Sure, Cupid, of all mortal men,
At Sandy you had spite,
And pierced his liver through again,
Till he was mad outright.

For letter-writing mania now,
O Sandy, fierce, attacked you;
Your lines with passion soft did glow,
Nor logic dulcet lacked you.

"Nymph of the bright and amber eyes,
My heart you've taken by surprise,

And scorched unto a smiddie dander *
The liver of your Alexander!
Now Cupid me with love does batter,
And heats me worse than any crater.
As hope and fear alternately
Possess my mind, I burn, I die;
As hot as any horse-shoe that e'er
Was cooled by being soused in water,
All owing to your brilliant eye,
By love's all-conqu'ring power, I sigh—
Grant me before thy feet to fall,
And tell my soft emotions all;
Thy gentle breast move with my tale
To pity me; then I'll prevail,
And from thee never more shall wander.
Your love-sick, loving,

ALEXANDER."

The lady fair no answer sent
To Sandy's doleful ditty;
Her heart was hard as any flint,
Nor felt the smallest pity.

No doubt the hardness of her heart
Proceeded from this reason:
That Sandy's liver was the part
Which Cupid set a-blazing.

And sorely it does me surprise,
Though Love's a great magician,
How he that part should 'atomize—
'Twould puzzle a physician.

I really marvel mightily
What Sandy 's to do next;
For who the lady fair shall be,
He sorely is perplex'd.

---

* Refuse from coal.

But we shall leave him for a time,
  All soothly to indite,
In flowing and facetious rhyme,
  The hist'ry of a wight,

Bobby yclept, a mellow buck—
  You never saw his equal—
Who closely to his bottle stuck,
  As you'll see in the sequel.

PART II.

Now, Muse, proceed, in jocund mood,
  Bold Bobby's life to trace;
The merriest and most jolly blade
  Of all his funny race.

A Kirk had he in Scotland fair,
  And eke a flowing gown,
Which hid an aged black coat bare
  From scorners up and down.

In truth he was a hopeless wight,
  Although a kind of parson,
For on all reason sound and right,
  His actions were a farce on.

For Robin was, I do aver,
  As genuine philosopher
As e'er, to drown all anxious care,
  A flowing cann did toss over.

He viewed not lakes or purling streams
  With silly poet's eye;
The landscape glittering in Sol's beams
  To Bob was all my eye.

The lake, stretched out in watery pride,
  Strong whisky did appear;
The foaming river's troubled tide
  Resembled Meux's beer,

When, lo! on that portentous morn,
  The mighty vat gave way,
And, on huge amber billows borne,
  Unwilling topers lay;

Who, though to boozing much inclined,
  And pots of *heavy wet*,
Poor, vulgar souls, they had no mind
  That day to Clarence' fate.

Buffonians! who delight to solve
  Of Nature the vagaries,
A question grave I pray resolve,
  And point the diff'rence there is

Between that fire whose scorching heat
  Inflames the brain of mad dog,
And that which burns within the brain
  Of Bobby—that most sad dog?

The nobler animal, I wist,
  All liquid sorely racks him;
The other b—e doth never rest,
  But drinks till drink distracts him.

Now ponder well, ye parsons all,
  And stick to drinking beer,
Or else your pride shall have a fall,
  As quickly will appear.

Eschew the goblet's rosy draught,
  And swill no whisky toddy;
For if in liquor ye are caught,
  Ye're ruin'd, soul and body.

The kirk, and glebe, and cozy * manse,
  Will vanish quick away;
And coatless, *breekless*,† ye will dance,
  For many a hungry day.

And covet not your neighbour's spouse,
  As did a hapless sinner;
Which cost him many a rare carouse,
  And eke as jolly dinner.

For soon the Court Synodial
  Decided on his merit;
His sermons were not spiritual,
  Although inspired by *spirit*.

Great Sandy on that Synod sat,
  And tried his shame to smother;
But being honest at the time,
  He voted 'gainst his brother.

So from his kirk compelled to roam,
  At preaching he was undone:
Like all who can't succeed at home,
  On foot he trudged to London.

And finding, like poor Whittington,
  No gold amongst the stones,
His little pelf was quickly gone—
  Soon bare were his poor bones.

In many a cook-shop greasy,
  Bob wistfully did peer,
Where tit-bits nice may please ye,
  If you the cash can spare.

The lordly Thames' ample tide,
  How could it make him frisky?
Though stretched afar in watery pride,
  Alas! it was not whisky!

---

* Snug. † Gall. *Sans culottes.*

With griping gut and burning pate,
  He was tormented sore;
Less hapless far of one the state,
  Who begs from door to door.

Quite maddened now for want of drink,
  Though drinking made him mad,
Of Sandy he did him bethink,
  With feelings sore and sad.

And shaking sore his heavy head,
  He loudly thus did bellow,
"To H———n I'll go with speed,
  And see the stingy fellow.

"I wot he neatly diddled me
  Out of two thousand pounds;
My coin I'll have, or I shall see
  Him carrion for the hounds."

One evening, then, his cudgel he
  Did grasp with might and main;
Intending blows most lustily
  On Sandy's sconce to rain.

"If he does not surrender up
  My cash right instantly,
Of sorrow he shall drink the cup—
  The traitor he shall die!"

So on he posts in fiery haste,
  Fell vengeance in his noddle;
His cudgel in his horny fist—
  In pocket not one boddle.*

The dreary night did not appal
  Bold Bob, as he did canter;
Although a worse did not befal
  Hag-ridden Tam O'Shanter.

---

* A very trifling Scotch coin.

As keen a storm of wind and snow
  As you can well suppose,
Great Boreas mightily did blow,
  And red pinched Bobby's nose.

On Bobby rushed with furious bounds,
  For storm he cared no button;
Quoth he, "I'll have two thousand pounds,
  Or woe to Sandy's mutton!"

Arrived at last upon the door,
  As thick as his own skull,
His cudgel played, while he did roar,
  Of Bashan, like a bull.

Then, peeping through the key-hole, he
  Saw Sandy in the lobby,
Resolved no door should opened be
  To poor, mad, raving Bobby.

And with him stood his sisters twain,
  Bold Bobby to repel,
Resolved loved Sandy to sustain,
  By force of tooth and nail.

"Come forth, come forth, ye vipers base!"
  Bob dreadfully did cry;
"No wonder that you fear to face
  Your injured brother, I.

"Into the house let me have way;
  Provide great store of gin;
The fatted calf let Sandy slay,*
  Then fury I'll resign.

"And after all is swallowed up,
  I'll quick depart your bounds,
If Sandy will deliver up
  Of cash two thousand pounds."

---

* And no unreasonable request, as S. was in the trade.

Yet not one word did they reply,
  Though mightily he roar'd;
They heeded not his agony,
  Nor doleful dumps deplor'd.

Their hearts, unlike the groaning oak,
  On which did ring his cudgel,
Responded, 'las! no stroke for stroke;
  To them 't was merely fudge all.

Exhausted quite with batt'ring door,
  He turned in woeful plight;
No fatted calf, no gin, no store
  Of coin got Bob this night.

His clothes he doffed most furiously,
  His raging heat to cool;
And in the snow most curiously,
  He did his carcase roll.

Much like some kindred grunter that
  Doth grovel in the stye;
All *huskless* too, but not so fat,
  Did wretched Bobby lie.

And still the troubled welkin rung
  With his tremendous roar;
You might have deem'd him lion strong,
  From sultry Afric's shore.

Thus all in merry H———n,
  These gambols he did play,
Till spent, to city, woe-begone,
  He sadly trudg'd away.

To synagogue next Bobby came,
  Poor Sandy to assail;
To heap upon his head foul shame,
  And tell his woeful tale.

And in the middle of the kirk,
  While Sandy preach'd and pray'd,
He told him with a voice like stirk,
  " 'Twas nonsense all he said !"

The myrmidons of Sandy then
  Did seize him as he rag'd ;
And in the watch-house, (dreary den !)
  They snugly him encag'd.

They took him to receptacle,
  Where moon-struck victims squeel ;*
And in this sad tabernacle,
  They tied him neck and heel.

And bread and water daintily,
  They did for him provide ;
While store of whips, so privily,
  Th' intended for his hide.

But lack of drink, as you may guess,
  For Bobby wonders acted :
Lo ! he within a week or less,
  No longer was distracted.

In durance Sandy saw that now
  He could not him retain ;
What next to do did cloud his brow,
  And shrewdly racked his brain.

So sitting down in serious mood,
  He sorely scratch'd his rump ;
Then, in a trice, he seized of good
  Grey goose an ancient stump.

And in sweet honey'd words did he
  To Bobby pen a letter,
To show how he might rescued be
  From gloomy den and fetter.

---

* Squall.

"My Dearest B.,

"You know that I
Was ne'er at all your enemy,
But ever loved you as a brother,
Whate'er may say the one or t'other.
You now must see the folly of it,
When, *roaring, lion-like, from Tophet,*
You came, and in the *sanctum* rag'd,
And all religion quite outrag'd.
How could you pour contempt on me—
Vex sister E. and sister C.?
Glad now I am that cool'd's your brain,
And that you are yourself again;
I trust you will long so remain.
Now, dearest B., you quickly may
Be let out, if to Bot'ny Bay,
As Missionary, you will roam,
And teach poor souls their heavenly home.
There's lots of grub, the climate's finer
By far than ours; you'll ne'er want dinner;
You shall have cash enough to land ye,
And more—so swears your loving

Sandy.

"P. S.—One thing I insist upon,
And that is, that you go alone:
Your wife's so fat, so fair, and bonny,
She would corrupt the whole colony."

Now Bobby never to all this
An answer e'er dictated;
But very soon he was, I wiss,
From den emancipated.

And how he lives, and the place where
He privily doth dwell,
Or if he's fat, or if he's spare,
In sooth, I cannot tell.

PART III.

Now Sandy having fall'n in love
  With fair nymphs a good many,
Some gentle as a sucking dove,
  Some fierce as wild hyena;

Of every hue, complexions all,
  Eyes hazel, and locks sunny;
Some fat, some lean, some short, some tall,
  And some with lots of money:

And finding ne'er a one inclin'd
  To visit Hymen's altar,
The poor soul almost had a mind
  To truss up in a halter.

But being like unto a vane,
  When winds about it blow,
His fancy turn'd and chopp'd again,
  And Northward last did go.

For though no needle, yet had he
  To Northward pointed often;
And thus the heart of fair Miss D.
  He tried once more to soften.

"My dearest E.,
  "I think that I
Shall be in Scotland in July,
In Edinboro' can you meet me?
How happy I shall be to greet you!
Of this a note may me acquaint,
And write it, dear, without restraint;
For be assur'd I'll ne'er betray
Your confidence in any way:
For thou art she for whom my soul
E'en spurneth reason's cold control;

For thee alone I ever sigh,
With thee I 'll live, or for thee die;
In summer when the flowers are growing,
In winter when the clouds are snowing,
Morning and evening, every day,
For thee I never cease to pray;
Your family I much esteem,
I pray for you, and pray for them,
That every good be with you, and I
Am yours affectionately,

SANDY."

This tender letter made relent
  The placable Miss D.;
She, in Auld Reekie, did consent,
  Lov'd Sandy there to see.

Now not a post did Sandy miss
  In writing to friend E.;
If Cupid had no share in this,
  Where could the curs'd imp be?

But as the weathercock doth veer,
  When tossed by angry wind,
He did forget his vows so dear,
  And quickly chang'd his mind.

And sitting down most doggedly,
  To cloak his grievous shame,
He, in a letter you shall see,
  Put on poor Bob the blame.

"E——

"Stagger not at this address,
For I most heartily confess
My views of you are still the same;
My breast still glows with purest flame.
In general, since last I wrote,
Most hard and bitter 's been my lot.

A storm I 've endured of affliction,
Which sure, without divine direction,
May lead to worse ; so neither you
Nor I can tell what may ensue.
I wish the grievous tale were spar'd ;
But candour, duty, and regard
For you and yours, do me compel
To give you a sincere detail
Of circumstances which have past,
Most horrid, since you got my last.
Last Saturday, that wretched mortal,
Bob, made attack upon my portal,
And that of such a violent nature,
'T has made *me* like demented creature.
For two long tedious years and more,
His crimes have wrung my heart full sore.
Often he has attacked my dwelling,
With rage and fiendish passion swelling,
And threatened to the death to do
Myself and my poor sisters two.
Under the influence of his glass,
I 've often heard foul torrents pass
Of blasphemy—the recollection
Still almost moves me to distraction.
On Sabbath he attacked the chapel,
And grossly did insult the people,
And during service stood before me,
In attitude, as if he 'd floor me ;
With rage and burning malice fired,
He stood—Methought I 'd have expired.
By friends' advice, in this sad state,
I brought him before a magistrate.
Forget, alas ! I never may,
What suffered I that dreadful day.
Bound o'er he was to keep the peace.
But that was only for a space ;
And while that period small did last,
We were not with fierce Bob harassed.
But soon upon its expiration
Began afresh his desperation ;

For with redoubled violence he,
And wonted fell malignity,
With horrid threat and hellish railing,
He did assault my kirk and dwelling.
I sent an officer one night,
Who gave him such a dreadful fright,
And brought him so unto his reason,
We were not troubled for a season.
I heard he greatly was reformed,
No longer raved, nor raged, nor stormed.
Tranquil my mind began to be,
And some months on past joyfully.
You now will see how matters stood,
When our connexions were renewed.
But on the time I said before,
With cudgel he attacked our door,
And threatened me and mine to slay,
And from our heads the scalps to flay,
As we no entrance would afford,
He, like a Tophet lion, roared.
Around the gates the people swarmed,
The neighbourhood was sore alarmed,
Nor did he with his absence bless us,
Till wearied out with his excesses.
On Sabbath next he came to chapel,
Me to molest and my good people;
But Providence prevented him
From prospering in his wicked aim.
Now, E——, if I send him to quod,
As I confess I 've notions odd,
I 'm told by sapient grave justices,
'T will only add to his bad vices;
May fan the flame of his fierce passions,
And what with foul air and poor rations,
May pave the way, and him prepare,
For felon act in his despair;
And then, abandoned by all hope,
His life would terminate by rope.
God knows that I, for many years,
Have haunted been by dreadful fears

Of being crown-cracked by his cudgel!
God knows if in this I him judge ill!
And when renewed was our connexions,
Did witnesses from all directions
Come clear to prove, before my face,
That Bob was now a babe of grace.
I them believed; and far and near,
The sky seemed peaceful, now, and clear.
Thus was filled up the happiest few
Of joyful months I ever knew,
Or ever spent, in the metropolis,
Since Bobby ceased to be obstrepolous.
And now I wish him in a mad house,
Although, God knows, that is a sad house!
But then I've cogent grounds for thinking,
When he restrained is from drinking,
He will, in a few weeks or days,
With reasoning powers them so amaze,
That, of a sad necessity,
He will be set at liberty.
In this case he will take the law,
Knock out my brains, or break my jaw.
You see how cruelly I'm placed,
By miserable Bob disgraced.
This job heart-rending will me prevent
From carrying on with you at present;
And till the sky begins to brighten,
And angry storms cease me to frighten,
'Tis as impossible for me
In this sad state to write you, E——,
As it is for poor me to fly,
And soar like eagle in the sky.
I'm forced to tell, from sense of duty,
A tale so woeful, true, and new t' ye.
O! this believe, nor blame the candour
Of your afflicted

ALEXANDER."

This curious letter did appear
  To Glasgow folks mere fudge;
At least one thing did seem most clear,
  An inch he would not budge.

Though Bobby's tale was tragical,
  Of this I am quite certain,
With Sandy, "that it weighed, is all
  My eye and Betty Martin."

Now, Cupid, did you get a fright
  From Sandy's sisters two?
Did they your back with distaff smite,
  And beat you black and blue?

For Rumour says, that on a night,
  Past the black midnight hour,
When gentle Somnus shuts the sight
  Of eyes that feel sleep's power,

Two angry maidens up did start,
  Their galls chokefull of rancour;
Fell jealousy inflamed each heart,
  And envy's gnawing canker.

On bed they sat to cool themselves,
  Though not to cool their passion;
As furious a pair of elves
  As ever yet laid lash on

A silly brother, who would dare
  To speak or dream of wiving,
And turn two lasses out quite bare,
  Without the means of living!

They sorely scratched their aching polls;
  'T would melt a heart of stone,
To hear how sighed the piteous souls,
  How grievous they did groan.

At last a project did they lay.
  On a white sheet each huddled;
With break-neck haste, and furious, they
  To Sandy's chamber toddled.

Like two wan sprites from yawning tomb,
  They frightfully appeared.
When entered they poor Sandy's room,
  His bristles night-cap reared,

Of colour red, which featly they
  Had knitted for their Sandy;
By which this truth know well you may,
  They were prodigious handy.

They held a scroll, by taper's light,
  To his astonished gaze;
Poor Sandy ne'er got such a fright
  In all his born days.

"The characters most sacred view,
  Of one that 's dead and gone;
Who dead, yet speaks in this to you,
  Saying, Pause, e'er you go on.

"Sandy, if you fail to obey
  This terrible injunction,
Remorse will haunt you night and day
  With horrible compunction."

And while they did him thus address,
  Their gestures him appalled,
As wildly in the air each tress
  Did float, and eyes fierce rolled.

What could he do?—was ever wight
  So dreadfully assailed?
With notes more dire the midnight bird
  Ne'er hour of darkness hailed.

But, sooth, to paint this funny scene,
  Or truly to unroll it,
I trow it would require the pen
  Of Fielding, or of Smollett.

This fact I know of certainty;
  They bothered him so sore,
Resolved he was to have with E.
  No dealings any more.

Now Sandy had a public call
  To answer for his jilting,
But happily the lawyers all
  Had no need for fierce tilting:

For he had nothing else to do,
  This blossom of theology,
Than own that he had been untrue
  To E., and make apology.

But now a sentence, far more salt,
  The Synod did intend,
Unless he should confess a fault,
  And try if he could mend.

But not at all attended
  Bold Sandy to their summons;
He therefore was suspended,
  To live upon short commons.

For twice three tedious months was he
  Debarred from entering pulpit;
Resolved to keep all out, d'ye see,
  Was he if he could help it.

His myrmidons defended well
  The sacred pass *Thermopylæ*,
Of pulpit, and fierce did repel
  Synodical monopoly.

And there, on sundry times, did he
  Cut many curious capers;
Against the Synod raged he,
  And called them nest of vipers.

But though the people flocked to see
  Great Sandy fume and rage,
'Tis not mere curiosity
  Can hunger's pangs assuage.

For now, since there appears small chance
  Of getting a good salary,
By which he still might rave and prance
  To folks below, and gallery,

He does intend, as I've heard say,
  To G—b-street to adjourn,
There, as before, to preach and pray,
  And comfort souls that mourn.

God prosper long our noble king,
  And Sandy, long live he!
But when in G—b-street he does sing,
  May I a hearer be!

FINIS.

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THE liberty of the press does not permit to your King, the possibility of remaining ignorant of passing events, or unaffected by the public agitation: at one and the same time it conveys to me sentiments of satisfaction or grounds of complaint; the promised support of the constitutional, and the threat of the disaffected. My own conduct, the measures of my executive, the state of my kingdom, and the condition of my subjects, are placed before me in as many various, confused, and contradictory positions, as the greater or lesser degree of information, the rivalship of party, the animosity of prejudice, or the insidiousness of faction alternately suggest. In this chaos of contrariety, to me the first great difficulty is, to discover the truth; the next, so to manage the discovery, as to produce from it some sound and dispassionate course of action.

This liberty of the press, in itself a great abstract good, capable alike of being converted into a bane or antidote, and, by discreet and conscientious management, capable also of promoting and effecting immortal

benefits to mankind, or inflicting upon them irremediable ills, keeps up at least a constant communication between us, depriving the courtier of the power of concealing from his Sovereign public opinion, and placing him within the effect of inquiry. With such a constant possibility of explanation, a Monarch may be misguided, but cannot be uninformed: he may adopt decisive rules of government, but cannot remain ignorant of their effects.

Although it is presumed that I become acquainted with political occurrences and opinions, solely through the channel of my official advisers, and can only constitutionally address my people through the regular organ of parliament, or of my council; yet at this momentous crisis, pregnant with evil to our common country, and to me so interesting as a man and a husband, but above all, as the inheritor of my Royal Father's crown, the form and mode of this communication may stand shielded and excused, in the generally anomalous character of the circumstances to which I shall hereafter advert: nor, on so singular an occasion, do I think it derogatory to the dignity of my exalted station. to attempt the dispersion of a mist, in which too many of my subjects have wandered, led on by a generous delusion.

I will not accuse, I do not accuse, of disaffection either to my person or government, *all* who are advocates for the cause of the Queen; for in that cause, I perceive plainly a variety of motives in activity: in the combination of those motives, differing widely from each other, the immediate danger appears to consist: but it is also, from their discordance, that future tranquillity may be expected. I am persuaded that could my sub-

jects, upon reflection, be brought to consider the probability of my being an injured and calumniated Prince, they would abstain from further insult to the crown inherited from GEORGE THE THIRD. I am also persuaded that public opinion, although forced into extremes by the goadings of a portion of the daily press, alike unrestrained by truth, and as devoid of principle, as lost to the common civilities of society, would soon right itself; when a plain and simple narrative (such as any man of reasonable mind might comprehend) should supersede the distorted and tortured facts which have lately pre-occupied too great a part of the nation.

So many years have elapsed since the period of my unhappy marriage, that it may not be inexpedient (indeed it appears absolutely necessary, in order to develope certain springs of action) to recall the times and circumstances in which, and by which, this event was produced.

The French Revolution was at its height; the Royal Family of France had been murdered; Holland had imbibed the revolutionary mania, and the Stadtholder had fled to this protecting country; at home a traitorous spirit was actively at work; trials for high treason had served only to increase the insolence of faction, and foster rebellion; Ireland was on the verge of open revolt; and every political appearance threatened an attempt upon the constitution of these realms; a dreadful war was raging: yet, amidst and in the face of all these evils, it was the wish of my Royal Father to strengthen the succession to the throne of these realms; and the more especially, as my royal brother of York had been married four years, without the expectation

of a family. No moment could be less auspicious than the one chosen. My own inclination was averse to a marriage of expediency; nor need I tell my subjects under what disadvantages a Prince of the Royal Family labours, and more especially the heir apparent born in the Kingdom, in a chance for matrimonial happiness; and for myself, confined by the laws of my country within the limits of the realm, I could never hope to lead my countrymen to the field of battle, in her just wars, or extend my sphere of useful acquirement, by foreign travels, and the personal examination of the customs, manners, and government of other countries. Of the character of their princes and courtiers, I could only learn by intermediate report.

Debarred thus from active employment, and destined to pass my time in royal idleness; surrounded with pleasures at every step, and captivated with beauty; it would not be the most difficult enigma to solve, how I became thoughtlessly extravagant. Notwithstanding I had experienced the generosity of my countrymen, when twenty-four years of age; yet in nine years after, my debts became again the object of serious consideration. In the midst of a war then raging, expensive beyond all former precedent, and with no glimpse of termination; when monarchy throughout Europe was threatened with annihilation; some powerful and unanswerable motive, or some important and ostensible good, could alone justify the minister of the day, in applying to Parliament for the payment of the debts of an extravagant Prince, for such I acknowledge myself to have been.

The justification of the measure was found to be in *my marriage*.

The nation most generously paid my debts, made provision for such marriage, and I became an *expedient* party to the contract. For me there was no escape; the interest of my creditors demanded such sacrifice; a sacrifice of which my heart could only appreciate the extent.

But although the match was forced, and I was left (unlike my subjects) to no voluntary choice, I had still a right to expect in a Princess of exalted ancestry, and one previously allied to me by relationship, a female of chaste person and uncontaminated taste.

But the morning which dawned on the consummation of this marriage, witnessed its virtual dissolution.

Our daughter, the lamented Princess Charlotte, the child of a fond and admiring nation, was born precisely at the moment prescribed by nature.

Of the causes which led to this immediate separation, which however was for a time most carefully concealed, and concealed, I trust, from no ungenerous feeling on my part, it does not belong to me to detail the explanation. But who beside ourselves was interested in it? Surely the family of the illustrious female in question! Did they complain? Did they remonstrate? Did they demand a restitution of conjugal rights between us? Did they interfere to conciliate, to palliate, to explain? Never. By their silence then was I justified in requiring at a proper moment, a more openly avowed separation. *The first wrong was done to me.*

The situation in which my Royal Father was placed towards us both, was one of peculiar delicacy, and requires your particular attention. Independently of his own good and well-intentioned motives, he could not but feel that I had sacrificed my happiness to obe-

dience to his will, and to those urgent and pressing political influences which directed that will. To him, therefore, it must have been painful to find, that all chance of connubial connexion was destroyed as soon as formed; it must also have been painful to him to know, that in commanding my marriage, he had (however unintentionally) clogged my high station with a source of constant anxiety and unceasing misrepresentation. Again: as towards the then Princess of Wales, his late Majesty, my revered Father and King, could not but have felt, that a marriage so brought about at his urgent desire, and enforced upon one positive condition, called forth from him more especially every increased attention towards the illustrious female whom he had introduced into the country; nor could this fatherly attention be otherwise than the more marked and decisive, on account of the relationship of that illustrious female in question to the then Queen of these realms. His most sacred Majesty was thus doubly and peculiarly bound to the protection of the interests of this illustrious female, as well as to a gentlemanly forbearance towards a son, through his influence so unexpectedly, so unusually, and I may add so unhappily circumstanced. This line of nice distinction and difficult conduct, so honourably and so nobly adhered to by his late Majesty, led to the erroneous supposition, that my honoured and royal parent and myself were at variance upon this important occasion: but such was not in the slightest degree the fact; the subject was, as it were, interdicted mutually from our conferences and meetings, and I always honoured my royal parent the more highly for the motives which influenced and marked out the line of conduct he felt himself pecu-

liarly called upon to adopt. His aim was, to soften by every means of alleviation in his power the situation of the Princess: but, at the same time, he was left without cause of accusation against his son's early determination.

Having rested the propriety of my conduct upon the silence of the relatives of the Princess, on an occasion when silence on their part could only have been imposed by a knowledge of a means of justification; and having discovered the principle which generosity and hospitality dictated to my late father and King in his conduct towards the Princess, I now refer to a letter, dated Windsor Castle, April 30, 1796; which letter has been termed, insolently, unjustifiably, and almost traitorously, a letter of license.

"*It was always competent for the Princess of Wales to demand from me, if she felt herself so justified, the restitution of her conjugal rights.*" That a female of her lofty daring should not have taken such a step, admits a very strong argument in favour of the retiring husband; at all events, it allows of the inference, that there was a domestic and personal cause for separation, to which the parties mutually consented.

This letter of the 30th of April above alluded to may be considered as containing the terms of our separation. On this letter, which evidently refers to former conferences and previous communications, and was written to the Princess at her own request, I have but one observation to make, namely,—"That pending the arrangement for an open and avowed separation, the then Princess of Wales, through the medium of Lady Cholmondeley, required *that the separation should be final and conclusive, as to any future particular*

intercourse, and not to be renewed at any period, even though our child the Princess Charlotte should die." To this proposition I assented; by this proposition I have abided, and ever will abide. It is an extra proposition emanating from the Queen; it contains her own terms.

From the moment of this open and avowed separation, *rendered perpetual* by the proposition of her Royal Highness; I can call herself and the kingdom to witness, whether any thing has been withheld from the personal accommodation of the Princess of Wales? Whether a suitable establishment, regulated by herself, was not provided for her comfort? Whether I ever interfered with her arrangements, her society, or her social convenience; in short, I boldly challenge my people to the proof, whether I had ever been guilty of any step, directly or indirectly, to break in upon that arrangement of tranquillity and comfortable society, which was the basis of our mutual separation.

This separation between the Princess and myself, partook not in its origin, of the smallest political mixture; it was purely an unhappy but unavoidable domestic occurrence, of which the good manners of both parties might have softened the effect; and in which, strict propriety of conduct, such as befitted the second lady in the land, might have commanded my respect; though an insurmountable obstacle was opposed to any further feeling. During this separation, the Princess of Wales possessed the most uncontrouled choice and command of her own household; she was mistress of her own conduct; was still the wife of the heir apparent to the throne, and mother of the heiress presumptive. The Princess must have been aware of the superior legal responsibility attached to the high and

important rank she held in the empire; and the peculiarity of her situation demanded a greater degree of discretion; painful and singular as was that situation, it was one in which the Princess might have shone with additional splendour, had she maintained a dignified and elegant association.

I am charged by the giddy press and the partizans of the Queen, with having, upon all occasions, besieged her with spies and suborned traducers.

At the period of this separation in 1796, the then Princess of Wales surrounded herself, not with any friends of mine, but with an establishment of her own choice. But suppose, for argument sake, this false assertion to be true; how completely useless would have been the office of those spies and tale-bearers, had the conduct of her Royal Highness given no grounds for their occupation! In such a case, the more closely her Royal Highness had been watched, the more spotless, chaste and unquestionable would her conduct have appeared. Ought it, under any circumstances, even of presumed aggravation, to have been otherwise?

I approach now the period of the first investigation of 1806, which took place *ten years* after the separation; and which carried back its research four years from the date of its report. The very circumstance, that it became necessary to trace *through several years* the conduct of her Royal Highness, allows me fairly to assert that which was the fact; namely, "that it was not until after tale upon tale had been in wide circulation for a long period; nor until those reports assumed the threatening character of high treason, that I determined to advise with a retired Lord Chancellor on the measures necessary to be adopted." Had I

been actuated by the foul spirit attributed to me, I had at that moment an opportunity of gratifying such revenge, by demanding a public trial instead of a private investigation. The base political purposes to which the privacy of that proceeding was subsequently applied, might almost tempt me to regret that I had not done so; yet I do not regret it, since the motive was (even at the very moment of an inquiry becoming legally expedient) to shield the object of it as much as possible from publicity, I might almost say, to accommodate her acquittal. Upon this occasion, the reputation and character of those eminent noblemen, Lords Erskine, Spencer, Grenville, and Ellenborough, must first be destroyed, before I can be charged with provoking *an unnecessary inquiry* into the existence of circumstances which had long been circulating through every rank of society, which were at the time generally believed to be true, or enveloped in a mystery far removed from that absence of all doubtful and suspicious appearances, which should characterize the conduct of a Princess of Wales. On this occasion, the some honourable feelings which had invariably guided the conduct of my Royal Father and King, inclined him still to shield and protect her Royal Highness, and to place the least culpable interpretation upon the circumstances of that mysterious case. It was the same generous feeling which induced my Royal Father to adopt, as a previous step, my proposal of a private and confidential inquiry, in a matter, where less considerate conduct might, at once, have transferred the cause of offence to a public tribunal. Throughout the whole of this affair, her Royal Highness was treated with a delicacy suitable to the peculiarity of her situation, to which every, and the most generous consideration

was paid. Her Royal Highness was aware of it, and *at the moment* felt herself so treated.

Did I, upon this occasion, dissent from the line of conduct recommended to be pursued? No. Did I interfere with the duties of the noble lords commissioners upon the occasion? No. Did I, as a husband, cease to perform the terms of separation even after the imperious necessity which had devolved upon me as Prince of Wales, of requiring indemnity for the succession to the throne? No. I assert, that in the conflicting duties imposed upon me as a husband, and as Prince of Wales, that when the admonition of my royal parent was deemed sufficient for the occasion, I acquiesced. Nor, on a subsequent occasion, did I hesitate to pay the debts of the illustrious person in question, in her character of my wife. Nay more, I carried still further the spirit of conciliation, and proof of my acquiescence in the result of such investigation, by the subsequent advance to honour and distinction of one of the parties implicated criminally in the charge against the then Princess of Wales. I am therefore, on that occasion, the avowed approver of the result of the inquiry; and stand convicted, either of being regardless of my own honour, or of being satisfied that the accusation was over-strained.

Before I dismiss this part of my letter, I would direct the attention of my subjects and countrymen to the rigour of the law, applicable to the wife of the heir apparent to the throne. An error which, in any female of less distinguished rank, is merely a civil injury, in the wife of the Prince of Wales *is a crime against the nation.* The mere act of offence is in both cases alike; but in the one may be attended with the last penalty, that of death. If therefore, in any proceedings connected with

the case of a prince of Wales, there appears a greater measure of legal harshness, to which our moral feelings are opposed, it should be remembered, that the anomaly is created by the statutes of the realm. I made not the law for myself.

When the Princess of Wales had received the admonitory letter of 1806, no complaint at the time was made by her, either against its justice, or the mode in which the inquiry had been conducted. It was reserved to revive the painful subject seven years after its occurrence; and to attack the proceedings, as well as the intermediate restraint which had been imposed on the intercourse of the Princess with our daughter; in a letter dated early in 1813, addressed to me as Regent of these United Kingdoms. That letter, as containing a matter of complaint deserving of inquiry, was submitted, without regard to the personally offensive remarks contained in it, to several dignitaries of the church and of the law. Upon this second report, the restriction alluded to was still continued, and the aspersions cast upon the testimony of certain witnesses connected with the inquiry of 1806, were pronounced to be *wholly groundless*, and *without the slightest support of Proof.*

It is important for me to draw your attention to the circumstance, that the two reports were drawn up by noblemen of differing political sentiments, accustomed to constant parliamentary opposition; if therefore from such an ordeal, the proceedings of 1806 have escaped censure, and consequently became stamped with a character of fair and impartial justice, I have a right to demand, and do demand, a full and complete acquittal from all those false and unprincely motives, by which my conduct has been stigmatised; I plead guilty only

of one motive, "That of preserving to my daughter her rights, and protecting the purity of succession to the throne of my ancestors."

Had the result of this second report, produced by a set of political reasoners wholly opposed to the first commissioners, varied from the report of such commissioners; had it brought home to the witnesses upon the former occasion, any charge of perjury, or have elicited any trace of unworthy motive, or corruptly contrived evidence; it would have been my unavoidable duty as Regent, and the office most pleasing to me as a husband and man, to have revived that inquiry, and have punished the guilty participators in it; and besides, it was at all times open to the Princess *to bring her accusers before the tribunals of her country.* Unless therefore every principle of civilized conduct has been violated by me, and I alone have proceeded upon impulses different from all mankind, surely, on my own account, I must have rejoiced at any elucidation which had sprung up, had it been only for the mere selfish purpose *of wiping from myself* the mortification of such recorded aspersions. Was it to be supposed, that I should tamely cover myself with the mantle of my own shame, could I have had it in my power to destroy every thread of the garment? I should have deserved the scorn of the age, and ill merited the allegiance of my father's subjects, could I have hesitated one moment in following the minutest ray which might detect the mystery of 1806, and completely clear her Royal Highness from those charges.

But from the date of this letter in 1813, the whole transaction, which had hitherto been treated as a domestic difference, assumed on the part of the Princess of Wales a political aspect. To this point I shall

subsequently refer; for the present, therefore, I will pass on to the period of her departure to visit the continent.

Upon this occasion, her Royal Highness addressed her intentions to me, through the medium of the Earl of Liverpool, in a Letter dated the 25th July 1814, in which her Royal Highness stated as her first and her most urgent motive for wishing to retire to the continent, "The restoration of tranquillity to my mind." Her Royal Highness then goes on to complain of the indignities and mortification to which she had been exposed, by being withheld from receiving her nearest relations, and the most intimate friends of the late Duke of Brunswick, her father; and alludes to the rupture of the proposed alliance between our daughter, the Princess Charlotte, and the Prince of Orange. Her Royal Highness also pointing our her route, states that she intends to return to Brunswick her native country, and with a degree of uncertainty adds, she *may* afterwards travel into Italy and Greece, and proposes certain arrangements as to the disposition of her private property. To all these points I subjoin the reply, as transmitted through my prime minister, with this one observation, that Lord Liverpool does not *silently* pass over the circumstance of her Royal Highness possessing apartments in a royal palace, (to which her Royal Highness makes no allusion in her letter,) but absolutely states, that such apartments will still be retained for the use of her Royal Highness; thus, if any conscious doubts had existed in the mind of the Princess, and this omission was intended to draw from me any expression as to the length of her stay on the continent, or whether I considered that the departure of the Princess was intended to be permanent, such doubts are

clearly removed by the specific allusion of Lord Liverpool to those particular apartments in a royal palace.

Her Royal Highness then leaves England by her own voluntary act, at her own express desire, retaining by the avowed will of the Prince (acting on behalf of the King) a residence, to which, at any time, she migh return. There is also a second point in this letter of the Princess, on which I would make one short observation. Her Royal Highness, referring to the mode of disposal of part of her property, uses this expression: "The Princess of Wales hopes the Prince Regent will *grant* this favour, *the last that she will solicit.*" I ask then, Is this the language of a wife receiving injuries from a husband, or is it not characteristic of language from a wife to a husband who, though separated from that husband, had ever been accustomed to receive from him every favour and benefit which could with honour be granted? I subjoin the reply alluded to, as it corrects the political points contained in the letter of the Princess.

Letter of Lord Liverpool to the Princess of Wales, dated the 28th of July 1814.

"Lord Liverpool has had the honour to receive the letter of her Royal Highness. Having communicated it to the Prince Regent, he has ordered him to inform her Royal Highness that he can have no objection to the intentions of her Royal Highness to effect the design which she announces to the Prince Regent, of returning to her native country, to visit her brother the Duke of Brunswick, assuring her, that the Prince Regent will never throw any obstacle in the way of her present or future intentions as to the place where she may wish to reside.

"The Prince Regent leaves her Royal Highness at liberty to exercise her own discretion as to her abode in this country or on the continent, as it may be convenient to her.

"Lord Liverpool is also commanded, on the part of the Prince Regent, to inform her Royal Highness, that he will not throw any obstacles in the way of the arrangements of her Royal Highness, whatever they may be, respecting the house at Blackheath, which belonged to the late Duchess of Brunswick, or the rest of the private property of her Royal Highness. But that, for reasons rather too long to explain, the Prince Regent will not permit the Princess Charlotte to be ranger of Greenwich Park, or to occupy any of the houses at Blackheath, which her Royal Highness has hitherto occupied.

"Lord Liverpool has also been enjoined, on the part of the Prince Regent, before he closes the letter which he has the honour to send to her Royal Highness, to tell her, in relation to the two articles which her Royal Highness has put in her letter concerning the rupture of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte with the hereditary Prince of Orange, as well as to the reason for which the allied sovereigns did not, previously to their departure from England, pay their visit to her Royal Highness; that, as to the first article, Lord Liverpool is commanded by the Prince Regent to inform her Royal Highness, that the Prince Regent is not persuaded that the private considerations of the circumstances in which the Princess is placed, can have been an obstacle to the marriage of the Princess Charlotte. As to the second article, Lord Liverpool is also enjoined, on the part of the Prince Regent, to signify to her Royal Highness, that the Prince Regent never opposed himself to the allied sovereigns making a visit to her Royal Highness during their stay in London.

"Lord Liverpool has the honour to be with all esteem and the highest consideration.

"P. S. The Prince Regent can make no difficulties on the subject of the directions which the Princess has the intention of giving as to the house at Blackheath; neither will the Prince Regent oppose her Royal Highness's retaining the apartments in the Palace of Kensington, in the same manner as she possessed them while in London, for the convenience of herself and suite."

At the period then of the departure of her Royal Highness from the kingdom, the very last communication between us was on my part, that of assuring her, that the residence more particularly occupied by her as a state residence, should be considered as remaining still at her disposal; thus placing a seal of oblivion on the past, and according every thing but personal communication.

Her Royal Highness was enabled to quit England as became her rank, with a suite of her own choice, with zealous friends among that suite, and with every facility afforded her of rendering her stay on the continent comfortable and convenient. Her public reception at foreign courts naturally depended on, and was regulated by established etiquette.

I have thus brought down the material circumstances of my unhappy marriage, to the period of the departure of her Royal Highness for the continent; the transactions in themselves, however unfortunate, are plain and simple, easily understood, and as capable of explanation, when viewed without any selfish tendency to party or faction. The incidents may be thus briefly stated,---

1. Our private separation.

2. Our public separation.

3. The interval between our public separation, and the inquiry of 1806.

4. The complaint of the Princess in 1813, as to the restricted intercourse between herself and daughter.

5. The retirement of the Princess to the continent.

The first point, (the reasons of our private separation), it does not become me to explain; her

Royal Highness might, (if she had so pleased,) have claimed in the proper court, the restitution of her conjugal rights; such a proceeding would have produced an explanation.

As to the second point, we separated upon terms mutually understood, and to which the Princess added herself a peremptory condition; those terms have by me been inviolably preserved; as a husband I enabled my wife to maintain the dignity of her rank and station as Princess of Wales; I visited her separation with no pecuniary privations, but on the contrary, paid for her, debts exceeding her means of expenditure to the amount of forty-nine thousand pounds; the government of the country at the same time liquidating a further sum of thirty-one thousand pounds.

As to the third point, the preceding remarks, in part apply. On the subject of the actual inquiry, I may be allowed to say, that the Prince of Wales is born with certain rights previously created, as a line of duty to be by him fulfilled. The preservation of the chastity of his wife, with a view to the purity of the succession, is one of those duties. When therefore in consequence of rumours too loud and too deep to remain unheard, I demanded an enquiry, as part of the duty of my high birth and national rank; I submitted the case to the responsible ministers of the crown; I acquiesced in the sentence passed upon the termination of the inquiry, and bowed to the decision which had been pronounced by the warm and zealous friend of the Princess, who was judge upon the occasion.

As to the fourth point, I endeavoured by every means in my power to prevent our disputes from taking

a political turn, embarrassing to the government of the country ; and I most particularly aimed at preserving in the mind of the Princess Charlotte, a neutrality on the delicate occasion : the restriction imposed on the intercourse between the Princess and her daughter was connected with the system of her education, which by law, rested with the Sovereign. When on a subsequent period in 1813, the Princess of Wales addressed to me as Regent, a letter alluding to such restriction, and also to the proceedings of 1806, almost grown out of recollection, I submitted such letter to noblemen, differing in political opinion from those who had on the former occasion made a report on the conduct of the Princess ; the result of this re-enquiry produced no change, no imputation on the former statements and evidence, and I still continued to consider the whole affair as one of domestic inconvenience, in as much as the succession to the throne was pronounced *not to be endangered.*

As to the fifth point, upon the retirement of her Royal Highness to the continent, I continued to the Princess her residence in a royal palace, leaving it as a domicile open to her return, and I declare upon my honour as a Prince, that I never, on any previous occasion threw the slightest obstacle in the way of her Royal Highness's comfort, tranquillity, and domestic arrangement. The affairs of Princes cannot be conducted in the same obscure and unostentatious mode as those of private individuals ; to snatch a few moments of private life, is in a Prince, to enjoy real happiness. All the difficulties which have occurred in the case in question have been produced and created, they were not of natural origin, but have been foisted on the original evil by fac-

tious persons, seeking to advance their own political purposes. Had not the Princess placed herself avowedly in such hands, many of the mortifications of her situation had been avoided; they would indeed have had no existence. Finally, I declare again, upon my honour, that my conduct aimed to keep the whole unhappy affair within the character of a domestic and purely personal misfortune; and it is only by the attempts made by faction, to give it a political complexion, that the attention of the people has been fixed upon it as a national grievance.

I have now, my subjects and fellow-countrymen, gone through the first great division of my letter; I approach the second, I trust with feelings, as a King, suitable to the occasion.

Hitherto I have appeared only as Prince of Wales, and Regent.

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Her Royal Highness quitted England as Princess of Wales early in August in the year 1814, and in the succeeding November (a short interval of three months,) appears *to have consulted my tranquillity*, by furnishing grounds for *a third* enquiry into the propriety of her conduct. After *three years of rumours, a commission* to examine into their truth or falsehood, was *a third time* rendered necessary for the honour of the Crown of these realms; thus in both cases, as well in the investigation of 1806, as also in that of 1818, it was not until *years of rumour* had been allowed to rouse suspicions, that any official measures were adopted to enquire into their reality.

Possibly the great error has been, that such rumours were permitted to remain so long without an enquiry.

Had spies really surrounded her Royal Highness, the purposes of a commission of enquiry would have been anticipated and rendered unnecessary.

When the powers of my regency merged in the succession to the throne, one of the first duties devolving upon me as a head of the Church, was "to settle according to the Act of Uniformity, such parts of the Liturgy as were affected by the decease of my venerable Father and King of blessed memory."

How lightly have too many of my subjects thought of the feelings by which their sovereign must have been influenced upon so solemn an occasion!

How inconsiderately have too many of my subjects viewed this vital act of religion as a mere matter of form, requiring only a dash of the pen!

How narrowly have too many of my subjects confined their sense of this form, within the bounds of custom and precedent!

How blindly have too many of my subjects viewed this act of devotional formulary!

And how completely have too many of my subjects separated the act to be done, from him upon whom fell the most painful duty of its performance!

Behold then, your Sovereign, in the presence of that God to whom all hearts are open; required by the first servant of our holy national Church, to sanction as head of that Church, a formulary, in which the thousands and tens of thousands, and millions of his subjects were to address their prayers, and praises, and supplications to the King of Kings.

Behold him thus situated, called upon to doubt and to decide between his conscience and his feelings,

whether his own wife deserved, without hesitation, to be admitted to the high dignity, *de facto*, of Queen of these united Kingdoms. Behold him, thus situated, and himself obliged to decide, no other authority, according to the laws of the realm, having power to relieve him from the duty. And why was I thus called upon to doubt? Because my council, according to their oaths, "which is to advise for the King's honour and good of the public, without partiality, through affection, love, meed, doubt, or dread;" and in performance of their duty, which is "*to enquire into all offences against the government*;" had not left me unacquainted with the existence of a *primâ facie* case, of gross and long-continued adultery, alleged to be committed by the late Princess of Wales, now *de jure* the Queen.

It became therefore evident, it was unavoidable, that whenever the Queen thought proper to return to my kingdom, she must meet this charge, the truth or falsehood of which remained still to be proved. My council strictly confined themselves to their legal duty, *that of enquiring only*: and the features of that enquiry imposed upon them the painful duty of placing the Queen in a state of abeyance.

This solemn decision, I may say, this vitally religious act, presented itself to me in two points of view. Was I, with such knowledge in my possession, to recommend unhesitatingly and specially, the name of the Queen, to the prayers of the Church? Or was I to leave that name to be inserted when her Majesty should have wiped off this foul charge of adultery. In the first case, it might possibly have fallen to my

painful office, again to have expunged the insertion; and in the second case, it might happily have been my duty to have supplied the omission. Which, of the two modes afforded the least probability of future embarrassment? As yet, only a *primâ facie* suspicion of adultery was exhibited against the Queen; I had a right to presume her innocent, I had a right to expect that future circumstances might justify the insertion of her Majesty's name, but such an insertion being a matter of discretion, the words "*and all the Royal Family*," *did not exclude the Queen.* To have inserted the Queen's name specially, and subsequently to have found myself obliged by the law of the land to expunge it; would, with a great degree of reason, have subjected me to the charge of having first introduced such name, that I might enjoy the malicious triumph of erasing it; thus adding encreased harshness to any future sentence. By using the phrase, "and all the Royal Family;" *any future alteration*, under any circumstances of substantiated guilt or innocence, *would be rendered unnecessary.* To have inserted the name of the Queen, with a knowledge such as I possessed through my legal council, would, in my opinion, have been contrary to the laws of the kingdom; for among other charges which *might* have been brought forward against the Queen, was, "her probable conversion to the Roman Catholic faith." But to *postpone* the insertion of the name of the Queen, and afterwards to have been called upon to supply the omission, would, to her Majesty, have been a gracious act of acquittal, and restoration to regal honor; and I had a right to hope that such would be the result. Besides, the object and intention of the postponement of this insertion, was most certainly, not

with a view to any proceedings against the Queen, but in anticipation of that continuance of mutual separation, which the Queen, in her letter of leave, declared to be "necessary to my future tranquillity."

I will suppose for one moment, the insertion to have been made. Had it been done under concealment from me, of existing circumstances, *my ministers would have been guilty of misprision of treason, and been liable to impeachment* But as it was done with my knowledge; if ten thousands of ten thousand tongues were to demand of me, to tarnish the crown of your King, I would abandon it to the people rather than commit so great a crime. Whatever may have been the indiscretions of THE MAN, the future historian of England, shall never record them as connected with THE KING.

It should not be overlooked, that the alteration of the Liturgy was also to regulate my own public devotion, as well as that of my subjects; should I not then by the special insertion of the name of the Queen, under existing circumstances, have most deservedly subjected myself to a charge of impious and detestable hypocrisy? "You have been praying yourself specially for the Queen; you Royal Hypocrite! whilst you have watched her destruction; would have been a just and unanswerable accusation against me; an accusation, which, if well-founded, would have rendered the word of the King unworthy of belief.

Those only are the real exclusionists, who do not choose to comprehend the Queen, as implied in the words, "and all the Royal Family."

Had either the religious or legal considerations of this important point permitted me conscientiously to

have inserted the name of the Queen in the Liturgy of the Church; all other minor considerations would have had no bearing upon the question; for that which would have been consistent with religion and law, could not have been *contra bonos mores*. I dwell not therefore on the subject, as connected with the morals of the country, but in its consideration, and in all its vital bearings, I cannot but have contemplated the consequences of a Queen charged with high crimes and misdemeanors, sitting upon that throne so lately occupied by the personification of chastity and matrimonial excellence.

Will the virtuous and noble, the high-minded and chaste, the amiable and domestic females of England, adopt the Queen as an example and model worthy of their imitation? Will they pronounce her faultless? Will they compose her court? If I can place the Queen on the throne of my ancestors upon such terms, I am ready to do so. Upon none other, can or ought a Queen to sit upon the throne of pre-eminent England.

I proceed now to the offer of an ample allowance offered to the Queen, provided she continued to remain abroad in the retirement she had voluntarily adopted; and the alternative with which that offer was accompanied. I have pointed out *this transaction*, and *the suspension in the Liturgy*, as acts which *may appear* to have emanated more immediately from my own personal feelings.

I have previously remarked, that from the period of my becoming Regent, the differences between the Princess and myself had assumed a political character, and been treated by many as a party question.

The companions of my youth, and the distinguished

characters with whom, in my earlier years, I had intimately associated, had created in the public mind, a widely extended, and readily believed opinion, that when the sceptre of my Father should descend to me, I should, from among those associates, have chosen the members of my administration. During the discussion of the terms of the regency, I was careful to avoid giving any pledge of the line of policy I might find it expedient to adopt. A short previous administration, composed of those political friends by whom it was conjectured my councils would have been directed, had enabled me to form some opinion of their executive talents; and *notwithstanding*, an overture was made by me to them, to propose an administration. But when I found the conditions required would have reduced me to a mere political automaton, of which they were to possess the key; that not content with forming the administration, they required also, that I should be surrounded in my household by their adherents, and left to no choice in the appointment of my own attendants; when with this, I compared the candour and the unequivocal absence of all personal feeling with which the bill creating the regency was carried by the then ministry; and above all, the frank, loyal and respectful regret which was shewn to the calamity of my revered Parent; and the so immediate provision made for the resumption by him of the regal dignity, that should it have pleased Providence so to have restored him; my Royal Father would have awakened, as if from a dream, and have found himself unreminded of his affliction; when to this I added the important consideration, that the flame of freedom was beginning to glimmer in Spain; that the then 'ad

ministration were prepared to take advantage of every circumstance favourable to the destruction of the military tyrant of Europe ; and when all these various considerations were upheld by the weight of personal character which was contained in the then cabinet ; I felt sufficiently justified in not suffering former prepossessions to stand for one moment in the way of newly created duties. I felt that an existing experienced executive, was, at such a time, safer than a theoretical cabinet. I had also a doubt in my own mind, whether, during my Sovereign's life, I ought, as Regent, to adopt the principles of those who had been violently opposed to my Royal Father's measures, or pursue a line of policy unchanged, and such as my King would have continued had he remained the active head of the Empire. This was a feeling of the heart ; it was mine.

This, my determination, produced two consequences ; 1. A series of unbroken, glorious, and important victories, attended with such results, as the history of the world, within a similar period of time, cannot produce ; 2. The conversion of my matrimonial differences into a political attack upon my authority.

From this moment then, the Queen, by becoming the tool of party, gave to her cause and her conduct a new feature, and an importance which required the vigilant eye of the government.

I have been led into this digression, that the distinction I still endeavoured to uphold between my marital and royal station, might be plainly and easily comprehended. I return now to the consideration of the offer made to the Queen, of an allowance upon certain stipulations ; viz. that the Queen should *cease to use* the name

and style of Queen of England, and remain abroad, where she had voluntarily seceded.

The period when this determination was decided upon, must not be forgotten; it must not only, not be forgotten, but it should be allowed its due weight in the decision of so momentous an affair. It appears almost indeed to be overlooked, that I met my first parliament in the month of April, at the very period and while a set of infuriated, misguided, and unhappy culprits were on their trials for a conspiracy to overturn the constitution and government of these realms, of which the commencement was intended to be, the indiscriminate assassination of my cabinet ministers. The general situation of the country, at that precise moment, appears also to have been thrown into the back ground. I cannot better recall those unhappy inauspicious moments, than by repeating again to my subjects the topics addressed to the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled, upon our first meeting.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

" Deeply as I regret that the machinations and designs of the disaffected should have led in some parts of the country, to acts of open violence and insurrection, I cannot but express my satisfaction at the promptitude with which those attempts have been suppressed by the vigilance and activity of the magistrates, and by the zealous co-operation of all those of my subjects whose exertions have been called forth to support the authority of the laws.

" The wisdom and firmness manifested by the late parliament and the due execution of the laws, have greatly contributed to restore confidence throughout the kingdom; and to discountenance those principles of sedition and irreligion, which had been desseminated with such malignant perseverance, and had poisoned the minds of the unwary and ignorant.

"I rely upon the continued support of parliament, in my determination to maintain, by all the means entrusted to my hands, the public safety and tranquillity.

"Deploring, as we all must, the distress which still unhappily prevails among many of the labouring classes of the community, and anxiously looking forward to its removal or mitigation, it is in the mean time, our common duty, effectually to protect the loyal, the peaceable, and the industrious, against those practices of turbulence and intimidation, by which the period of relief can only be deferred, and by which the pressure of the distress has been incalculably aggravated.

"I trust that an awakened sense of the dangers which they have incurred, and of the acts which have been employed to seduce them, will bring back by far the greater part of those who have been unhappily led astray, and will revive in them that spirit of loyalty, that due submission to the laws, and that attachment to the constitution, which subsist unabated in the hearts of the great body of the people, and which under the blessing of Divine Providence, have secured to the British Nation, the enjoyment of a larger share of practical freedom, as well as of prosperity and happiness, than have fallen to the lot of any nation in the world."

If to the pending trials alluded to, and this general reference to the state of the kingdom, suffering under severe privations in some of its provinces, are added the numerous cases of treason, libel, and minor political offences under the progressive cognizance of the courts of law; I think my subjects and countrymen will admit, that to such previously existing evils *no addition was wanting to renew internal agitation which was beginning to subside.* The return of the Queen, under the circumstances in which she must necessarily meet, was of all others, calculated to revive that internal agitation; and why was it so calculated? because the Queen had, (as I have previously remarked) given by her conduct a political feeling to the differences between us. Had this not been the case, she could

not have had; at least she ought not to have had, any motives for her return; or had she any, she ought to have sacrificed them to the welfare of our country.

From 1796 we had been separated, a period now of twenty-four years; disturbed by an almost constant suspicion of her conduct: the Queen had been estranged from Court, our Royal Daughter was no more; and her Majesty had but one duty to perform towards me, "the performance of an agreed separation"

A Queen consort of England has no political rank, she possesses, *in ease* of the Sovereign, certain inherent prerogatives; those prerogatives are capable of being enjoyed by her, in her absence; they required not her presence. The presence of the Queen could neither revive trade languishing in some of its branches, tranquillize the irritation of distress, or conciliate the clamour of faction; and indeed, many records of English History hand down to us, the impolitic and dangerous counsels, which have ensued from the interference of Queens Consort in the political contests of the times. Although by way of eminent distinction, the word "Queen" is applicable only to the King's wife, yet, it originally signifies a wife, or woman. A Queen of England (unless Queen in her own right,) is a subject of the King, and can claim no political character from the people; to her, at a coronation, no oath is administered, and no homage or allegiance offered. The coronation of a Queen is distinct, and subsequent to that of the King; it is not at all necessary to the accession or title to the throne; and when performed, is a ceremony so performed for the greater honour of the kingly office. It proceeds from the King. *

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* Taylor's Glory of Regality.

If therefore I am to define the office or duty of a Queen consort, I might sum it up in a few words, "To give a tone to *the morals* of the country." Does not the late reign furnish an indisputable proof of the truth of this axiom?

Since then the Queen had deprived herself, of the possibility of performing the duties of her station, and her return could produce none of those effects which were so evident during the long reign of my late Royal and revered Parents, could the next object of my solicitude be otherwise, than an attempt, still to treat the long borne separation, as a personal and domestic transaction?

The Queen was growing old, we are both beyond the hey-day of life, and the levities of conduct attributed to her, might now be supposed to have worne or to have been wearing away. Our country required political repose; and above all, an internal quietude. Had no charge of adultery at all existed, there were sufficient grounds on both sides, for wishing, and for rendering desirable, a continuance of the existing separation.

In private life, what would the friends of a married couple, so long divided as the Queen and myself have been, think of the conduct of a wife, who would wish to return to her husband, under circumstances, such as have occurred between us? Would any female in England so *meanly* conduct herself? Would any husband in England so take back a wife? If he would not, why should your king? If the female would not so return, why should the Queen? You will tell me, "To claim her rights." I reply, that the Queen possesses no political rights; but certain prescribed prerogatives;

those prerogatives are legally defined, their value as personal advantages can be ascertained; they can be enjoyed by the Queen, as well absent as present. I have offered her an equivalent. You will tell me, "That *she chooses* to return to our country, and that I have no right to restrain her." The Queen has chosen to return, and by the laws of the realm must she now abide; the Queen is my subject.

If then I am asked, "why did I offer the Queen fifty thousand pounds a year to remain abroad, and cease to use openly the style and title of Queen of England," I answer, "To puchase the tranquillity of my country; to prevent a recurrence of those acts which had seduced so many of my subjects into danger, and to bring them back to that spirit of loyalty, that due submission to the laws, and that attachment to the constitution, which I hope still subsists in the hearts of the great body of my people;" all which I knew would be endangered by the *selfish return of a Queen*, who never can and never will sit upon the throne of England whilst George the Fourth wears the crown of his forefathers; until the female nobility, shall in a body, justify him in such act, with their sanction and presence, every other rank of the virtuous and chaste would coincide.

Before I conclude this subject of an offered pension, I cannot but regret extremely, that the chance of cool and dispassionate deliberation which the Queen might have been disposed to have given to my offer and its alternative, was greatly diminished by the neglect of her Attorney-General, in the delivery of an ultimatum communicated to him in the month of April. Such neglect rendered Lord Hutchinson's communication so much the more sudden, stern, and unexpected. Of the zeal of

that gentleman (her Majesty's Attorney General) no one can entertain a higher opinion than myself; for his own sake, I may be allowed to say, that nothing disgraced his advocacy, but the threat of personal danger held out to the assembled peers of the realm. Otherwise, who would not wish to have a cause so defended? Had also her Majesty's Solicitor General omitted one or two similies in his declamation, he had also retired from his duty with more dignity. Upon the grounds of the case I am silent; but looking to the conduct of the Lord Chancellor, the differences which existed between the members of the cabinet, the splendid and argumentative talents of the opposition, all tending and working together to elicit truth and produce an impartial judgment; I may fearlessly ask, if under such principles, and in such an assembly, justice is not to be found; I ask fearlessly, where does she dwell upon earth? I view finally the pause which this unhappy affair has taken, as a striking proof of that inflexible adherence to parliamentary avowals, which combines the good man with the great minister; and as the performance of the pledge, that "the Queen should have an equivalent for any and every obstacle which the anomaly of her case presented in the obstruction of her trial."

I am now drawing towards the close of this my letter, in the which my faithful subjects and excellent fellow-countrymen will (I trust) agree with me, not only that the difference existing between her Majesty and myself arose out of a domestic cause, and was solely of a domestic nature; but that all the popular feeling which has been excited, has arisen from the political misdirection imposed upon the transaction, a transaction

important to the nation only as it can be connected with their welfare. How that welfare can be promoted by forcing upon a loathing husband an equally loathing wife, appears to me, a problem in government, not easily to be maintained in argument, or proved by historical reference. If I am unhappily united to a bad wife, or the Queen be under the caprice of a bad husband; provided these unpleasantries be confined within the limits of our personal conduct, and are not mixed up with affairs of state, I see then no impediment to the due constitutional performance of my duties as King: but on the contrary, if the people disturb my kingly office, and clog its executive or dignity with an unseasonable family blister, the chance is that the system of government may become ill-executed, greatly obstructed, or completely embarrassed. If such is the aim of the partizans of the Queen, I have then only to declare this my determination, "That if the claims of the Queen can make no impression on me *upon their own merits*, any political association which she may form to give weight to, or to disguise such claims, will only call forth from me as your King, a firmer defence of my own rights, which are the rights of the constitution under which I, the nobles, and the people, all alike find reciprocal protection."

My people will now (I trust) begin to allow themselves more clearly to define, and more accurately to preserve the distinction between my conduct as Prince of Wales, with reference to the purity of the succession to the throne of my forefathers, and my behaviour as a separated husband. In the one case, the performance of painful public duties has devolved upon me; but I feel satisfied that their unavoidable performance

has not been accompanied by uncourteous or vexatious personal conduct. To the high individual as a separate wife, every attention has been invariably paid, and upon every occasion, money has been at her command for the purposes of comfort, pleasure, or fickleness. Surely, in return for such complete observance of the terms of mutual separation, the Prince of Wales had a right to expect the performance of the only duty remaining to be performed by, and the only one required of the Princess; namely, "*An unquestionable and unequivocal propriety of conduct.*"

I could not probably fix upon a more convenient or appropriate mode of pourtraying the consequences of the present public effervescence than by anticipating the sentiments which some historian of my reign may hand down to future ages. I will do this in two ways; *First*, Upon the supposition, that the Queen (even after what has already occurred,) will be reinstated in all the prerogatives of her rank;" *and secondly*, "That the Queen will remain estranged from the crown."

IN THE FIRST CASE, the historian may be supposed thus to express himself: "George the Fourth, after a Regency of nearly nine years, succeeded to the throne of his venerable and most excellent Father, whose eventful reign had extended beyond the period of any other British Monarch. The brilliant events of the Regency of George the Fourth, unparalleled in history, are already recorded; his reign commenced amidst domestic losses, (his Brother, the Duke of Kent, having died very suddenly at Sidmouth, in Devonshire, six days only before their Royal Parent) public agitation, and great national distress, attended with all those factious symptoms, which the English History appears almost inva-

riably to record, as a symptom of peace. A month had not elapsed, before a most atrocious conspiracy, aiming no less than at the indiscriminate assassination of all his Majesty's Ministers during a cabinet dinner, was detected. On the twenty-first of April His Majesty met his parliament, and in his Royal Speech upon the occasion, alluded to the disquietude and distress of the kingdom, hinted at their cause, and expressed a hope, that in the returning loyalty and legal obedience of the people, a remedy for those evils would be found. The atrociousness of the conspiracy alluded to, had opened the eyes of the supine, and alarmed the fears of the timid; and a more imposing public attitude being consequently produced, tranquillity was gradually increasing into confidence. At this moment, it pleased the Queen, (who had now been separated from her Royal Husband *twenty-four years*, and had estranged herself from England for six years), to return from the continent under the auspices of *one* WOOD, an Alderman of the City of London. The Queen returned, in the teeth of a proposition from the administration, that she should still continue to remain abroad, and not seek to disturb a connection so long broken off; and in defiance of a threat, that judicial proceedings would follow her landing. The intrepidity of her conduct was well calculated to please the English Nation, and this daring and inconsiderate step, (a step which her own legal adviser pronounced to be unhappily taken, both as regarded herself, the parliament, the government, and the country) was rendered immediately popular; by the epithet of *brave*. Would any but an innocent woman (said the populace) have thus conducted herself?

Whilst the Queen was pursuing her journey from Do-

ver to the metropolis, a royal message was delivering to parliament; and papers in sealed bags brought down to both houses. The Queen arrived on the very day on which his Majesty went down to the House of Lords, to give his assent to the first bill passed since his accession. After various ineffectual delays, in the hope of effecting an arrangement, by which the Queen might have again left the kingdom; the House of Lords proceeded to appoint a secret committee, to examine the documents sent down to them (the House of Commons suspending their proceedings), and shortly made a report on the same, charging the Queen with an adulterous intercourse with a menial of the name of Bergami, or Pergami, on whom she had conferred, or for whom she had procured certain titles and orders of distinction. A bill of Pains and Penalties was thereupon brought in by the earl of Liverpool, after long and elaborate arguments upon the propriety and applicability of the proceeding, had taken place in the House of Peers. The case presented an anomaly, for no statute existed, applicable to a charge of adultery committed by a Queen of England, *abroad and with a foreigner*. This nice distinction took the offence from within the pale of high treason, for inasmuch as the principal was not amenable to the laws of the country; consequently the *particeps criminis* could not be judicially recognized by the statutes of treason. Every preliminary of this great measure, was discussed to the very letter, with a degree of eloquence and profound learning which reflected unfading lustre upon the House of Peers, and on the individual noblemen, who led both sides of the debates. The question appeared new, and every aspect of its bearing was most minutely and rigidly examined; great debate more particularly took place on

the question of allowing to the illustrious accused, a list of witnesses, as in cases of high treason; when it was at length decided to open the case, produce the evidence, and allow the Queen an interval, (such as her counsel should deem requisite) to prepare her defence. Thus her Majesty was not only supplied eventually with a list of witnesses; but had the further guide of their sworn testimony. The Attorney General, (Sir R. Gifford,) opened the case according to his instructions, and by command of the house, with little preliminary remark, and certainly without inflation. Her Majesty's cause was less upheld by the evidence of the witnesses against her, (of whom the popular feeling pronounced a pre-judgment of perjury,) than by a deficiency of refutation on her own part. The Queen was most ably, most zealously, and most eloquently defended by Messrs. Brougham, Denman, Lushington and others; and the house bore the licence of their harrangues with a noble equanimity of patience. After hearing both the charge and the defence, which occupied forty-five days, the house adjourned two days, before it met to debate the principle of the bill; which discussion occupied four days. The second reading was carried by a majority of twenty-eight, the numbers being *for it* 123, *against it* 95. During the progress of the measure, several protests were entered on the Journals of the House, in one of which the Lord Chancellor and the Prime Minister were directly opposed to each other; a brother of the King absented himself wholly from the investigation; a cousin of the King voted against the measure in all its stages; both the Ministry and the Opposition were divided amongst themselves, and intermingled their votes; the preamble of the bill underwent but little

alteration in the committee; and in the clause for pronouncing a divorce as part of the pains and penalties, all the Cabinet Ministers, (nine) voted against it. The divorce clause was however carried by a majority of 67, there being contents 129, non-contents 62. Most of the peers who had till this moment contended against the principle of the bill in all its stages, argued (with much plausible appearance of reason) that since the Queen was virtually pronounced guilty of an adulterous intercourse, by the votes of the second reading; *divorce became the natural consequence, as part of the sentence of the bill*, they therefore voted for it. The third reading of the bill, was carried on the 10th November by the small majority of nine; the numbers being for it 108, against it 99.

Lord Liverpool, (who had brought in the bill, as an individual peer, and not as a member of the administration), immediately moved, that "the bill be read that day six months," alledging the smallness of the majority, as the motive *.

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* Bill [as read a third time], entitled An act to deprive her Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, of the title, prerogatives, rights, privileges, and exemptions of Queen Consort of this realm; and to dissolve the marriage between his Majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth.

Whereas in the year one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, her Majesty Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, then Princess of Wales, and now Queen Consort of this realm, being at Milan, in Italy, engaged in her service, in a menial situation, one Bartolomeo Pergami, a foreigner of low station, who had before served in a similar capacity: And whereas after the said Bartolomeo Pergami had so entered the service of her Royal Highness the said Princess of Wales, a most unbecoming and degrading intimacy commenced between her said Royal Highness and the said Barto-

The friends of the Queen received this unexpected reprieve from the bill, after proof of the facts, and ad-

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lomeo Pergami, and her said Royal Highness not only advanced the said Bartolomeo Pergami to a high situation in her Royal Highness's household, and received into her service many of his near relations, some of them in inferior and others in high and confidential situations about her Royal Highness's person, but bestowed upon him other great and extraordinary marks of favour and distinction, and conferred upon him a pretended order of knighthood, which her Royal Highness had taken upon herself to institute, without any just or lawful authority: And whereas also her said Royal Highness, whilst the said Bartoleomo Pergami was in her said service, further unmindful of her exalted rank and station, and of her duty to your Majesty, and wholly regardless of her own honour and character, conducted herself towards the said Bartolomeo Pergami, both in public and private, in various places and countries which her Royal Highness visited, with indecent and offensive familiarity and freedom, and carried on a licentious, disgraceful, and adulterous intercourse with the said Bartolomeo Pergami, which continued for a long period of time, during her Royal Highness's residence abroad; by which conduct of her said Royal Highness, great scandal and dishonour have been brought upon your Majesty's family and this kingdom. Therefore, to manifest our deep sense of such scandalous, disgraceful, and vicious conduct on the part of her said Majesty, by which she has violated the duty which she owed to your Majesty, and has rendered herself unworthy of the exalted rank and station of Queen Consort of this realm; and to evince our just regard for the dignity of the crown, and the honour of this nation; we, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal, and commons, in parliament assembled, do humbly entreat your Majesty that it may be enacted; and be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal, and commons, in this present parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that her said Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, from and after the passing of this act,

mission of their reality, as a total and complete acquittal of her Majesty from all charge of criminality; and proclaimed their sense of her innocence by rejoicings and illuminations; to which the Lord Mayor of London, two days old in office, gave his young countenance. Less riot and disturbance however took place, than might have been expected; but this was principally owing to the moderation of their antagonists; who (whatever might be their opinion of the guilt or innocence of the Queen; and did not consider a happy escape in the light of an honourable acquittal) were not disposed to thwart the effect of a delusion which appeared in many of its features to pourtray great generosity and sympathy in supposed sufferings. The Queen returned thanks in the church of the hamlet of the parish in which she resided, and a second time on the 29th of November, at Saint Paul's, escorted by the voluntary association of her friends, and was received with due civic honour at Temple Bar by the young Lord Mayor of London. Immense as was the crowd assembled, judicious regulations, prompted by the high responsibility which the young chief magistrate took upon himself on the occasion, prevented all confusion or accident. The King had previously adjourned both

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shall be, and is hereby deprived of the title of Queen, and of all the prerogatives, rights, privileges, and exemptions, appertaining to her as Queen Consort of this realm; and that her said Majesty shall, from and after the passing of this act, for ever be disabled and rendered incapable of using, exercising, and enjoying the same, or any of them; and, moreover, that the marriage between his Majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth be, and the same is hereby, from henceforth for ever, wholly dissolved, annulled, and made void, to all intents, instructions, and purposes whatsoever.

Houses of Parliament, without a Speech either from the Throne, or by his Commissioners. The Speaker of the House of Commons was hissed as he proceeded to follow the Usher of the Black Rod to the House of Peers; nor did he (there being no Royal Speech, but merely a command to adjourn) again enter the house. This mode of separation appeared to the nation very ungracious, and the disturbed reign of Charles the First was ransacked for precedents. But the King could hardly have avoided reference to the proceedings of the Lords, and the more especially as the Commons had been adjourned, subject to a call of the House, and to meet only for business, in the event of the bill of Pains and Penalties coming down to them. On the whole, then, it appeared better to leave the ungracious mode of adjournment for explanation till the next sessions, when men's minds might have acquired greater power of discrimination, a quality very seldom in request on popular occasions.

Thus far have I brought down (and I trust fairly and dispassionately) the outline of this transaction, as it occurred; and with this outline (which will serve, as far as it goes, for both speculations, that of preceding "the restoration of the Queen to all her prerogatives and her court," and that of still "restraining her from their enjoyment and exercise.") I go on, in my assumed character of an historian, to observe on the consequences of such opposite results.

First then, the historian may hereafter pourtray the consequences of the Queen's restoration to her prerogatives and court, *in the following manner:*

"Whether the ministers mistook the popular clamour for the real feeling of the nation, or were unwill-

ing to resign their seals of office; or whether they were intimidated by the examples of Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Sicily, all at this time changing their form of Government, with more or less of violence; they advised the King *to feel no impediment* to the public reception of the Queen; who, having now the vantage ground, insisted upon the insertion of her name in the Liturgy, and the expunging from the Journals of the House of Lords, of all the proceedings connected with her case, as preliminaries to such reception. The first was readily accomplished; to procure the second, the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor (two of the most able ministers and upright men of the day) having retired in disgust, every parliamentary finesse wa resorted to; and at length, with great difficulty, and amid violent debates and mutual recriminations, the point was carried by a majority of one; there being for the expunging 91; against it 90. Bonfires and illuminations, strong beer and roasted beasts were for a whole week the order of each successive day; and in so great a joy, few troubled themselves to calculate upon futurity.

"But short was the delirium, and dreadful the consequences.

"The King was laughed at and pitied as a dupe, the Queen was openly scorned, faction was triumphant, no competent administration could be formed, and monarchy was on the wane. Those who had opposed the Queen, not from vindictive motives, but to justify the honour of the crown, felt no longer an attachment to a bauble undignified with the jewel of female chastity. The court was seldom held; when held, neg-

lected; official levees supplied its place. The higher and respectable ranks of life withdrew within their own pure and virtuous associations; and that intermixture of society which is the true essence of a free government and a virtuous court, no longer existed. Rich, vulgar plebeianism took the lead in public. At foreign courts, the younger branches of the nobility experienced great difficulty of reception, not having chosen to be presented at their own; but when received at such courts, it was considered as a matter of especial favour conceded to their peculiar situation. Thus was the national character subjected to sarcastic insult; and thus was the lustre of the Crown of England obscured; for whatever might have been the personal faults of its sovereigns, as individuals no more except from human frailty than the humblest of their subjects, but rather more exposed to their commission; yet the Crown of England had been entitled, for the last century at least, to the homage due to unsullied and unquestionable honour. Such were some of the effects of the Queen's restoration.

"The evil however stopped not here: scarcely had sufficient time elapsed to justify inconsistency, than the truth of the original charges against the Queen was loudly revived by that very press which had forced her innocence down the throats of the nation. The levellers and jacobins, who lorded over public opinion, professed to defend their change, by the discovery of some new evidence which (said they) had we known before, would have produced a different opinion. Thus, the very men who had so conspicuously advocated the cause of the Queen; who had poured into her ears, addresses

of congratulatory exultation; who had headed her processions, and maddened the populace in her behalf; these very men, who had artfully drawn her to the very precipice of rebellion against her husband and King; these men, from whom she could not but have expected eternal friendship and never-ending adulation, finding her without influence or patronage, became within six months, her scornful foes. These very men, who had provoked the measure of expunging the whole transaction from the Records of Parliament, and who would fain have burnt, in one huge pile, every paper and every Journal which contained the adulterous evidence, themselves were the first to direct the same press which had borne down all opposition against her, to insult, remind, and mortify her. The reign of terror had commenced. Such were the effects of this unaccountable delusion! Such were the consequences of excusing and exalting vice on the frail plea of political expediency!!"

* * * * * * * * *

I proceed now (still in the character of prophetical historian) to mark the consequences which might follow the Queen's continued restriction from the public exercise of her prerogatives.

"On Friday, the 10th of November, this bill of Pains and Penalties passed the third reading, when it was *suspended*, under the form of being read that day six months, and the Lords adjourned to the 23d, the day on which the Commons were to meet, to pursue (if necessary) this important affair. On the 23d both houses met, and were instantly prorogued by Commission, without any Royal Speech. This hasty procurement

of separation gave great offence to the Queen's party; the House of Commons being summoned at the very moment when the Solicitor General of the Queen was about to communicate to the House, *a message* from her Majesty.

"It was evident that the King could have made no Speech to the Houses of Parliament, omitting all reference to the late momentous transaction. Had his Majesty said, that he regretted the issue of it, he would have committed himself personally, besides being guilty of the most unconstitutional error; *that of presuming to know a parliamentary proceeding in transitu*, for as yet the bill was not absolutely abandoned. Had his Majesty, on the other hand, made a Royal Communication, omitting, as he must necessarily have done, all reference to the bill in question; it might have been inferred, that future proceedings, in any shape, were abandoned; besides, the interval of adjournment was but for *two* months, and not *seven or eight*, as usually happens, the bill having driven the attendance of both houses to a most unusual lateness. It was deemed therefore most prudent, to encounter the accusation of an ungracious prorogation, for so short a period as two months, rather than be hurried into any hasty avowal. But had there been no such prudent ground for the proceeding, it was sufficiently justified by the subsequent conduct of the Queen; who assumed to herself an authoritative act of government, having prepared her official adviser with *a message* to be delivered to the Commons House of Parliament; a step which might well alarm the servants of the Crown, and indeed the whole nation; for it aimed, in the shape of a message,

at a share of the Monarch's power, which the Queen Consort does not possess, *being only a subject* *. It is a radical error, for a Queen Consort to call the King's people, *her people*, or for the King's subjects to call themselves the subjects of the King's wife; it is a fault of misdirected loyalty. We may call ourselves, by way of courtesy, the Queen's most dutiful and affectionate *servants*; but legally and constitutionally we can only be the dutiful and affectionate *subjects* of 'the King.'

"During the interval between the prorogation and the meeting of both Houses, the Queen proceeded to Saint Paul's, continued to receive Addresses of Congratulation, and renewed unsuccessfully her application for a Royal Residence. But the people had now time to reflect, to compare, to decide. John Bull is never long misled, and now discovered in the case, premature judgements, audacious falsehoods, attempts at intimidation, and unproved assertions; above all, a complete absence of all those promises of refutation, which had been so lavishly and so loudly proclaimed; and the non-performance of which was the more extraordinary, inasmuch, as the persons who might, if they could, have given such testimony, were already in England, and at the Queen's command.

"Upon the meeting of Parliament, the Commons

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* "The Queen hath also many exemptions and minute prerogatives. For instance, she pays no toll, nor is she liable to any amercement in any Court. But in general, unless where the law has expressly declared her exempted, *she is upon the same footing with other subjects;* and not his equal; in like manner as in the imperial law: '*Augusta, legibus soluta non est.*'' *Blackstone*, cap. 4, page 220.

desired a conference with the Upper House, and having thereat obtained leave to search the Journals of the Peers, they became constitutionally acquainted with the late proceedings. They found therein a sentence of guilt pronounced, which (to say the least of it,) was tantamount to the effect of a true bill by a grand Jury.

"With this impression upon their minds, the Commons soon felt, that the question was now completely in their own hands. The passing of the Civil List bill was exactly the period, when their influence would become apparent: but they previously determined once more to address the Queen, by the same deputation, which had gone up on a former occasion. This address commenced by the firm and dignified assurance of the unshaken attachment of the Commons to the throne, the constitution, and the altar, and their determination to preserve them from every attempt of factious anarchy. It proceeded to express great regret for the past, and a hope that by conciliatory measures, all further personal legislation would become unnecessary. It assured the Queen that she might rely upon the continued care and attention of the Commons; should her Majesty, by sacrificing some part of her high claims, be the means of restoring tranquillity to the public mind. It intimated that some points on which the Queen had heretofore insisted, might be the subject of future and favourable consideration; but that time was necessary to produce a change, which should justify their concession; and it finally dwelt upon the total impossibility, that even should the Queen gain the object of her wishes, it would (under existing circumstances) be attended to her, with happiness or peace of mind."

"In answer to this address, the Queen made but few remarks; but principally dwelt on the utter impossibility of quitting a nation, who had treated her with such unbounded generosity, and espoused her cause with such enthusiastic ardour; and finally proposed, that three friends, appointed by herself, should confer with the deputation of the Commons, and agree upon a basis for a complete adjustment." To this it was objected, that the deputation had no such power of treating; but the difficulty was eventually got over, by their consenting to meet the friends of the Queen as individuals, and subsequently use their exertions to induce the House to adopt such a course of conduct, as might result from the conference; after two meetings it was eventually agreed, *that the Queen should return to Saint Omer's and find herself placed in the same situation, as she would have been, had her legal advisers delivered to her, Lord Liverpool's communication of April, previously to that made by Lord Hutchinson.*"

"This departure was accomplished in so unexpected and in so judicious a manner, as far as the coast, that until the Queen was saluted by the guns at Dover, on her embarkation in a Royal Yacht, it was but just rumoured. The Queen was accompanied by two of her legal advisers, who were met by two others, on the part of the Crown. The departure of the Queen being made known to the Parliament, a most gracious vote of thanks was passed in both Houses; the Commons renewed their assurances, that they would pay all due attention to her Majesty's interests. The Civil List bill was expeditiously passed, and a Royal Message brought down to both Houses by Ministers, in

which the King thanked the Commons for the generous provision made for the Queen's future comfort. Her Majesty's Attorney General, also on his return from Saint Omer's, expressed the Queen's thanks, accompanied by her regret, on leaving England; but attributing the step she had taken to a thorough conviction that she could never hope to promote the happiness of the King; and therefore her next wish was to contribute to the tranquillity of the Kingdom. He also adverted to the impaired health of the Queen; and the possibility, that she might not again return to the Country of her adoption." "Thus ended an affair, which could not possibly have happened at a more critical moment, for whilst it was proceeding, military revolutions were following one another, through the South of Europe; and that the mania did not extend to England, can be attributed solely to the sound principles of the vast majority of the Kingdom; principles which were daily and hourly assailed, by a venal press; and by a system of the most pernicious, irritating, and base political libels, and personal caricatures. But on this occasion the constitution floated above the passions of the people, safe and unhurt as her Navy rides on the turbulent billow, which dashes against Albion's rocky sides."

"Amidst these internal commotions, it pleased Providence to bless the kingdom with a most abundant harvest; so that the winter passed over with much less proportionate privations to the humbler classes of the community. Indeed it may be rather said, that such heavenly bounty, administered by charitable hands and feeling hearts, rendered distress unknown. The following Spring found the whole nation, except certain disappointed speculating politicians, in good

humour ; and the moment was most judiciously seized to administer to the whole United Kingdom, the oath of allegiance. The ceremony was accompanied by every mark of joy and magnificence ; it was indeed a national banquet. ON THE TUESDAY, the magistracy took the oaths in the county towns. ON THE THURSDAY, the population took them in every city, town, and village, in the following manner: Lists had been previously signed, and to each list was prefixed a power by deputation to some person therein named, to take the oath publicly for as many persons as were contained in such lists ; and by its form, all persons therein subscribed were held to be bound by the oath of allegiance, recited also in such instrument. ON THE SATURDAY, the Army took the oaths, by regiments, squadrons, and detachments, at their individual quarters ; and the Navy by fifties, after the form of the general population. "This splendid and national rejoicing seemed to annihilate every spark of disaffection."

In the Autumn, the coronation of his Majesty took place, and the first Act of Grace performed immediately after, was, "*to expunge from the Journals of the Lords, all the accusatory proceedings connected with the Queen of England.*"

"This last step was considered an act of oblivion, and a compliment to the crown." The Queen remained abroad during her life, in conformity with her word of honour."

* * * * * * *

And now, my faithful subjects, and well-beloved fellow-countrymen, your King takes his leave, recommending the alternative to your attention, and praying to the God and Father of us all, that he will so direct

POSTSCRIPT TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

The Amanuensis of this Letter has heard many observations made on this bold attempt of imputing to his Sovereign the sentiments contained therein. He has taken some pains to discover the feelings of the parties raising objections to it; as well as of those who consider it a *timely* boldness. He has the satisfaction of finding, that those are most violent against it, who are unable to answer its argument; and those talk insiduously of this abuse of the King's name; who are great admirers and encouragers of caricatures on his person. In some cases, there is also (even among those who think with himself) a scrupulous feeling as to the mode in which his thoughts are conveyed. Such feeling is conscientious and honourable, but on this occasion, *over nice*. The mode adopted was the only one, capable of producing a dispassionate review of the King's case; it has succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectation, as four editions within a Fortnight testify.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

From the moment of deciding upon the bold step of publishing this Letter, it was also determined never to notice any reply, attack, or abuse of it. We are most happy to know, that it has convinced many of the most violent advocates of the Royal Tenant of Brandenburg House, of their injustice towards their noble-minded Sovereign.

Cunningham, Printer,
11, Fleet Lane.

A

LETTER

TO

THE QUEEN.

BY A WIDOWED WIFE.

Sixth Edition.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. WRIGHT, 46, FLEET STREET

1820.

LONDON:

SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET-STREET.

A

LETTER,

&c. &c.

MADAM—That an unknown and obscure individual should dare to address you may seem a bold and extraordinary step, but the freedom of access which has been allowed to others will surely not be denied to me; for though I do not profess to approach you with the adulatory strains of flattery with which you have been assailed, my heart does not harbour one thought derogatory to your dignity, though if it fail in those high notions of respect which it would have been its pride to have acknowledged, it is less my error than your misfortune. The name of Royalty is sacred to my mind and dear to my affections, and conscientiously would I devote every faculty of my understanding to its

have not the strictest decorum of the most cherished wife to preserve. I do not presume to infer from hence that your Majesty's conduct has been exactly the reverse, and assume to myself any extraordinary merit: I am a woman, and have all a woman's weakness; but my own situation has taught me what to expect from another, and my experience has given me an authority to speak which neither my age nor my rank would have done.

Unlike your more favoured subjects, who are allowed the privilege of seeing their destined mates, and are thus afforded an opportunity of overcoming a previous dislike, you came to these shores for the express purpose of being united to a stranger, and were no sooner introduced to him than you became his wife. I lament the policy which renders such arrangements necessary, but there was no new hardship in the case, and you were prepared for it; suffer me then, with the utmost deference, to ask whether you remembered that though you had gained a husband you had yet a lover to win, and that though you were a Princess, you were yet a woman, born to submit and obey? Dissention followed close upon your marriage, and the real

cause can only be known to yourselves; but let it be what it may, did you endeavour to conciliate the affections of him you had sworn to love? Did you studiously endeavour to conform to his taste, to model your character by his ideas? Did you attempt to bring him back to your arms, and bearing in your own heart his scorn, (if such it were), try each endearment to remove his prejudices, and hail the appearance of the slightest kindness as your first desire and best reward? Did you oppose submission to his will, gentleness to his impetuosity, and tenderness to his coldness? If you did not, then were you also deficient in the performance of your duty, and your future miseries were in great part the fruits of your own error.

You came, it is true, a stranger to our land, and to our manners, but you could not long continue such, nor could the example nor representations of others influence, in any great degree, a really delicate mind. Had you then been anxious to gain the heart of him, who though not the man of your choice, was yet the husband of your vows, our habits and prejudices would speedily have been adopted, and the freedom of foreign lands exchanged for the chaste reserve of our own;

but was your conduct, either at that time or since, regulated by that due regard to propriety which your high character demanded, and with the principles which your religion enjoined? When withdrawn from the society and protection of your husband, were you as circumspect in the choice of your associates, or in the line of conduct which you pursued, as became your forlorn situation? Stung at the idea (supposing no fault attached to yourself) that you had failed in exciting affection in the breast of a man, who was in so many respects calculated to inspire it himself in others, did you in dignified retirement hide your sorrows, and by the chaste propriety of your manner, and the conscientious performance of every feminine grace, still aim at securing his esteem, though you had not gained his love, and obtaining from his justice what you could not earn from his tenderness? Your false friends doubtless would say all this was beneath a Princess of your blood; but be it remembered, that no concession can be mean which has so sacred a cause for its motive, and that the rank of no female whatever can exalt her above the duties which God and man alike have imposed upon her. Surely if you had employed these

best arts of our sex, the heart of your Royal Husband, formed in the mould in which it really was, would not have remained insensible to your merit, and what inclination could not effect, your exemplary life and unobtrusive virtues would have accomplished; but when the voice of the accuser was raised against you, and you passed the ordeal of examination, was the result favourable to your character? You were indeed declared innocent of the grand charge, but did not your best friends admit that *great impropriety of conduct* was attached to you? And ought any woman to have rested satisfied with such a verdict, or have congratulated herself upon such an acquittal? At all events it ought surely to have made you more guarded for the future, to have taught you scrupulously to have avoided every equivocal appearance, and, by the strictest decorum, to have endeavoured to redeem what you had in the eyes of the world lost, and to wear out the impression that had been caused. Let not your advocates say you had no character to maintain and no dignity to support; that, deserted by your husband, and denied the privileges of his home, you were driven to irregularities which you would have

spurned at had you been received as you ought to have been. You were the acknowledged wife of the Heir Apparent of the Crown; you were the mother of his child (the future Sovereign of these realms); you were the daughter of a hero, the niece of a King; and were not these enough to place you above the adventitious aid of another's rank, and to make your own breast alone the fountain of honour and dignity? You, however, left England, and that, too, against the advice of your friends; the step was probably impolitic, but it is not my place to decide upon the propriety of your motives; but surely, though you were not under the roof, you were still under the protection of your husband; and if you preferred encountering the danger of distant lands to safety, at least, in his, that was not so much his fault as your own; but did it not rather bear the inference that you were tired of the restraints of this country, and sought the freedom of others; for, on the most favourable construction of circumstances, has your conduct been more circumspect abroad than it was here? I shall not attempt to bring forward any thing that has recently transpired, for, to confess the truth, I feel

ashamed; and placing myself in your situation, the bare imputation of being concerned in such scenes, and exposed in such a manner, fills me with confusion. He only who knows the secrets of all hearts can see the truth or falsehood of the assertions made against you, and to him and your own conscience I leave the question; but rest assured, Madam, to English minds levity of conduct will always appear to conceal levity of heart, and contempt of propriety a disposition to licentiousness. With the thinking part of society innocence of intention will never excuse apparent immodesty, nor gaiety of heart extenuate any infringement on female decorum. But setting all discipline on this point aside, has your conduct since your return to these realms been such as future ages will approve, or any circumstances justify? If the vindication of your own innocence is the sole motive of your proceedings, why associate yourself with your husband's professed adversaries, and lower your dignity by taking to your confidence those persons who have no right even to aspire to your notice? You are a subject, a wife, a woman, and a Christian; on which of these characters can you justify the lan-

guage you have held?—a language which is calculated to stir up sedition and anarchy—to fill our land with lamentations, and our streets with blood! Is it worthy a daughter of the House of Brunswick to resort to such means as courting the favour of a populace, whose breath is bought and sold? Or is it worthy of yourself to exhibit your Royal Person in every place with a view to attract notice only, or to ingratiate yourself, by undue condescension, with an infuriated mob, who would, with equal facility, imbrue their hands in your blood as in that of the King, your husband and their master? A dreadful spirit has gone forth, and it is the aim of a set of miscreants to subvert all order, and destroy all established Government, and you are the handle they make use of to work their iniquitous purposes. Yes, Madam, high-spirited as you are, you are only the tool of party, and they who profess attachment to your cause, conceal contempt for your person: it is not love for you, but hatred to Government, that dictates their actions; nor is it so much the restoration of your rights as the destruction of all civil and political order that they seek. You are not therefore accountable for all the mischief that may be

effected through your name, but surely it can never be a pleasing thought that you have been instrumental in the accomplishment of such a work, or that to you in any degree may be imputed the distress or blood of your fellow-creatures. To ask you to retract is, I know, impossible; the die is cast, and we, with you, must abide the consequences; but bethink you well ere you are persuaded to go to further lengths, that "to love, honour, and obey," were the words you swore in the presence of God and man, and can you say you have performed your oath? Ah, no! Had you loved, you would have conciliated the affection of your Royal Husband; had you honoured him you would have been more circumspect in your conduct, and consulted his dignity, if you were indifferent to your own; had you obeyed him, you would not have set both him and his Government at defiance, and given his people so fearful an example of rebellion; you would not have attached yourself to his avowed enemies, and by every method in your power sought to irritate, vex, and provoke him. Bethink you then, when this season of passion is past, and reason shall have usurped her sway, whether you would wish to hear your name loaded

with reproaches, or stigmatized in the page of history as one who, forgetting the best duties of her station, sacrificed public safety for doubtful individual good, and pursuing revenge through the artful persuasions of others, wrought destruction and misery on all?

The best proof of a well spent-life is a happy death. When therefore that hour shall arrive, and arrive it will, when this world shall fade away from your view, when its honours and degradations, its pains and pleasures, its hopes and fears, shall agitate you no more; when flattery can no longer soothe nor interest deceive; when conscience shall speak in a voice which must be heard, and memory shall hold up the faithful tablet of the past; will you then exult in the path you have taken, will your heart then assure you all is right, and will the feelings of innocence support you in "the hour of death and in the day of judgment." Or will you think with me that it is better to sigh in virtue than to triumph in vice—that it is better to suffer innocently than to inflame unlawfully—that it is better to commit our cause to a righteous Judge than to the passions of men, and that self-denial in this world is well repaid

by the full measure of enjoyment in the next? These are awful considerations, and well worthy your attention; give them their due weight in your mind, and spurn the instigators of evil from your counsels; Oh! let them not succeed further! If you are innocent, revenge cannot gratify you; if you are guilty, vengeance cannot justify you; rely, then, only on your conscientious adviser, and be moderate; spare yourself, spare us, spare futurity, and believe that honour is not yet banished from our breasts, nor justice from our Courts.

I remain, Madam,
Your Majesty's most obedient and most humble Servant,

A WIDOWED WIFE.

FINIS.

LONDON:
SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

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Second Edition.

ADULTERY

AND

PATRIOTISM,

A SHORT LETTER

TO

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, Bart. M. P.

WITH A LONG POSTSCRIPT.

BY

AN ELECTOR OF WESTMINSTER,

AND ONE OF HIS CONSTITUENTS.

"*Non bella est fama Treboni.*"—HOR.

"His conduct displays a picture of Hypocricy and Profligacy united
"—it is truly revolting to propriety and decency."

Sir Francis Burdett's Speech to the House of Commons, on the Charge against the Duke of York.

"WE ARE NOT TO BE WARPED BY POPULAR INFLUENCE. THE CIR-
"CUMSTANCES OF THIS CASE RENDER IT NECESSARY NOT TO ALLOW
"THIS TO BE DECIDED BY POPULAR CLAMOUR!"

Vide Sir Francis Burdett's Speech.—Ibid.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. CHAPPLE, NO. 66, PALL-MALL.

1811.

Hildyard, Printer,
Fetter Lane, Holborn, London.

R. L. Midley

TO

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, Bart.

SIR,

IT has been a privilege of the Elector, time out of mind, to address his Representative in Parliament—I feel myself compelled to exercise that privilege, by calling on you publicly to state the truth or falsehood of certain reports which are in circulation, materially affecting your moral and (inasmuch as they are vitally connected) your political character. Yes, Sir Francis Burdett, as one of your constituents, who has never flinched from your cause, I do require of you an explanation of certain circumstances lately developed to the people; and, I must say, that, upon the nature of such explanation depends the fate of your popularity; but, before I put the questions I have

to ask of you, I must premise, that, in the very strong and decided line you have chosen to pursue in politics, my admiration of, and reliance on, your public conduct, have had their origin in your private virtue.—I judged of your sincerity towards the people by your attachment to your family, and saw with pride and delight the ardour of patriotism warm the bosom of the kind husband and the good father. It was this sentiment of affection towards you personally which prompted me, in the full belief of your sincerity for the good of the people, to vote for you at the Westminster election. I was conscious, at the moment I did so vote, that, at that time, you had not atchieved any thing which could be beneficial to the country, but I still looked forward to the moment when your integrity might be called into play, and when you might have opportunities of displaying in your actions, all the *Amor patriæ* we had heard so much of in your speeches.

My friends, who have lived longer in the world than myself, who have seen the whole of

of the French Revolution, and witnessed the succession of *Patriots* and *Reformers*, who rose to power by treacherous and treasonable delusions of the people, and stepped to greatness on the bleeding bodies of KINGS themselves. My friends, Sir Francis Burdett, told me, that your protestations were empty and unmeaning; that your horror of immorality was artificial; that your speeches, like the mummery of the stage, were studied, for the better carrying on the plot you had in hand; that you were the creature of art, and the child of hypocrisy.

When I spoke of your laudable desire for Reform in Parliament, and the Purity of Election, they reminded me of certain mill voters at Isleworth, against some thirty of whom were found bills for wilful and corrupt perjury in your cause; when I spoke of your firm attachment to our constitution, they told me you were the pupil of Horne Tooke, who had been tried for High Treason at the Old Bailey. This I rebutted by observing, that the reverend gentlemen they mentioned had been acquitted, and was, in my

mind, a man as well meaning towards the government as your other particular friend Arthur O'Connor, to which they retorted—" Aye, but " Sir Francis Burdett was equally intimate with " Col. Despard, who, with a select party of his " private acquaintance, was hanged one morning " on the top of the Surrey goal, in Horsemonger " Lane"—then they bade me ask you who paid the expences of the various meetings in Oakley Street, at which these English worthies plotted the MURDER OF OUR KING, while you were the intimate associate of their leader. I saw what they meant, and laughed at all their hints; and when they told me that your name was nearly the last the regicide Despard uttered before he was gibbeted, I thought they were vilifying you, for, said I, " I have heard him talk of his attachment to " the KING and CONSTITUTION of England, and " I will never believe that he could be the asso- " ciate of wretches who were resolved upon the " destruction of the one, and the consequent sub- " version of the other."

You became acquainted with Mr. Paull—I saw

your intimacy grow—you supported him; I voted for him at Westminster. I heard that he was fraught with horrible charges against the Indian government; you thought so too.—I cried, "Paull "for ever!" till I was hoarse; but, to my utter astonishment I found, in a little month or two, that you had deserted him, that he had called you out, and that you had fought.—This my serious friends observed to me was not the act of a moralist or a true Christian; but, when they attempted to make it a strong point against your private character, I defended you, and said I was sure the event had been inevitable, for that I knew you hated duels, and would rather make the most abject apology than go out with any man. Shortly after this I heard, that disappointed of all the Utopian rewards and *places* you had held out to him, he awakened from the dream you had inspired him with, and, ruined in the pursuit of objects he had not sense enough to gain, fell a martyr to your friendship, and COMMITTED SUICIDE!—Such construction did my friends put upon this affair; but I was sure they were prejudiced, for, said I, "the man who is so exemplary as a *husband* and

"a *father*, cannot be so base as a *friend*." Still did I follow you, still wear your ribbands, still cry—"BURDETT FOR EVER!"

Having shaken off Paull, of whom, they said, you were as jealous as Horne Tooke had formerly been of Wilkes, you stood for Westminster, and were elected. I brought you up plumpers, contracted a contagious disorder in shaking hands with your friends—was ill from fatigue in my exertions, and saw you, what I wished to see you, the Representative of Westminster. I marched in your procession, when, like an emperor, you were stuck upon a car, I gloried in the day, and fancied it really a triumph.

When you were in Parliament I read your speeches with delight, and when you were expected to make an oration at any of the impartial and enlightened meetings occasionally holden in Palace Yard, I used to wait patiently, and labour through the bad English and ridiculous bombast of the Wishart's and the Sturche's to hear

you. I came home to my family happy that I, in common with my fellow countrymen, had such a friend; and, when the Duke of York was accused by Col. Wardle in the House of Commons, I subscribed for the Patriot, chalked "up, "No York," and shouted—"BURDETT FOR "EVER!"

My friends affected to despise Col. Wardle, whom they called a dirty republican—said that he had exercised the most horrible cruelties in Ireland—that he lived under false names—that he was connected with Major Hogan and Mr. Finnerty; that he equivocated and contradicted himself every day in the course of the proceedings; that he was in partnership with an army tailor while he abused government contracts, and contractors; that he aimed to be Secretary at War while he despised placemen.—I did not believe a word of it—you were his friend.—You called him meritorious and deserving. Out comes Mrs. Clarke's book and the affair of the Wrights, and down comes the Colonel tumbling from his dunghill of dirty popularity, covered with shame, and

the execrations of every honest man.—There said my acquaintance, that is the intimate friend of Sir Francis Burdett—another Paull. Still I was convinced you had been deceived. You said in the House that it was painful to you to vote against the Duke of York—I believed it; but, said I, what can even he do, tender hearted as he is—for a *husband* so exemplary, naturally shocked at *conjugal infidelity*, must take up these charges like a true Christian, in a *moral* as well as a *political* point of view.—But, said my friends, look at our obligations to the two men—Aye, said I, but while private Virtue can dwell in the same breast with public zeal—"BURDETT FOR EVER!"

What, asked one of my friends, has Sir Francis Burdett ever done beneficial to England?—What could I say—I could only hope and trust: Why then, said that friend, pin your faith upon the sleeve of a mad theorist—of a man whose brain was turned when he was in Switzerland—of a man for the purity of whose intentions we have only *his own* assurances—of a man whose *un-*

hanged political friends are of the most desperate species: why follow him—why cheer him—answer me, WHAT HAS HE DONE? He has talked about placemen and pensioners, and railed at ministers—and what then—so did John Wilkes, and so was John Wilkes cheered: and how did that end—why, John Wilkes ACCEPTED AN INCOME FROM THE HANDS OF THE ADMINISTRATION, AND DIED A PENSIONER.—Said I, *that* Sir Francis Burdett will never do—at which they laughed, seeming to imply that you would never have an opportunity of displaying your forbearance on such an offer. No, said I, Burdett is rich and independent, and if he were in want of money, he would rather *deprive his own children of their fortunes* than become a burthen to the public—I was right Sir Francis.

Then said my friend—what has the Duke of York done for us—he has raised our army to the pitch of excellence it has attained—to his rules and regulations we are in no small degree indebted for those victories, which, (though Sir Francis Burdett thinks nothing of them,) will live

in history, and, with the name of WELLINGTON, be transmitted to posterity with glory and gratitude by the people of England.

The Duke of York, said my friend, abolished ministerial influence in the army—he has ameliorated the condition of the private soldiers—he has founded and raised an Asylum for their children—he has rescued thousands from scenes of vice and dissipation—he has made them good Christians and good subjects—the prayers and blessings of the army follow him. In a weekly paper, famous for its scurrility and republicanism, and which, I fear, is not sufficiently read by Sir Vicary Gibbs, the Editor seems to imagine that it is disadvantageous and improper for the army to love their Commander in Chief; no doubt—he would have dissentions and mutinies—he would divide our defenders against themselves; but he is to be told, that our troops are staunch, and firm, and loyal, and that it is not in the power of a garretteer, nor (as has been proved) of Sir Francis Burdett himself, to warp them from their duty.

Was it not, said my friend, by the Duke of York that General Graham, in opposition to ministers, was placed in the situation where his talents have so admirably displayed themselves? —Yes—and if his Royal Highness had not felt superior to the shallow prejudices of politics— "England would have had one General less, and "France one Eagle more!" I heard all this, but said I, the moral virtues of Burdett—he is the peoples friend, and such a *husband*, such a *father* —BURDETT FOR EVER!

Then came the libel—the commitment—there you slipped a little—I was staggered I confess—you shirked the Serjeant at Arms, by an ungentlemanly quibble upon words. I found that you shut yourself up four days, when four minutes would have fully tried the question at issue—a question, on the result of which (by the way) I am sorry I cannot congratulate you—when innocent blood was shed I trembled for you. But then I considered—to be torn from his *wife* and *children*, ALL his children—a *father* so good; a *husband* so

virtuous;—my heart melted, and I broke Lord Castlereagh's windows with all the ardor of a true patriot.

Then came your liberation—I looked forward with delight to that day—it was indeed a glorious day—a hot day!—I filled my pocket with stones for the evening's business, and went to my club by 9 o'clock in the morning—we found a large basket of blue ribbands sent us anonymously—(bless your liberal heart, we could easily guess whence they came)—we drank confusion to the ministers, and sallied forth. I waited patiently till I had nearly dropped with fatigue, having been appointed standard-bearer to the party, and, after having lugged about a large blue flag upon a pole till my arms ached, I heard that you were gone by water. —I confess I was angry—I swore a little—and might have said it was a shabby trick. When my friends (who are very respectable people, and quite of a different way of thinking from us,) seeing me irritated, endeavoured to wean me from what they called a destructive cause, and told me

that you sneaked (that was their expression) because, having made all the use you could of Mr. Gale Jones, you were ashamed to ride with him through the city; that you despised the mob, and felt towards us as Wardle did when he said—"they are sad blackguards, but they'll be useful "in a conspiracy."—My reply to this was, that it was no such thing—that you were the most affable man alive, and not the *least particular in the choice of your companions.*

I will confess that I was vexed at first, yet, upon second thoughts, I was quite reconciled to your conduct on that day, when I reflected that you had not seen your wife and family, in their *happy domestic circle* for many weeks.—Bless him, said I, what a glorious thing it is to see such a *husband* in these degenerate days!!—His *private* conduct is the pledge he has given us of his *public* sincerity.—I was satisfied—they sneered. I was happy—got drunk, and shouted—BURDETT FOREVER!

I went on very peaceably with my respectable

connexions, praising you, till you made an unfortunate motion about a prisoner in the House of Correction. A Committee, if you recollect, was appointed, of which you and the Lord Viscount Folkestone were members—ye sat—and the result of your deliberations was, an unanimous vote that the prisoner had been *too leniently treated.* This they threw in my teeth, but I cast all the odium upon Lord Folkestone.—Then came the dirty republican, as they called Wardle, with *his* admirable motion about Corporal Curtis, when the House divided 91 to 1 against him. This was a great triumph to my friends, who told me, that you were one of the tellers, and stood at the door to *count the minority.*

All these little things must be very mortifying to you; for even *I* was very much nettled at their ridicule, and said I was convinced that you had been misled into supporting so bad an affair; and that I was sure you neither would let yourself out to discontented wretches, to bring forward motions without assuring yourself of the correctness of the information you had received;

nor run into *little dirty alleys* about town to pick an imaginary grievances, that you might retail them in the Senate of the country.

Your fixing upon Whit-Monday for the first meeting of what your opponents call the *National Convention,* was, I am sure *perfectly accidental;* and the tumult which must have happened had the city lent you their Guild-hall was *never foreseen by you.*—The fact is, said I, (defending you from the insinuations of your enemies) Sir Francis Burdett is so completely unsophisticated, and mixes with society so little, that he is unacquainted with such times and seasons as are set apart for diversions or holiday—his great soul, said I, despises the meretricious allurements of what is called gay society.—Here my friends laughed immoderately, and one of them declared that he had seen you at a party given by the Princess of Wales. People may wonder that one of *my* friends should have been in such company, but, as you are in the habit of joining the gaieties of Kensington, you will not be so much surprised. I was astonished when I heard of your having been there, and said,

I was sure you had been decoyed by the Viscount Folkestone, who (the Ladies say) is an entertaining little man, and therefore a fit appendage to a court so very merry; but I am almost afraid that even *you*, to whom I had attributed God-like virtues, are as fallible as the general run of mankind; that with all your high flown oratory about court influence, you are happy beyond description to get your head within the walls of any thing like a palace; and that it is not your own fault you have chosen the least respectable.

Still, however, though you had been drawn into dissipation, your qualities as a husband and father were unimpeached and unimpeachable—there I always stood my ground with my antagonists, there I always had the pull of them, for it was by your private conduct I estimated your public character.—You were taken by the Serjeant at Arms in the act of teaching your son to translate Magna Charta into Latin—your dear family sitting at your domestic breakfast table—no friend near but Mr. Roger O'Connor, a gentleman, who, though led away by political zeal, has always borne

an excellent character in Ireland, both as a *son* and a *brother*—Lady Burdett in tears—charming wife—amiable husband! My heart bled for you, and "BURDETT FOR EVER" again was my cry.

Well, Sir, with these various circumstances floating in my mind, loving you as I did for your virtues, my friends all at once began to talk very oddly about you. I heard them hint strange things—I saw them nod and wink whenever I spoke of your private character, till, at length, they broke out into open jokes against you—one of them asked me if you were to go *Scott* free—another enquired when you had entered at *Oxford*—and a third wished to know whether you had made any addition to the *Harlœian Miscellany*; all these quibbles, though I found they were meant to be witty, I could not see the bearing of as relating to you, till one of the gravest amongst my associates, angry at my resolute adherence to you and your cause, told me that you, Sir Francis Burdett, the pure immaculate Patriot, the unstained moralist, the renowned Burdett, who held up his unsullied hand against the immorality of

the Duke of York—Aye, you, Sir, that you, at this moment, have A CHILD LIVING, BORN OF ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE SINCE HER MARRIAGE AND YOURS!

Can this be true? Sir Francis Burdett;—I seriously put this question to you, as one of your Constituents — this simple question, WHETHER such story be true, and if there be, OR BE NOT, SUCH A CHILD IN EXISTENCE?

I care not for the interested part you are represented to have taken about some matters—I speak only as to the child—IS THAT STORY TRUE? I put it to you seriously by the hopes you entertain of sitting in Parliament again for Westminster—ANSWER ME IF YOU CAN.

If it be false, you are what I always thought you were—a genuine patriot calumniated and aspersed. If it be true—what are you then, Sir Francis Burdett? An hypocritical impostor. A mountebank politician, without principle or decency.—How had you the assurance to get up in

the House of Commons and rail at the Duke of York for infidelity with a woman, "common as "the air we breathe," knowing that you yourself had stolen from your own wife and children into ANOTHER MAN'S family, and robbed him of his domestic comforts—hear me! tell me how you could stand up and revile the son of your King, and have the insolence, loaded with this guilt, to say, that his Royal Highness's affair with Mrs. Clarke "shewed a picture of hypocricy and pro-"fligacy truly revolting to propriety and decency" —shameless effrontery! and *that* it was you said, while you knew that *you* yourself were the father of an illegitimate child by a *married* woman! As to your meanness in money transactions, what plea do you use about the FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS you are now seeking to recover legally from the relations of the wife you debauched. Ask yourself, Sir, whether the following words do not apply to your own case —*you* used them against the Duke of York: "Such conduct makes a man's blood run cold— "the annuity was refused by the Duke although "*formerly promised;* and on what grounds was "it refused—because though a BOND HAD BEEN

"PROMISED, yet NO BOND HAD BEEN GIVEN." These are your own words, and they seem as if you had literally furnished them for your opponents; but, as I said before, I care nothing for your meanness—I speak only of your guilt.

If this story—this tale of deception be true, tell me what security have I, or any of your Constituents, for your political attachment to England—what reliance can I place upon your eloquent harangues; why may you not be as faithless to your country as to your wife—why not as treacherous to your fellow citizens as to your own children. Go teach your son to write Latin; be detected clasping Lady Burdett to your heart —do, Hypocrite! Are we to be fooled any longer —do you suppose you ever can deceive us again: No, Sir, the shouts of a shirtless mob, blind to the sense of decency, religion, and honor, may still attend you; but all confidence in you is at an end. I have ripped the mask half off, Sir Francis—I have seen enough to shudder at.—Pray God that some fortuitous circumstance may tear away the remnant.—Let the deluded wretches who fancy you their friend, see the thing they

have been worshipping; and, like converted savages, when awakened to a sense of their heathen blindness, they will learn to despise the gilded idol they before adored. Yes, if this be true, in the words of Cobbett will I speak, and cry aloud—" I HATE, I LOATHE, I DETEST, SIR " FRANCIS BURDETT."

If this be true, you are the evil genius of the people; and, as Cobbett has said—" though Reform be your stalking horse," it is not the end you seek. Adultery, Sir, is not more unlike Matrimonial Fidelity than your pretended Reform is dissimilar to Revolution; but, while in domestic life you preach up the one and practice the other, why may you not be just as hypocritical in your political career.

I wait to hear a denial or confirmation of these reports to make up my mind.—Thousands will follow my example, and you will find yourself fallen from your high estate of popularity into contempt and detestation.—Shame on you, Sir Francis!—I recollect with dread the warmth of attachment I felt for you.—I laugh at my own

duplicity, but, while I rejoice that you will be discovered before you have led the rabble too far, I grieve that nature should have made so fine a creature with so black a mind—our thanks are due to her that when she gave you a vicious heart, she gave you a head incapable of executing its dark designs. You pique yourself still upon your influence; but, believe me, the favour of an English mob is as easily lost as gained; and, if these reports be true, which I sincerely wish they *may not,* you will become as insignificant in the political world as Mr. Favell, Mr. Waithman, or any other Mister in that dingy imitation of a Parliament, the Court of Common Council.

I will conclude with your own words from your speech on the Duke of York's charge, which I have partly quoted in the title page—they strike me as particularly applicable—

"WE HAVE BEEN WARNED NOT TO BE WARPED "BY POPULAR INFLUENCE, BUT THE CIRCUM- "STANCES OF THIS CASE RENDER IT NECESSARY NOT "TO ALLOW IT TO BE DECIDED BY POPULAR CLAM-

"OUR.—THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, WHO HAVE "BEEN ALL ALONG REMARKABLE FOR BEING LOVERS "OF JUSTICE, LOOK FOR NOTHING ELSE, AND "THE DECISION BE WHAT IT MAY, IF IT BE BUT "JUSTICE, I AM CONVINCED WILL SATISFY THE "PEOPLE"—in that case, "*Fiat Justitia*"—let the people be satisfied, and I would not stand in your place for the EARLDOM OF OXFORD.

In the sincere hope that my conversion from the errors of your pretended Reform may influence my fellow countrymen, I take my leave for the present, wishing you all the joys your own conscience can afford you, and a happy issue out of your present disgrace.

I remain, SIR, as I always shall be,

AN INDEPENDENT ELECTOR OF WESTMINSTER—

and, I am sorry to add *(as I never shall be again)*

ONE OF YOUR CONSTITUENTS.

July 13, 1811.

P. S. The first edition of this short Letter having been sold, and a second about to be printed, I take this opportunity of asking you (as a matter of curiosity) whether you seriously do forget all the circumstances related by Mr. Scott (Lady Oxford's brother) in the Scotch courts? There is an old proverb about the recollective faculties of wits, but I confess I do not give you credit for a sufficient stock of vivacious genius to qualify you for a short memory.—No, Sir Francis, you certainly cannot plead your wit as an excuse; and I am afraid that even the quality for which you *were* famed will assist you but little more—I mean your *honesty:* for, if Mr. Scott's defence be true, you are just upon a par with Wardle—worse your bitterest enemy cannot wish you.

Tell me, Sir Francis, is the debauchery of other men's wives a diversion so common with you, that a *single* instance has slipped your recollection, or is the propagation of children such a regular business that you cannot exactly say how many call you their parent—your patriotism, in that case, not only goes to ameliorate the condition

of the people, but to encrease their number; and, not content with being the *friend* of the whole population, you seek to be a *father* to half of it. But granting that you have entirely forgotten the lady and the child, it is evident you remembered the *Five Thousand Pounds* you LENT Mr. Scott—I beg your pardon, Sir Francis—might I venture to ask, why you lent Mr. Scott *Five Thousand Pounds*? (that is if you recollect)—it was a very noble act!—But it surprizes me that we never heard of such a piece of generosity in the diurnal prints—for, I think, if you *had* lent this sum, without the *quid pro quo*, you would have *advertised* your benevolence—for your private character is your stock-in-trade, it has been your support; from it you have derived your influence, and, to keep it up, I must say, you do industriously paragraph yourself whenever you are able—even a little bit of common place charity, displayed towards an *unfortunate* housemaid, in your own family, I remember to have seen puffed off in the newspapers of the day, in the same column with Pills, Millinery, Stays, and Patent Blacking!!!

But to return to your memory—you deny Mr. Scott's statement *in toto.*—That's right, Sir Francis, you have forgotten all the facts stated, except that which relates to the *Five Thousand Pounds*—why then, you *have* a short memory, and, having discovered *that*, I am able to account for the only thing, which, in my mind, ever militated against your character as an husband—I mean, your occasionally *forgetting* your wife.

I confess I am not an advocate for bringing forward private quarrels as public offences, but, when a man piques himself particularly upon his virtues, and builds a reputation on his good name, it is but fair we should look to his qualifications. When I say that you forget Lady Burdett, I mean, that often, for several months together, you *forget* she is your wife, and then *take to her* suddenly, and love her most unmercifully for another such period—is that not pretty near the truth? so you go on like the Satyr in the Fable, blowing hot and cold with the same breath—your love wearing away like Greenland

seasons, in alternate half-yearly fits of snow and sun-shine. When I heard this, I contended, that it proceeded from your fixed attention to politics, and was convinced that you sacrificed even personal gratification for the *good of your country.*—My friends called it caprice and whim, and fancy and fickleness, and openly declared you were NOT a good husband.—This was my great struggle—if I lost that point, I was sure I lost every thing; and, truly happy I am, that your *forgetfulness* of your duties proceeds from a fault in the head rather than of the heart.

Well then—granting you a very short memory—I will endeavour to refresh it a little.—In Dover Street there stands an hotel.—Do you *forget* THAT?—because, if you do, there are many persons who do not—you there *forgot* to draw curtains or shut doors.—Walls have ears and waiters have eyes:—this may lead you to remember (if you can) where the same bond (out of which Mr. Scott has been wheedled) has got to.—Are there no conditions—no detail upon the face of that bond—nothing mentioned? Upon my word you

have a *very* comfortable memory—you forget every fact brought forward against you, and yet you recollect, that it is of the highest importance to secure the instrument in which they are all specified—now as you know where that bond is, and, as it is your's, publish it—shame your enemies—SHEW IT TO THE WORLD!

Mr. Warren, whose professional character is highly respectable, may be depended upon—his evidence, therefore, will be very interesting; and, if it tend to your emancipation from disgrace, it must be very ingenious—for Mr. Scott has letters in his possession of yours—have you forgotten them—written while the circumstances where all fresh upon your mind.—These little Ante-lethœan refreshners are unpleasant, but necessary to modern patriots, who have universally short, though convenient, memories.

Col. Wardle, your friend, I remember, *forgot* that he had ever seen Mr. Finnerty in his life, when he was in the *constant habit of dining with him;* and his treacherous recollection failed him,

when, in the House of Commons, he declared he had NEVER seen Mrs. Clarke on a particular day, when, it was afterwards proved, he had had THREE INTERVIEWS with her *in the course of the morning*.—Pray now, Sir Francis, with *patriotic* principles, joined to such a *patriotic* memory, might not a man some day forget his political professions—might he not confound the words REFORM and REVOLUTION?—and might he not, in the bustle of a *domestic insurrection*, or the hurry of AN INVASION, forget which cause he espoused?—I think it probable; and really, if he who can forget his HONOR, his HONESTY, and his OWN OFFSPRING, be to be called a Patriot, may all such Patriots be consigned, like Mr. William Cobbett, Mr. Gale Jones, and Mr. Peter Finnerty, to the care and custody of the keepers of his Majesty's prisons, or their deputies.

I never expected to have uttered a word of reproach against you.—Little did I think, when, at the solicitation of your zealous agents, I voted for you at Westminster *five several times*, in five different characters, that you would have

turned out a *black sheep*, which I begin shrewdly to suspect you are.—It is really surprizing, that you, having been the pupil of the Rev. Mr. Tooke, a man not *more* to be respected for his attachment to the Church than for his affection to the State.—*You*, the intimate friend of the late *much lamented* Col. Despard, and the present *much-admired* Col. Wardle.—you who have lived all your life with those *respectable* gentlemen the Messrs. O'Connor—you, who have studied politics under Col. Bosville, Major Cartwright, and Col. Hanger; who have had the advantage of constant communication with Messrs. Waithman, Sturch, and Wishart—the hints of Cobbett, and the *experience* of the Viscount Folkestone. It is really surprising, I say, that you should have kicked down, by your own folly, the splendid fabric those *great men*, and your *own talents*, had partly raised for you. I confess I am vexed that you are found out, but I feel the hour of my reformation is at hand. I must confess, that every day brings with it a new reason for quitting your banners.—Deception, meanness, hypocricy, and tyranny, are the leading features

of your character, and, when the fit season comes, I shall trouble you with a *second* letter, in which you shall have my recantation of errors past, with some facts (incontrovertible ones) which, though you may choose to FORGET, I will teach every HONEST ENGLISHMAN TO REMEMBER!

FINIS.

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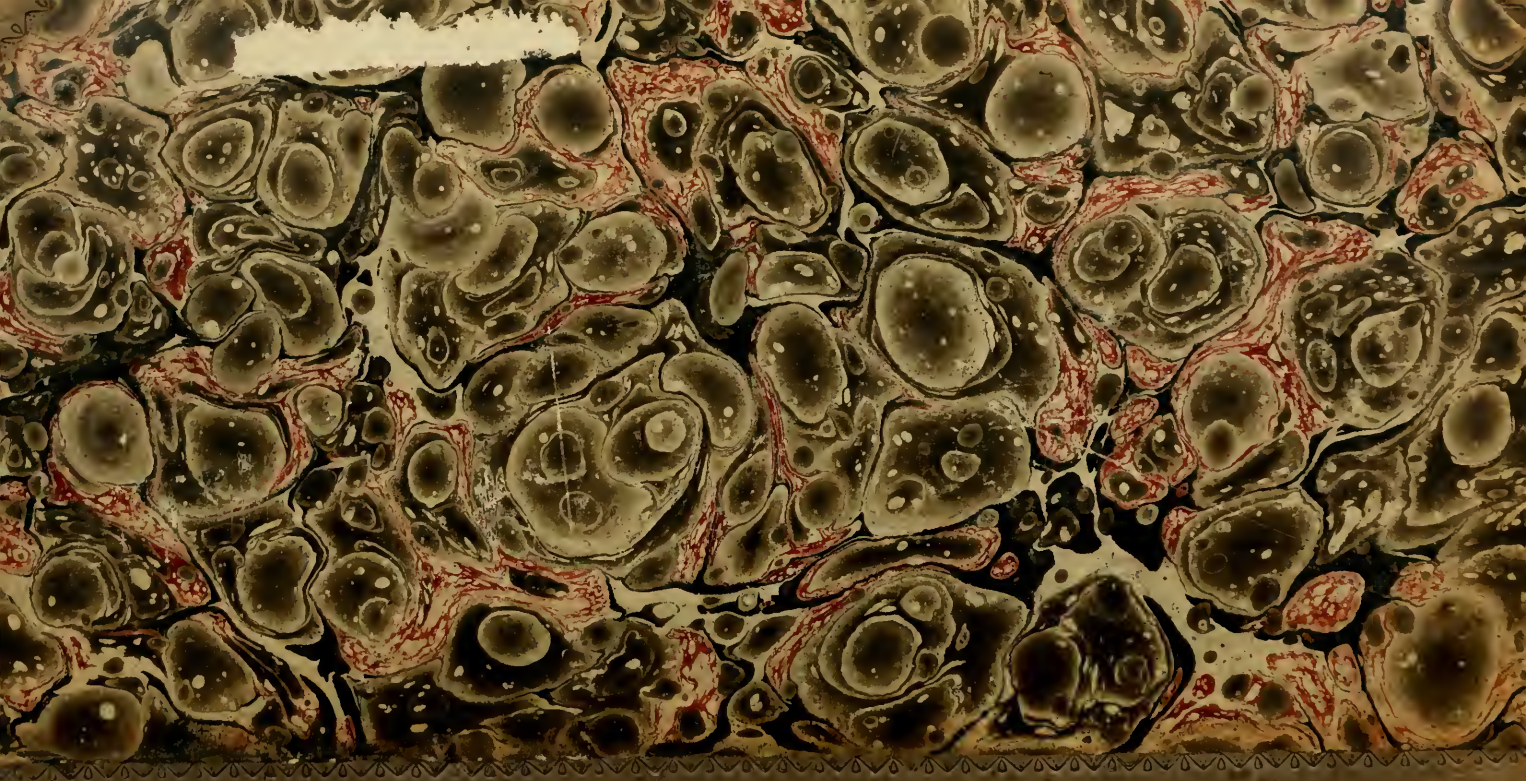
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